ARTURO BAREA: UNFLINCHING EYE.

Life and work of a working-class writer.

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ABSTRACT.

The horrors of violent death in the Spanish Civil War inspired Arturo Barea to write when he was already 40. *Valor y miedo*, sketches of war-time Madrid, shows his descriptive gifts and reflects Stalinist orthodoxy. On exile in 1938, Barea re-thought his writing with *La forja*, the first volume of the autobiographical trilogy *La forja de un rebelde*. He rigorously excluded explicit comment and events he had not personally experienced. Barea evoked his slum childhood both to understand himself and reveal the underlying causes of the Civil War. Throughout the trilogy he examines the Church, the Army, Education and the Family -- always through the prism of his own experience -- in order to paint a picture of the Spanish society against which he and his generation rebelled.

In England, where he lived with his second wife Ilsa until his death at Christmas 1957, Barea completed the trilogy. *La Ruta* denounces corruption and brutality in the colonial army in Morocco during the 1920s. The third volume, *La Llama*, on the Civil War, is weaker than the other two, in that the narrator's work as censor for the first time diverges from the common experience of his generation. But the intense descriptions of revolutionary upheaval make it an important first-hand testimony.

The trilogy is written with objectivity. A passionate partisan for the cause of the working-class, Barea was yet able to examine dispassionately his own actions. This honesty and the perceptions arising from his intermediate position in society (he came from an impoverished family, yet was taken up by a rich uncle: pattern repeated throughout his life) enabled him to write a sincere and vivid account of Spain's ills.

In England he became a full-time writer of books, stories and criticism (including *Lorca* and *Unamuno*), and made over 800 broadcasts to South America for the BBC, which he himself wrote and read as *Juan de Castilla*. Barea developed a theory of social realism: seeking to express the psychological truth underlying events. Despite exile, his work is notable for its lack of bitterness. He fulfilled his objectives: to write truthfully about his own life in order to explain the Civil War. ****

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The contents of this thesis are my own work, based on research, reading and interviews. The views expressed are my own and not those of the University of Bristol.

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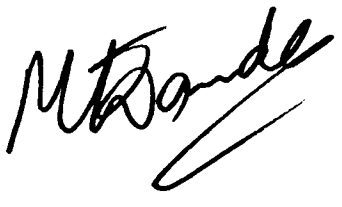

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Editions of Arturo Barea's books used.

VALOR Y MIEDO. Plaza y Janés 1986. (VM)

LA FORJA DE UN REBELDE (including *La forja*, *La ruta* and *La llama*). Ediciones Montjuich 1959. (FR)

STRUGGLE FOR THE SPANISH SOUL. Secker & Warburg 1941.

LORCA, THE POET AND HIS PEOPLE. Faber & Faber 1944. (Lorca)

SPAIN IN THE POST-WAR WORLD. Fabian Publications 1945.

THE BROKEN ROOT. Faber & Faber 1951.

UNAMUNO. Sur 1959.

EL CENTRO DE LA PISTA. Cid 1960. (CP)

Note: The letters VM, FR, *Lorca* and CP (in brackets above) are used in the footnotes as abbreviations for the respective books.

Note: I have used the Spanish-language editions in all cases, except when not available to me, as was the case for *Lorca* and *The Broken Root*.

INTRODUCTION.

Today Arturo Barea (1897 - 1957) is largely unread. When reference is made to his work in Spanish literary surveys, he is usually viewed as a spontaneous, intuitive writer, full of naiveties and rough edges; a source for how things used to be but of little lasting value. One of the most recent such surveys maintains this approach. Talking of *Valor y miedo*, Andrés Trapiello gives Barea no credit for conscious organisation of his material:

> "Es como si el tema impusiera sus tiránicas leyes a la literatura, y no a la inversa."(1)

This view of Barea reflects the initial impact of his writing. Barea had the gift, most notably in his central work, the 800-page *La forja de un rebelde*, of drawing vivid scenes full of movement and life. The reader's first impression is often overwhelming: a world of vitality and colour and a writer impassioned for social justice. Written in the 'midnight of the century,' those years when Europe was falling under an even more terrible tyranny than previously, Barea's books are shouts of denunciation and demands for a better life for the impoverished majority.

These first impressions are sound. However, Barea's books are constructed with greater care and skill than he was usually given credit for. In the 3-page introduction to *The Track* (the version in English of *La forja de un rebelde's* second volume), Barea wrote:

> "I wanted to discover how and why I became what I am...not through a psychological analysis, but by calling up the images and sensations I had once seen and felt." (2)

Here Barea is stating that the evocation of 'images and sensations,' i.e. the sensuous vividness and immediacy his writing is noted for, is a conscious purpose in his writing. Further evidence of Barea's intentions occurs at the end of *La llama*, where he tells of his struggle in Paris during the summer of 1938 to clear his mind of political propagandism and literary abstraction, a struggle which included destroying a whole draft of *La forja*. His well-known words bear repeating:

> "Traté de limpiar la pizarra de mi mente, dejándola vacía de todo razonamiento y tratar [*sic*] de retroceder a mis orígenes, a las cosas que había olido, visto, palpado y sentido." (3)

Barea set out deliberately to write concretely and sensuously: his avoidance of more abstract commentary was a conscious decision. In this, he dovetailed his style of writing into his aims.

As well as Barea's personal objective, that almost standard purpose of autobiographers of restoring their mental health through an investigation of the source of present ills in the past, his other clearly stated aim was a 'general objective'. Barea wanted 'to expose some of the roots' of the Spanish Civil War and to be vocal on behalf of what 'are usually called the common people'.(4)

This last quote reveals the political component of Barea's purpose. Barea is expressing his desire to speak on behalf of the silenced masses. He was not political in the sense of offering a coherent political solution to Spain's problems; that is, anyway, not the province of the novelist. But he is a political

writer in the sense that he is an interpreter, not just an observer. He looks back into the reasons why the Civil War occurred. In this he is firmly in the tradition of Unamuno and the 'Generation of '98' in their search for what was wrong with Spain.

This study does not primarily investigate Barea's position in Spanish thought and literature, nor is it a comparative literary study; rather, it seeks to evaluate his books as literary investigations into Spanish society and political evaluations of it, and focuses on his *vivencia* (his lived experience) and how he transformed this into gold in his books. Nevertheless, it is important to mention that his political aims as an interpreter of Spanish life clearly place him alongside other novelists of the Civil War, his compatriots such as Aub, Sender and Gironella as well as foreigners like Serge, Malraux and Hemingway, in their attempts to understand the issues and roots of that war. Indicative of this is that Barea's first choice for the trilogy's title was *Las raíces*.

Barea's personal and political aims intertwined. He started writing, not in peace and leisure, but during a personal breakdown in the middle of a brutal war. Writing both saved him from going mad and gave him the sense that, despite his uselessness (on leaving Spain) as a political activist, he could still contribute to the working-class movement.

One of Barea's great strengths was that he knew, not just for whom, but to whom he was writing: the millions of Spaniards of his generation and social origins. Because of censorship and the defeat of the Republic, he was hardly read by this audience. But there is no doubt that his clarity about who his potential public was -- something many of his exiled Spanish contemporaries lacked or lost -- helped him to rise above resentment at defeat and exile and achieve his best writing.

Barea's golden years of literary production were from 1937 to 1944, in which period he wrote *Valor y miedo*, the three volumes of *La forja de un rebelde*, *Lorca the poet and his people* and *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*, as well as several short stories and his critical article *Not Spain, but Hemingway*.

He was over 40 when his first book was published. Thus he came to letters late. His life quite literally turned over in the middle. He changed jobs, countries and wife. This study examines this context to Barea's books alongside the writing. New information, about both his life in Spain and exile from 1939 in England where he gave over 800 talks for the BBC Latin American service, contributes to an understanding of his work.

Despite his forced exile, as a political refugee from the Franco dictatorship, in a country where he never properly wrote or spoke the language, Arturo Barea lived in England the happiest and most fruitful part of his life. His second wife Ilsa, a talented Viennese revolutionary, gave him a broader intellectual outlook

and the support -- at least for the first years after their meeting in 1936 -- of a passionate relationship of equals. He mellowed: the fiery anti-intellectual young man from the slums of Madrid became a fine literary critic as well as novelist. But just as in his stories and novels, so in his criticism, Barea never lost sight of the realities of Spanish working-class life. He wrote on several occasions that Spaniards have two hungers: for food and for knowledge. And in all his writing his eyes were focused on explaining the unjust system which kept the peasantry and working-class he came from ignorant and starved; and not on explaining it to intellectuals, but with a language and approach designed to explain it to the working-class.

The investigation into Spanish reality, with which Ganivet and Unamuno charged the youth at the turn of the century, runs through all Barea's work: stories, critical articles, broadcasts and novels. It provides Barea's *oeuvre* with its basic unity of purpose. Although he started to write, in *Valor y miedo*, under the influence of the ideas of Stalinist social realism, he developed, both intellectually and in practice, a critique of the cruder type of realism. He rejected what he felt was the 'surface realism' of an earlier writer about Madrid, Pío Baroja. He identified more with Ramón Sender, the outstanding Spanish political novelist of his generation, in trying to penetrate beneath the surface of how things appeared, to reach a deeper 'psychological realism'. Sender recognised a kindred spirit and paid Barea one of his high-sounding compliments:

"Here is a soul with vision, and perhaps a sensitive witness, faithful to the spirit of the Spanish people in the midst of the confusion that surrounds us." (5)

Barea's vision is greatly aided by his objectivity, a quality which at first glance seems contradictory in an autobiographical novelist. But his is not the objectivity of the detached commentator. He shared with many writers of the '30s, notably Victor Serge, the view that real objectivity was only possible through partisanship. Barea is partisan in the cause of the oppressed:

"[They are] the millions who shared the same experiences and disappointments [as me, but who] do not usually write" (6).

Barea had the ability -- it is rare but should be essential in a partisan -- to record what he actually saw, without allowing what he saw to be falsified by what he believed. Thus he observed brutality without averting his eye; he recorded negative aspects of working-class behaviour without trying to prettify; he saw many faults in his own behaviour without either yielding to the temptation to conceal them or revelling in the confession of his sins.

This objectivity in looking at himself as well as his sincerity (infrequent qualities in a censor, Barea's job during the Civil War!) enabled Barea to provide a unique first-hand record of Spain in the first 40 years of this century. He used himself and his own reactions as a touchstone for the experiences of his generation. His honesty can only be faulted in his political

attitude to Stalinism and occasional boasting, but never in his observation of concrete detail and events.

Barea does not rate among the greatest writers. He is limited by one of his strengths: his inability to write well about what he himself had not experienced. As a novelist he does not have the breadth of invention or imagination of his Spanish contemporaries, Max Aub, Sender or Cela. He is limited too by a lack of political overview in explaining the 'midnight of the century' through which he lived: a defect which sets him below Serge or Orwell.

But Arturo Barea should be valued higher than he is at present. His neglected position as a writer is due to several factors: most obviously, his defects, but these are somewhat exaggerated by the poor editing of the Buenos Aires first edition, repeated in subsequent editions. He is also hard to fit into the categories and generations critics are fond of. He was an individualist, who went his way separate from political or artistic schools. He had the misfortune to die relatively young, before he could have a direct impact on the post-Franco generations. But, most importantly, Barea is too direct, crude and brutal: not qualities valued in a more ironic age, which wishes to draw a veil over the conflicts of the Civil War.

Barea invented a form in Spanish letters, the autobiographical novel. The outstanding historian of the Civil War, Burnett Bolloten, considered *La forja de un rebelde*, "una magnífica

obra...Contiene datos valiosísimos para la historia" (7). The best political English writer of his generation, George Orwell, thought the same book 'excellent'(8). And the most successful post-war Spanish-language writer, Gabriel García Márquez, considered it the best book written by a Spaniard in Castilian since the Civil War (9).

This study aims to give substance to these words of high praise by examining the seven golden years of Barea's creativity, alongside the anguished ferment of his first 40 years and the milder decline of his last 13.

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NOTES.

1. Trapiello, Andrés, *Las armas y las letras*, (Barcelona 1994), pp.283-4.

2. Barea, Arturo, *The Track*, (London 1984), introduction, p.7.

3. Barea, Arturo, *La forja de un rebelde*, (Mexico 1959), p.787.
The unhappy repetition of the verb 'tratar' is an example of the sloppiness of the Spanish version, which is discussed in Appendix 1.
It is interesting to compare this statement of intent by Barea with what Martha Gellhorn wrote twenty years later:
"I was always afraid that I would forget the exact sound, smell, words, gestures which were special to this moment and this place...The point of these articles is that they are true; they tell what I saw." (Gellhorn, Martha, *The Face of War*, (London 1959), Introduction.
The coincidence of Gellhorn's with Barea's words has two implications. First, Barea's methods were similar to those of an outstanding journalist in pin-pointing detail in order to reveal the reality of a situation; and secondly the impact of what can loosely be called the "school" of left-wing, partisan but realist writer-journalists -- Gellhorn, Hemingway, dos Passos, Ehrenburg and others lesser-known --, with whom Barea came into contact when working as a censor during the Civil War, was seminal to his work.

4. Barea, Arturo, *The Track*, introduction, p.8.

5. Sender, Ramón J., 'The Spanish Autobiography of Arturo Barea,' *The New Leader* (U.S.A.), 11/1/47.

6. Barea, Arturo, *The Track*, introduction, p.8.

7. Bolloten, Burnett, Letter to Arturo Barea, 10/6/50 (Hoover Institution).

8. Orwell, George, 'Review' in *Horizon*, quoted on the cover of *The Forge* (London 1984).

9. García Márquez, Gabriel, *Notas de prensa, 1980-1984*, (Madrid 1991), p.411. "In Castilian," for in this article GGM considered Mercè Rodoreda's *PlaÇa del diamant* the best post-war Spanish book.

ABBREVIATIONS USED.

BBC. British Broadcasting Corporation.

COMINTERN. Communist International.

JSU. Juventudes socialistas unificadas. (United Socialist Youth).

LRB. Leonor Rodríguez Barea (Arturo Barea's niece).

PCE. Partido comunista español. (Spanish Communist Party).

POUM. Partido obrero de unificación marxista. (Workers' Party of Marxist Unification).

PSOE. Partido socialista obrero español. (Spanish Socialist Workers Party).

PSUC. Partit socialista unificat de Catalunya. (United Socialist Party of Catalonia).

TLS. The Times Literary Supplement.

TVE. Televisión española. (Spanish Television).

UGT. Unión general de trabajadores. (General Union of workers).

USSR. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

WAC. Written Archives Centre of the BBC at Caversham.

CHAPTER ONE.

ARTURO BAREA: HIS LIFE UP TO 1939.

THE FORGING OF ARTURO.

The known facts of Arturo Barea Ogazón's early life are mainly those gleaned from *La forja de un rebelde*. The author was born in Badajoz, close to the Portuguese border, at 8.20 p.m. on September 20th, 1897 (1). His father Miguel died there, at the age of only 34, shortly after Arturo's birth. In the memorable phrase of Arturo's paternal grand-mother Inés:

"Cuando tu madre se quedó viuda, lo único que Dios hizo por ella, fue dejarla en un hotel con dos duros en el bolsillo y tu padre fiambre en la cama." (2)

The unfortunate Miguel had nearly died 14 years earlier, for he had been involved in the Republican rebellion of 1883:

"Tu padre fue uno de los sargentos de Villacampa y no le fusilaron por milagro." (3)

He had remained connected to the army as a recruiting agent. As such he travelled, often accompanied by his family. Within a few weeks of Arturo's birth, his bereaved mother Leonor, the new baby and her three other children had returned from Badajoz to Madrid, where his mother's brother José offered them some sort of protection (4).

The impoverished widow was advised to hand her children over to charitable institutions, but refused. This loyal act of a hard-working and self-sacrificing woman, already 38 years old when Arturo was born, provides motive enough for Arturo's lifelong sentimental adoration of her. He was to dedicate to her

both the trilogy ('a la Señora Leonor') and *La raíz rota* ('Mamá. In Memoriam'). His mother's unstated needs and his desire to provide a decent old age for her were decisive factors in Arturo's early rejection of a writing or circus career and search for more moneyed paths.

In Madrid, Leonor earned her living by washing soldiers' clothes in the Manzanares River in the company of other washerwomen and by working as a servant in the house of her brother José. She lived with her children in one of the many garrets in the old slum district of El Avapiés or 'Lavapiés,` as it came to be known in Arturo's lifetime. This was Arturo's *barrio*:

> "Al Avapiés...aprendí todo lo que sé, lo bueno y lo malo. A rezar a Dios y a maldecirle. A odiar y a querer. A ver la vida cruda y desnuda, tal como es. Y a sentir el ansia infinita de subir y ayudar a subir a todos el escalón de más arriba." (5)

Arturo's eldest brother Vicente (given the name of José in the trilogy) was sent to live with his mother's eldest brother, owner of a drapery store in Córdoba, at the age of 11 (6). From an early age the only sister, Concha, helped Leonor with her domestic and laundry work. Miguel (Rafael in the trilogy) also had to start work as early as he could (7).

Arturo's destiny was different. He was taken into his Uncle José's middle-class home and there began to be instilled with the idea that he would gain an education and one day be the heir of the childless José and his wife Baldomera. The child nurtured the desire to be an engineer (8).

This division in Barea's life, starting before his earliest memory, created the conditions for the duality of his vision as a writer. The child inhabited both the poor and the comfortable worlds, but he was fully at home in neither: a crucial factor in his development as person and writer.

The young Arturo spent most of the week at his aunt's and week-ends in the rat and cockroach-infested garret with his mother, sister and brother. Until 1910 he attended one of the *Escuelas pías*, San Fernando, in the Calle Sombrerete (9).

In the long summer holidays, like so many Madrid children before and since, he would be taken or sent to the *pueblo* or, in Arturo's case, three *pueblos*. The most lyrical passages of the trilogy (Chapters III - VI of *La forja*) describe the summer of 1907 which Arturo spent in the three *pueblos* where he had family: Brunete (on his father's side), Méntrida (on his mother's) and Navalcarnero, where his father's mother, Inés, lived. This experience of two or three months in the country was repeated all the summers of his childhood up to 1910.

On these summer visits the young Arturo was wrapped in the practical everyday love and life of big, varied, working families. He was no longer the affection-starved orphan obliged to act properly in his aunt's strict house, nor the child clinging rather pathetically to his mother's skirts in the garret during the rare moments she was not working. He could throw off respectable, tight-fitting clothes along with the restrictive customs. He could forget that he was the prize in the middle of a tug-of-war between his mother and aunt.

And in the country, Arturo's desire to be an engineer was founded at his Uncle Luis's forge:

> "En una mano las tenazas largas con el hierro al rojo, cogido en la punta, y en la otra el martillo pequeño...y con el que, de vez en cuando golpea él solo el hierro caliente y le transforma. Esto era para mí lo maravilloso." (10)

For the boy, the transformation of metal from one form to another was fascinating. The marvellous in this process combined in his mind with the generous personality of Luis, who "quería repartir la fortuna a todo el mundo" (11).

CHANGED CIRCUMSTANCES: WORK.

But with his uncle José's sudden death in 1911, the young Barea's circumstances changed. The perspective of training to be an engineer receded. At first, under the influence of her confessor, his aunt Baldomera wanted to place the boy in a Jesuit school and herself retire to a convent. But Inés' intervention frustrated the Jesuits' desire to educate the boy (12).

Because of arguments over José's inheritance, relations between Arturo's aunt and her many poor relatives deteriorated: she even quarrelled with Arturo's mild mother. Despondent and irritable at all the adults (evidence for some critics of Barea's rancour and resentment), the 13-year old had to leave school and go to work.

Strictly speaking, he did not have to leave school. But his pride at not becoming a charity boy, as his priest-teachers had suggested, meant that he took a job in a costume jewellery shop, *La Mina de Oro*, in the calle Carmen -- a place that was no gold-mine even for the proprietor (13). Arturo slept in the shop and on top of his food earned 10 pesetas a month. He didn't last long. In outraged reaction to a curse and a cuff from the owner Don Arsenio, he threw Don Arsenio's gramophone to the ground. Thus he showed his quick temper when his pride was touched and lost the first of many jobs (14).

Arturo returned to school to study accountancy. But he had grown: and his aunt, forced to adapt, no longer treated him like a child. In the summer of 1911 he sat entrance exams in simple accountancy and letter-writing for Banking (15). And on August 1st 1911, two months before his 14th birthday, he became an employee of the Crédit Lyonnais, unpaid for the first year. He was no longer able to spend the summer running through the fields of Méntrida.

As he was growing into his adolescence, Barea took on what was to be the lifelong shape of his body: quite tall for a Spaniard of his time, lean and gaunt. When he was 25, he commented:

"...mi cara no había cambiado apenas de cuando tenía dieciseís años." (16)

When he first started working in the bank, he became so thin that his mother sent him to a doctor, who scared Arturo with the opinion that he was in danger of developing tuberculosis. To build up his chest and muscles, he joined the Club Atlético Español, which was rather less grand than its name:

"[El club]...estaba alojado en una calleja del más mísero barrio de prostíbulos, y allí vegetaba en un sótano lóbrego." (17)

In the bank, Arturo rapidly learnt the ropes, but soon became disillusioned with his prospects. His experiences there, along with his haughty refusal to accept injustice against himself and his extension of this refusal to include others of his class, led him to join the UGT (18). The UGT was the union set up by the PSOE. Its reputation and educational influence, through the *Casas del Pueblo* set up round the country, tended to be greater than its actual industrial strength. 'White-collared, black-coated` employees like bank workers were just as exploited as manual workers, but lacked the organisation to better their conditions through strike action (19). The young Arturo, introduced by his older friend Luis Pla, was part of the first wave of white-collar employees to become unionised in Spain.

DIAMONDS, TOYS AND THE CIRCUS.

On the day the papers were announcing the start of the First World War, in August 1914, Arturo left the Crédit Lyonnais in umbrage (20). The evidence for what he did during the war is scanty, as the period falls between *La Forja*, ending in 1914, and *La Ruta,* which begins in 1920.

It appears that Barea was lucky in his precipitous exit from the Crédit Lyonnais. He found a clerical situation two days later; and then a job in an agency which processed applications to the Government for patents. But he soon left the agency to become a travelling buyer for a German merchant, buying diamonds in France for re-sale in Spain and Latin America (21). The young Barea enjoyed the money and prestige of this exotic job. For someone of his background to be staying in hotels in Paris at the age of 18, with money in his pocket, was a miracle (22).

But, as a UGT member, he was not entirely easy in mind at making money out of the war. He desired to make money, was intelligent enough to do it, liked the things money could buy and told himself he could thus provide comfort for his mother in her old age. But at the same time, his conscience told him he was exploiting others and abandoning his friends in Avapiés and the bank.

In 1915 or 1916, using the 30,000 pesetas he had inherited in his uncle's will, Barea, in partnership with other members of his family, opened a small factory to manufacture toys and dolls (23). Spain, a neutral in the First World War, was enjoying a new prosperity as it made arms and provided food and clothing for the contenders. Victor Serge, working in Barcelona in 1917, explained:

> "We were all working for the war...Clothes, hides, shoes, canned goods, grenades, machine parts, everything, even fruit...everything that our hands made, worked, manipulated, embellished was drained off by the war...The war raised salaries." (24)

Barea remarked later on another aspect of Spain's war-time economy:

"[Nuestra fábrica abrió]...en un momento en que la coyuntura del mercado la favorecía, ya que la guerra mundial había cortado las importaciones a España." (25)

So while goods useful to the war were sucked out of the country, there were fewer imports of non-essential goods, at a time when there was more spending money. Conditions seemed ideal for launching a small toy factory. However Arturo lost most of his inheritance and savings in this venture: the factory went bankrupt, at least partly because of Arturo's capricious dissatisfaction with making conventional dolls:

"Quería ofrecer a los chicos juguetes nuevos, algo más vivo que esas muñecas del montón." (26)

If we are to accept the time-sequence of the autobiographical meditation *El centro de la pista* (the story in his book of the same name), Barea considered joining a circus in 1915 after the factory's failure. Through both the gym and the toy factory, Barea had come to know circus clowns. In his childhood, his uncle José had taken him every Thursday to the circus, where the spoiled child delighted in explaining the tricks to his uncle (27).

Even while the factory was in operation, Barea had found the circus's allure a relief for his boredom. He wrote sketches for the clowns. He attempted to give the circus a political justification:

"No sirvo para capitalista. No quiero explotar la estupidez y miseria de los demás, ni quiero que me exploten a mí. No puedo cambiar el mundo, al menos esto es lo que me dicen, y los socialistas me cuentan que no puedo estar con ellos después de haber sido uno de los patronos. Y ahora ¿que? Tengo que hacer algo completamente distinto para enseñarle al mundo su verdadera cara. Lo aceptarán de boca de un payaso que valga algo en su oficio, no lo aceptarían de un escritor." (28)

It is interesting that Barea linked the work of a clown to that of a writer, which during this period he had rejected as a

career option after frustrating encounters with famous writers such as Pedro de Répide and Benavente in 1913 (29). Intermittently, Barea was looking for an artistic outlet: he wanted not just to change things but "to show the world its real face". This is what he was to achieve with the trilogy.

It is clear too that the young Barea was too much of an individualist to work in the union ranks as a political militant: his comment that the UGT would not permit him is unconvincing, as they would undoubtedly have accepted evidence of a commitment in practice, as indeed they did after 1931. Barea shared the classic dilemma of the radical petit-bourgeois of not wanting to work for anyone else, yet not wanting to be a boss.

These adolescent years show the contradictory pulls and yearnings of Barea's character. He could not stand the boredom of the factory; yet he was too scrupulous to be a boss. After his shop and bank experiences, he dreaded the prospect of being an employee. Writing seemed impossible. At this period, he defines everything negatively. The circus briefly seemed a way out:

> "...estaba decidido a escapar. Si no, al fin, podría atraparme y convertirme en un buen burguesito o un buen empleadito, y ¡quería estar vivo y peleando!" (30)

MOTORES ESPAÑA.

Barea finally settled, at least temporarily, this angst concerning his future by deciding not to enter the circus and instead accept a good, though conventional, job in the new

Motores España factory in Guadalajara. On a rather pathetic note, *El centro de la pista* ends:

"'No es más que en un puesto en la oficina, pero tal vez me dejarán trabajar en el departamento de construcciones.`" (31)

But these renewed dreams of becoming an engineer were not to be fulfilled. He started to work at Motores España in 1916/17, when he was 19. Guadalajara was the political fief of the Conde de Romanones, Prime Minister in 1915/16, and, along with the King and the Catalan magnate Miquel Mateu, the major share-holder in Motores España. At Guadalajara, Barea first viewed at close quarters the machinations of monopoly capital, which was later to inform his reactions against Spain's occupation of Morocco (32).

It is well worth underlining the extraordinary diversity of Barea's experience before he was 20. He had been shop-worker, bank worker and trades unionist. He had actively sought to become a writer and to join a circus. He had co-owned a factory and travelled internationally for a diamond trader.

Now he became secretary to Don Juan de Zaracondegui, the managing director of Motores España. Barea dealt with the enormous pay-roll of this aircraft factory. In addition he interviewed and took on workers (33). Chalmers-Mitchell tells us that, faced with corruption:

"[Barea] took refuge in an increased study of the technical side." (34)

Undoubtedly the 'technical side` fascinated Barea, but he also became involved in an amorous adventure and had to leave the factory rapidly (35). He returned to a post-war capital, which

he later described:

"...a turbulent Madrid, hectic with the gaiety of the wartime boom which was rapidly waning, shaken by the aftermath of the first big clashes between organised workers and the new employer class, stimulated by the many short-lived periodicals which sprang up to cater for a new, avid reading public." (36)

MOROCCO.

In 1920 Barea was conscripted into the Army. For his first few months he could stay in Madrid, in the Montaña barracks, before being sent to Morocco (37). This period is covered in *La Ruta* and it would be a duplication of what is contained in Chapter 5 to review more than the bare bones of Barea's military life.

He arrived in Ceuta, as a sergeant, in late 1920. Because of his ability and scientific knowledge, he was assigned to office work concerning the construction of a road. He pursued his womanising, both in Tetuan brothels (while hypocritically affecting distaste for the sexual desires of his colleagues) and with a woman in Ceuta. He wrote odd pieces for army magazines. And he was faced with the fact of generalised corruption, which his scruples made him seek to avoid (38).

He caught typhus in the wake of the historic Spanish defeat at Anual in 1921: the defeat which marked the beginning of the complex sequence of events which brought Primo de Rivera to power. Barea was lucky to survive such a serious illness, which nevertheless, by weakening his heart, contributed to his premature death. On convalescent leave in Córdoba, he rejected the urgings of his brother and cousins and refused to enter the Army full-time on officer training (39).

Once again he had rejected the more comfortable option out of unease and a refusal to be tied to a conventional career. But we have seen how he also rejected a more unconventional life as a circus clown or a writer. Indecision and restlessness mark these years.

MARRIAGE.

In 1924, Arturo left Morocco and the Army. In this year too, he married disastrously. Family lore has it that he was trapped into marrying Aurelia Rimaldos by a false pregnancy. If this is so, it is perhaps no more than he deserved for his 'love 'em and leave 'em` attitude. With Aurelia, he had four children, born in the late '20s and early '30s (40).

In 1921 his sister Concha had also married, and more successfully, a furniture-maker, called Agustín in the trilogy, who became a close friend of Arturo's. Barea got on well too with his sister during the '20s, although he tells us he was jealous that his mother spent so much time caring for Concha's children. Their mother found a job as a caretaker in the Calle Fuencarral with a flat attached: a way of providing Concha and her many children with a home (41). But Aurelia got on with neither Concha, nor Arturo's mother, nor for that matter his brother Miguel's wife (42). Her snobbery, ignorance and conventional attitudes, along with Barea's restlessness, all rapidly contributed to removing any love from the marriage.

On his return from Morocco, Barea got a job in a patents office. Whether this was the same office where he had worked at the start of the First World War is not known. Here he worked until the outbreak of the Civil War in 1936; although there appears to have been at least one interval, when for several months he was temporary business manager on a large Castilian estate, the *Dehesa Casablanca*, where his brother Miguel was Permanent Manager (43).

Arturo's job in the Patents Office was a good one: he had an office on the Calle Alcalá, the heart of Madrid's business area; and by the start of the Civil War had a gold *cédula*, a card identifying the carrier as belonging to a high income bracket (44). As well as supporting his own wife and children, he was able to channel money towards his sister's family.

"Hubo una época mala...en la que mi madre y Concha tuvieron que aceptar la ayuda de instituciones de caridad." (45)

But by the late 1920s Barea was able to make real his childhood dream that his mother should enjoy an old age free from financial anxiety.

SECOND REPUBLIC.

His mother Leonor, who had told the young Arturo tales of the First Republic, when she had been a young girl in domestic service, lived to see the Second Republic, the cause for which his father had nearly died in 1883. Leonor herself died in 1931 at the age of 72 or 73 (46). Barea was only too aware of how his mother had sacrificed any hopes of her own by refusing to put him in an orphanage and accepting the humiliation of domestic

service in her brother-in-law's house, so that Arturo could gain an education. His mother had died still yoked to the cart, '*uncida al carro*` in her own words, but without bitterness (47). However, Barea could not accept her death so easily.

"Inquietud y incertidumbre me hacían más echar de menos algo fijo y seguro en las relaciones humanas". (48)

And indeed from 1931 to 1936, Arturo was to have much less to do with his sister or brother and his marriage was to break down completely. His lifelong dissatisfaction developed into a drawn-out emotional crisis, only resolved in the generalised crisis of the Civil War.

In 1930/31, Barea became involved with his secretary in the Patents Office, María, in a relatively stable relationship which was to last for 6 years. And in 1934, he separated from Aurelia for a year (49).

A more positive product of the restlessness provoked by the proclamation of the Republic and by his mother's death, was Barea's return to a more active political life:

"It is significant to notice that señor Barea was not a rebel against the existing social organisation from failure to succeed. But his past experiences and an unhappy marriage had disabused him of life, and until 1931 he withdrew entirely to his work." (50)

It was under the influence of Carlos Rubiera, a Socialist deputy for Madrid and later secretary of the Madrid Socialist federation, that Barea started to work again in the UGT, organising clerical workers:

"His [Barea's] political convictions led him into a more and more advanced form of socialism, and his work in organising black-coated labour was in acute and bitter conflict with his professional occupation, which was in daily contact with international heavy industry." (51)

CIVIL WAR.

La llama covers the period from 1935 to 1938 and, as with *La ruta*, this summary will not repeat in detail what is contained in the volume. In short, Barea took part in the assault on the Montaña barracks at the outbreak of the military rebellion on July 18th, 1936. He then offered his services to the *Casa del Pueblo* and, due to his military experience in Morocco, was assigned to train soldiers. In September 1936, through contacts in the PCE and because of his supposed knowledge of French and English, he went to work for the Foreign Press Bureau in the *Telefónica*. There he met Ilsa Kulcsar, with whom he was to spend the rest of his life (52). During the Government evacuation of Madrid in November 1936, Barea stayed in the city, now at the head of the Foreign Press Censorship. From June 1937 he began to broadcast, a job he retained when two or three months later he was sacked as press censor. In November 1937 he and Ilsa left Madrid. Barea was suffering a nervous breakdown, brought on by the pressures of his job, political tensions he could not resolve and the horrors of the city's bombardment. Realising the impossibility of resuming his job, he and Ilsa went to the Levante, then to Barcelona and left Spain, never to return, in February 1938.

Throughout this period of intense struggle and anxiety, all the conflicts of Barea's life were speeded up, thrown into a melting-pot and, for better or worse, resolved: sexual, family, political and work conflicts. The political and sexual problems are discussed in Chapter 6: family and work is dealt with here.

By 1935, Arturo Barea was in a rut. The opening of *La llama* finds him attempting to start afresh with Aurelia by moving to the village of Novés, but unable to break from María. The elections convened for February 1936 galvanised him. As an outsider in Novés, he could play an organising role which the peasants and landless labourers themselves could not. He took the initiative in organising an election meeting for the Popular Front. In March 1936, after the Popular Front's election victory, Arturo moved his family back to Madrid from Novés. Arturo liked the big flat he found in Ave María street:

"...estaba cerca del centro y de mi oficina...además por ser una de las calles que conducen al Lavapiés, el barrio donde había pasado mi niñez." (53)

But Aurelia was miserable. She did not like the fact that the other neighbours were all workers. She felt she and Arturo belonged to a higher social class, as indeed they did (54). But her wishes were over-ridden by Arturo.

The elections at Novés had helped him realise that he was not just a paper socialist. Moving to Ave María street was a reassertion of his Madrid working-class background. As the skein towards war unwound itself in the country as a whole, so Arturo began to unpick his contradictions and take sides. Ultimately, his marriage responsibilities to a woman he did not like and to their four children were nothing, beside his own desires to base himself again in the Madrid he knew and to spend his time discussing politics with old and new friends in the local bars.

"Tal vez, lo único que yo quería era volver a mis raíces". (55)

Barea's acceptance of work in the Press Censorship in September 1936 was to be inextricably linked with his desire to get away from the 'atmósfera helada` of his and Aurelia's home (56). Before his first night at work, he felt:

> "...entusiasmado y libre...Me había explicado a mí mismo y a las dos mujeres, una después de otra, [María y Aurelia] que tenía que trabajar de noche y dormir de día...No tendría que pelearme más con la oficiosidad pesada de la otra." (57)

In those terrifying days, Barea abandoned his wife and children alone in the flat. One day, after a night of sleeplessness because of the shelling, Aurelia went to the *Telefónica* to find her husband.

> "Le dije que lo que tenía que hacer era marcharse con los niños fuera de Madrid. Me contestó que lo que yo quería era deshacerme de ella. Y en verdad, a pesar de la preocupación seria que me causaban los niños dentro de los múltiples peligros de la ciudad, sabía que no se engañaba mucho." (58)

Aurelia and the children were evacuated to Valencia in a convoy of Foreign Ministry families some weeks later (59). In mid-1937, when Barea was on leave in Valencia, he asked Aurelia for a divorce. His sister Concha, aware of the poverty Aurelia could be facing, advised her not to sign the divorce papers. But Aurelia, 'la tonta,` in Concha's words, signed, stating: 'Soy moderna` (60). The following year, Barea married Ilsa. After leaving Valencia in November 1937, he never saw Aurelia again (61).

WORK.

The patents office was closed in August 1936. From September 1936 until about a month before leaving Madrid in November 1937, Barea worked as press censor, and from July 1937 also as radio

broadcaster. The censorship meant huge pressure: for the first few months, he worked 16 hours a day and slept in the office. Moreover, the office in the *Telefónica* building -- at that time, the tallest building in the city and on top of a hill -- was in the direct line of fire of the Nationalist troops dug in two or three kilometres away. Both Ilsa and Arturo expected to be killed (62).

Martha Gellhorn remembers that Barea, always wearing a beret, appeared quiet and dreamy in manner:

> "[He was]...a silent, mousy, depressed-looking man, round-shouldered and bowed, thin, pale and ill." (63)

John Dos Passos wrote that Barea "[was] cadaverous...[and]... looks underslept and underfed" (64). The journalist Sefton Delmer provided a vivid account of his visit to the *Telefónica* on 16 November, 1936:

> "Inside...all was darkness, and assault guards. At last we found the censors...They were sitting at a table with flickering candles lighting their faces. Sandbags covered the windows. The chief [Barea] was a cadaverous Spaniard with deep furrows of bitterness around his mouth, dug deeper by the shadows from his candle. He looked the very embodiment of Spanishness, tense and suspicious, clenched ready to take national umbrage."(65)

Unlike many of the foreign journalists, Ilsa and Arturo did not participate in the round of drinking in each others' bedrooms in the Hotel Florida, where the majority of foreign journalists stayed, or at Gaylord's or Chicote (66). Arturo preferred to drink in Serafín's bar during the brief snatches of time away from work. There he could chat with people he'd known for much of his life; later, find material for his radio broadcasts; and also, no doubt, enjoy the role of the man with an important job. Barea's job brought him into frequent conflict with the foreign

correspondents, another factor making it difficult for him to fall into easy socialising with them. Gellhorn commented:

"We were a jokey bunch. They [Ilsa and Arturo] didn't eat with us." (67)

Doubtless, Arturo found less to joke about.

Barea's lifelong contradictions about what he should do and be were overcome during this first period of censorship work. When he was younger, he had darted different ways, torn between his impulse to fight injustice and his desire to make money for himself and his family. When a child of 10 in his Uncle Luis's forge, he had enjoyed briefly the sense he was no longer a child split between two worlds. In 1936 Madrid, he again briefly attained the same sense of unity and purpose. He was a volunteer in a vital job, who between November 7th and 12th took important decisions both to prevent the press censorship's collapse and keep open Madrid's contact with the world. The job both required all his intellectual abilities and at the same time was on behalf of and alongside the working-class he identified with.

This feeling of having overcome his contradictions was short-lived. But Barea was never to return to routine work. He emerged from the Civil War doing what he had wanted, but had not dared nor been able to do as an adolescent: the crisis of the War made him a writer.

BARCELONA AND PARIS.

After being sacked from the censorship, then from the radio, Barea left Madrid in November 1937, going via the Levante to

Barcelona, where he finished *Valor y miedo* (using an old typewriter Sefton Delmer had given him) and found a publisher for it. Here too he met the Stalinist functionary Leopold Kulcsar ('Poldi'), Ilsa's husband, whom Barea feared and disliked for his political dogmatism. Poldi assisted them with exit visas and left the earliest testimony to Arturo and Ilsa's happiness together:

"[Poldi] nos contó que los había hallado felices como niños." (68)

The unfortunate Poldi died suddenly in January 1938, allowing Ilsa and Arturo to marry. They left Spain for the last time on February 22th, 1938 (69), the day their exit visa expired. For a miserable year of physical hardship they lived in Paris in the grandiosely named flea-pit *Hotel de l'Alhambre* (known to them as the *Hôtel del hambre*), hand-to-mouth on the occasional translation or article, while the European War drew closer (70). However, whereas Ilsa spent many weeks ill, Arturo's general health improved. He was away from the bombardments and stress of Madrid. And from Barcelona came copies of his first book, *Valor y miedo*, which gave him the confidence to continue to write. During that summer of 1938, through his struggles to start *La forja*, Barea revolutionised his approach to writing (71).

In March 1939, they obtained entrance papers for England and left the atmosphere of demoralisation, racism and approaching war. They were lucky to get out; and lucky in their way of doing it. In order to pay their bill at the *Hôtel del hambre*, they had a win on the lottery (72).

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NOTES.

1. Birth certificate. Juzgado de Badajoz. Arturo was born at his parents' address, Calle Magdalena, 20.

2. FR, p.70

3. Ibid. p.70. Barea's niece added family reminiscences:
"Se dice que era un golfo...y cuando después de su muerte pasó alguien para cobrar una deuda, [la madre de Arturo] le dijo: 'aquí tienes las señas del moroso, ve y busca el dinero en el cementerio'." Interview with Leonor Rodríguez Barea, Madrid, 17/9/94. Leonor is the oldest daughter of Arturo Barea's sister Concha. This source is hereafter referred to as LRB.

4. Interview with LRB, Madrid, 23/6/90.

5. FR, pp. 89-90

6. Ibid. p.338

7. The real names of some family members mentioned in the trilogy were supplied by LRB.

8. FR, Chapter I.

9. In the opening days of the Spanish Civil War, Arturo's old school burned before his eyes (*La llama*, Ch. VIII).

10. FR, p.52

11. Ibid. p.53

12. Ibid. pp.136-137

13. Ibid. p.141

14. Ibid. p.151

15. Ibid. pp.160-161

16. Ibid. p.354

17. Barea, Arturo, *El centro de la pista*, (CP), p. 138.

18. FR, p.222

19. Chalmers-Mitchell, Sir Peter, in Barea, Arturo, *The Forge* (Faber, London 1941), introduction, p.9.

20. FR, pp. 245-246

21. Chalmers-Mitchell, *art.cit.*, p.9

22. The Córdoba tape. See Appendix 5. This is a tape-recording in the possession of Leonor Rodríguez Barea, of part of a radio interview with Arturo Barea in Córdoba, Argentina, in 1956.

23. CP, p.145

24. Serge, Victor, *Birth of our power*, (Writers and Readers, London 1977), p.70

25. CP, p.142

26. Ibid. p.142

27. Ibid. p.137

28. Ibid. p.143

29. FR, pp.376 ff.. For further discussion, see Chapter 5.

30. CP, p.143

31. Ibid. p.147

32. FR, pp.357-359

33. Ibid. p.357

34. Chalmers-Mitchell, *art.cit.*, p.10

35. FR, p.359

36. Barea, Arturo, in *The Dark Wedding* by Ramón J. Sender (London 1948), introduction, p.10.

37. FR, p.572 says "algunas semanas"; but the English version (*The Clash*, p.120) says "a few months".

38. FR, pp.257-258 and constant subsequent references in *La ruta*.

39. Ibid. pp. 345-6

40. LRB. Arturo and Aurelia's children were called Carmen, Adolfina, Arturo and Enrique.

41. FR, p.515; and LRB. Concha had nine children, two of whom died in infancy, between 1922 and 1934.

42. FR, p.516; and LRB.

43. Barea, Arturo, *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*, pp.34-37.

44. FR, p.573

45. Ibid. p.515

46. Ibid. p.515; LRB.

47. Ibid. p.516

48. Ibid. p.516

49. Ibid. p.516

50. Chalmers-Mitchell, *art.cit.*, p.10

51. Ibid. p.11

52. Arturo's meeting with Ilsa is discussed in greater detail in Chapter 6.

53. FR, p.530

54. FR, p.530; LRB. Aurelia was evidently a snob, who liked to imply she was connected to the Grimaldis of Monaco.

55. FR, p.530

56. Ibid. p.532

57. Ibid. p.613

58. Ibid. pp.649-50

59. Ibid. p.550

60. LRB.

61. After the Civil War (the exact date is not clear), Aurelia emigrated with the children to South America, probably to Chile. She had become involved in a religious sect, which presumably offered her some way out of the hardships of a single mother in post-war Spain. She wrote to Arturo at least once in the late 1940s (LRB). But there is no evidence that Arturo ever got in touch with her again. Aurelia remains the saddest figure in Barea's story: disliked by his sister, his mother, his nieces ("inculta y simple," according to his niece Maruja [Letter to me, Feb.'95]), his friends and by Arturo himself. The caricature (under the name of Luisa) he presented of her in *La raíz rota* has no redeeming features.

62. The general atmosphere of imminent death is best captured in Chapter XII of *La llama*, pp.642-654. See also the autobiographical chapter No. X1X in *Valor y miedo*, pp.112-116. This extract is from p.114:

"Si entraran [los franquistas] en Madrid, si llegaran a esta Telefónica, ratonera de hierro y cemento, sin salida, situada en el camino de la invasión, los fusilarían a ella y a él."

63. Telephone interview with Martha Gellhorn on August 16th, 1990. Gellhorn herself (to her irritation) makes a fleeting appearance in the trilogy, as a "figura elegante rematada por un halo de cabellos rubios" (FR, p.699).

64. FR, p.710, where Barea quotes from Dos Passos, John, *Journey between wars* (New York 1937).

65. Delmer, Sefton, *Trail Sinister*, (London 1961), pp.295-296.

66. Gellhorn called the Florida the 'whorehouse hotel`. Hemingway punned that it was 'full of hors de combat`. (Gellhorn, 16/8/90). The atmosphere of press, Russian generals and prostitutes hob-nobbing there is described in Hemingway's *The fifth column* and *For whom the bell tolls*.

67. Interview with Martha Gellhorn, 16/8/90.

68. Ayala, Francisco, *Recuerdos y Olvidos* (Alianza Tres, Madrid 1988), p.237.

69. FR, p.716

70. The sources for the year which the Bareas spent in Paris are: the very last chapter of *La llama*, (FR, pp.781 ff.); Barea's 1943 story *A la deriva;* and Margaret Weeden's letters to me.

71. The break-through in Barea's writing during Summer 1938 in Paris is discussed at the beginning of Chapter 3.

72. Weeden, Margaret, 'The Forging of a Rebel,' in *En Australia y en Nueva Zelandia*, Canberra, October 1991.

CHAPTER TWO.

VALOR Y MIEDO -- PROPAGANDA AND PASSIVE HEROISM.

PUBLICATION.

The precise reasons why *Valor y miedo* was even published remain unclear. On the Republican side during the Spanish Civil War, only twelve books of fiction dealing with the war were published (1). Potential writers were busy fighting; the Government and parties were mainly engaged in disseminating propaganda, not encouraging fiction. Normal publishing business was disrupted.

Valor y miedo was accepted in Barcelona in February 1938, just before Barea left Spain, and came out in a small edition later that year (2). It is certain that the publishing house was sponsored by the PCE or PSUC: both because of its typical Popular Front name (*Publicaciones Antifascistas de Cataluña*); and because the book came out at a stage in the war after the suppression of the POUM and the defeat of the anarchists.

This fact focuses the interesting question of the political views contained in *Valor y miedo*. At the time of acceptance, Barea was about to leave the country after being squeezed out of his job in Madrid by PCE-backed interests. Moreover, his new wife Ilsa had been subject to a smear campaign that she was a trotskyist, which at this period in history was often the prelude to imprisonment or execution. Barea, therefore, in the weeks before leaving Barcelona for France, was in a delicate

situation (3). Despite all this, *Valor y miedo* was accepted by publishers sponsored by the PCE/PSUC! Why?

It is probable that Ilsa's husband Poldi (Leopold Kulcsar) assisted in the book's acceptance. Kulcsar was an Austrian Communist Party official employed in Barcelona in the witch-hunt of the POUM (4). Kulcsar knew that Ilsa was not a trotskyist; possibly (and this was Barea's stated view) his personal loyalty to Ilsa, despite her leaving him, led him to support publication (5).

Personal considerations apart, Kulcsar would have understood another factor: that the book's publication could well have the effect of stemming possible future criticisms of the PCE by Barea. Without both Ilsa's and Arturo's public silence concerning their exclusion from power, they would not have been permitted to leave the country (6).

Whatever the specific reasons for publication, the general reason is clear. *Valor y miedo* is a powerful piece of propaganda for the Republican side and faithfully reflects the ideology of the PCE-PSOE coalition which dominated the Popular Front Government in 1938.

As it happened, it was a book of little luck, swallowed up by the Republican defeat. Few copies were printed: and these at the high cost of 12 pesetas. Not many people read it (7).

At first glance, it is strange that the book was never later translated into English, nor apparently to any other language. Barea was popular enough in the 1940s to have found an English publisher for the stories. That he did not do so is perhaps part of his overall lack of interest in the fate of his own work (8). A more plausible reason, however, is that shortly after these stories' publication Barea rejected their type of social realism.

Proud as he was of his first book, he went through a fundamental change of approach to his writing in the summer of 1938, when he was gestating *La forja de un rebelde*:

> "En aquellas ruidosas tardes de verano cuando estaba solo entre extranjeros, me daba cuenta de que no podía escribir más artículos ni más historias de propaganda, sino dar forma y expresar mi visíon de la vida de mi propio pueblo, y que para aclarar esta visión tenía primero que entender mi propia vida y mi propia mente." (9)

As all he had previously written was *Valor y miedo*, we must conclude he was referring to this book. Barea himself saw the stories as no more than *historias de propaganda* and for that reason never sought to have them reprinted or translated.

GENESIS.

In another sense, though, *Valor y miedo* did reach the mass audience which Barea coveted: many of the pieces had started life as broadcasts on the radio. These broadcasts arose out of the circumstances of Barea's nervous breakdown in 1937, which was precipitated by three successive blows during two days. First, Ilsa's room had been burnt out by a shell: she'd only

escaped by luck. Secondly, Barea tells us, with one of his descriptions of such literal vividness it provokes disgust:

"Contra la luna estaba aplastado y aún contrayéndose convulsivo un trozo de materia gris, del tamaño del puño de un niño...Un hilillo de sangre acuosa se deslizaba por el cristal abajo, surgiendo de la pella de sesos, con sus venillas rojas y azules, en la que los nervios rotos seguían agitándose como finos látigos.
No sentí más que estupor...una piltrafa de un cerebro humano." (10)

Barea was at that very moment on the surreal mission of escorting a delegation of English women, including Ellen Wilkinson and the Duchess of Atholl, to see the uncouth General Miaja, and had to carry on as if nothing serious had happened.

The third shock occurred the very next day, when Barea saw three people killed in the street. He suffered a nervous collapse. For several weeks, he was feverish and retching, unable to concentrate or sleep. He felt listless and depressed (11).

He tells us how he finally reacted:

"Una partícula de materia gris palpitante había puesto en movimiento dentro de mí una cadena de pensamientos y emociones ocultos...Yo quería gritar. Gritarles a ellos [los hombres y mujeres de Madrid] y al mundo entero sobre ellos. Si quería seguir luchando contra mis nervios y mi cabeza consciente sin descanso de mí y de los otros, tenía que hacer algo más en esta guerra que simplemente vigilar la censura de las noticias para unos periódicos que cada día eran más indiferentes.
Seguí escribiendo y comencé a hablar por radio." (12)

Thus the inertia brought on by his breakdown was overcome. He tells us how he had to fight for permission to broadcast, both from Miaja and the *Comité Obrero* of the *Ministerio de Propaganda* (13); a victory which also signalled a general change of policy on the type of censorship employed (14).

In a eulogy to Barea, broadcast five days after his death, Emir Rodríguez Monegal eloquently -- albeit with some hyperbole -- explained what Barea's Madrid broadcasts came to mean:

> "Era una voz [la de Arturo Barea] que hablaba para llevar a los sitiados, luchadores y civiles que protegían con su fusil los muros de sus casas, o vecinas que continuaban la ardua tarea de vivir entre las ruinas, un mensaje de esperanza y un mensaje de lucha. Esa voz que llegaba a todos porque (a diferencia de otras voces ya ilustres de escritores españoles) sabía hablar al pueblo con 'ese estilo crudo y desprevisto de florilegios de lenguaje` en que el mismo pueblo habla. En esa hora de Madrid, esa hora marcada por el reloj de la historia, Barea se convirtió en la voz de los resistentes, y descubrió al mismo tiempo su vocación profunda de intérprete." (15)

Barea's radio broadcasts and his first writing -- the stories which became *Valor y miedo* -- had the same genesis. They were both produced in his struggle to overcome his nervous collapse. And he found the cure in telling true stories of working-class resistance to the working-class. The genesis of his writing was popular and collective. Political motivation was inseparable from the start of his literature.

STALINIST IDEOLOGY.

Arturo Barea was later to dismiss *Valor y miedo* as 'historias de propaganda.` And many of his critics do not comment on the stories at all. Barea's first critic in depth, Marra-López, couldn't find a copy. Probably the same was true of Nora and Alborg, other critics of the late 1950s and early '60s who wrote on Barea's work (16).

Among those who read the book, there was a reluctance to call the contents 'stories`. María Herrera, who has co-written the

only substantial commentary on the book, calls them 'cuentos o escenas de guerra` (17). And Jaume Pont refers to them as *estampas* (18). They are indeed little more than 'sketches,' not nearly as substantial as Barea's later stories collected in *El centro de la pista* (19).

But this apparent deficiency is not so serious if we hold in mind the book's purpose, pointed out by Barea himself. *Valor y miedo* is a work of political propaganda in fictionalised form. In that respect, it is very similar to works of 'social realist` writers of the period: such as Panait Istrati, widely published in Spain during the '30s, or the Soviet writers who glorified the achievements of the working-class in patriotic tones (20). Dos Passos' writing of the 1930s, where he intersperses documentary factual description with fiction, in order to portray the working-class struggle, is also discernible as an influence. The 'camera eye` technique employed to effect by Dos Passos is used in *Valor y miedo* (21).

Before looking at the more specific strengths and weaknesses of *Valor y miedo*, it will be useful to look at just how the book reflected the prevailing ideology of Republican Spain in 1937-1938. For, unlike John Dos Passos' work, Barea's first book goes beyond social realism to express a particularly Stalinist ideology, i.e. the set of ideas developed by the Soviet leadership in the mid-1930s to justify and explain their foreign policy. Here is not the place to explore the pros and cons of Soviet intervention in Spain (22). But we can note certain key themes of PCE / USSR propaganda reflected in *Valor y miedo*.

First and foremost is the idea of patriotism which is integral to many of the sketches, especially the first and last, thus enclosing the entire book in a veneer of patriotism:

> "Cayó en la trinchera enemiga con la navaja abierta. Con la navaja de lengua de vaca, con la cual tal vez un majo de 1808, destripó caballos de mamelucos de Napoleón. Con la navaja que, igual que hiciera un siglo antes, destripó moros y más moros de los que llenaban la trinchera." (23)

In this extract from *La tierra* Barea, glorifying Spanish tradition and history, links the defence of Madrid against the fascists to the struggle against Napoleon. In doing so, he doesn't exalt the *juntas populares* of 1808 -- which would be extremely relevant to a revolutionary war; but uses language which evokes the alien nature of the opponents, *mamelucos* and *moros*. Barea's argument is the PCE's: true patriotism resided in the 'people` not in the fascists. The nationalist idea of a popular defence of the '*patria*` against external forces flows directly from the Stalinist idea of 'Socialism in one country,` which had replaced the revolutionary call for international revolution. It was a theme easily displaced from the Soviet context to Spain. It is no accident that the same theme comes to the fore again in *Valor y miedo's* final sketch:

> "Don Quijote y Sancho dan cara a la Casa de Campo; al Paseo de San Vicente por cuya cuesta un día de noviembre de 1936 subieron los moros y los tanques alemanes." (24)

The statue of Cervantes' heroes is used to epitomise the resistance of Madrid. Here again Barea is not expressing the ideology of the class struggle, but of a national struggle of the Spanish people against foreign interlopers. And it involves a particularly reactionary emotive language: "destripó moros y más moros...".

A second theme reflecting Stalinist ideology which pervades *Valor y miedo* is encapsulated in this frequent use of the term *moros*. Although a typically popular way of speaking of Moroccans and Arabs, it is in no way respectful. In using *moros* reiteratedly, Barea was quite happy to repeat general Republican propaganda in playing on popular fears (25). The *moros* were portrayed as rapists and castrators from Africa, once evicted from Spain, then colonised by Spain, and now in historic irony brought back by Franco to break the Republic.

Moro is a term Barea would have used from his childhood and often occurs in *La ruta*, his book about Morocco. But during the war, his easy use of a pejorative term reflected a political choice and usage which falls within the Stalinist framework. Barea is attempting to mobilise his readers, not on a socialist or anti-imperialist basis, but by appealing to a sense of nation (*'patria'*) based on popular prejudice.

The third aspect of Stalinist ideology identifiable in *Valor y miedo* is that of a certain type of popular heroism, which can be found in nearly every *estampa*. One of the clearest examples is *Servicio de Noche*, the story of Lolita who risked her life to get the news out from the Telefónica during an air raid. Another is *Héroes*, where, when the bombing starts, the young woman Julia invites people into her house with the words:

> "Miedo sí, que tengo. Pero me parece que tengo un deber...Pasen, pasen, esto es de piedra, garantizado contra Mussolini." (26)

Without exception, these heroes and heroines are working-class. But their undoubted heroism is of a particular sort: a long-

suffering, resigned sort of endurance. Julia above says: 'que tengo un deber`. Paco in *La mosca* says he understands nothing:

"[Paco tiene] una idea fija: matar fascistas." (27)

In these examples, Barea portrays the working-class protagonists as passive and patient: doing her duty (Julia), stubbornly fighting (Paco) or humorously powerless (Angel in the picaresque story of the same name). The strongest image of this passivity of the working-class in besieged Madrid occurs in *Juguetes*, where the idiot child continues to sell his trinkets in the Puerta del Sol, oblivious to the falling shells, and has to be led away by the narrator:

"Mira alegre el idiota el billete, olvidado de su mercancia perdida y de los obuses que estallan." (28)

What is meant exactly by 'passive heroism' needs to be nuanced. In *Héroes* neither Julia nor her father are totally passive: they act. The soldier in *Carabanchel* who invents the stratagem of putting bed-frames over trenches so that shells bounce off the springs responds to the shelling with ingenuity. But the very slightness of what the heroes of these two sketches can achieve emphasises that they do not influence anything. They do not take their destiny in their hands. They are victims of circumstance: however they respond, they have the passive resignation of victims.

The soldier in *Carabanchel* is victimised by the dead donkey, rats and flies; the peasants of *Bombas en la huerta* have to watch helplessly the destruction of their irrigation system; in *Las botas*, the soldier is tortured by his boots; Serafín in *Los*

chichones is tormented by his leaping up and banging his head whenever he hears a shell.

This mood of resigned suffering has a lot to do with Barea's own cast of mind. He was often sceptical about the efficacy of political action and frequently pessimistic. We have seen above that he composed these sketches partly as therapy to stave off a nervous breakdown. Some critics, notably John Devlin and José Ortega, argue that this mood of Barea's demonstrates his religious sensibility (29). The powerful sketch *Refugio*, which shows a priest arguing against the propertied classes, is some evidence in *Valor y miedo* of this religious sensibility for those who wish to find it (30).

However, Barea's characters' passive and resigned heroism is more an example of his political aims than of a pessimistic cast of mind or any supposed religious feeling. This resigned heroism is the core of the book's propaganda effect. And it dovetails precisely with the PCE's and Comintern's spreading of a view of the Spanish people (and in particular the besieged inhabitants of Madrid) as unfortunate victims of fascist attack. The working-class were not to be seen as subjects of their own history, but dependent on the PCE and Comintern to defend them (31).

This view contradicted the self-organisation and self-activity of the working-class, which did explode in July and November 1936. These revolutionary mass mobilisations, which were on both occasions key to victory, were downplayed later by the PCE. In

Valor y miedo, Barea does not show the workers engaging in political discussion, nor in collective action to decide their fates. As such, *Valor y miedo* contributes to a Stalinist falsification of what was really happening. And so, quite contrary to Barea's express aim, some parts of the book suggest a stoic defeatism (32).

In *La llama*, as argued in Chapter 6, and *Lorca*, Barea was to portray this period more truthfully. But *Valor y miedo*, written in the heat of the war, shows Barea's mental subservience at the time to the Stalinist framework (33). On the whole, the stories work as excellent pieces of this type of propaganda, which Leopold Kulcsar, the publishers, the Popular Front Government and Barea himself all wished to promote.

COURAGE AND FEAR.

Valor y miedo, of course, should not be reduced solely to these social and political dimensions. The book's central theme is summarised in the title: 'Courage and Fear`. Jaume Pont explained:

> "El 'valor` y el 'miedo` conforman el entramado psicológico de los cuentos de Barea. Esta, y no otra...es su raigambre personal: la muerte como espectáculo diario y cotidiano, como depredadora física y alimento mental del inconsciente colectivo." (34)

And in *La llama*, Barea wrote of his broadcasts:

> "Creia y creo que todas aquellas historias...eran historias de un pueblo viviendo en aquella mezcla de miedo y valor que llenaba las calles y las trincheras de Madrid. Compartía todos sus miedos, y su valor me servía de alivio. Tenía que vocearlo." (35)

Only six of the twenty sketches of *Valor y miedo* are actually situated at the Front. Thirteen more are placed in various parts of Madrid, usually defined by name. Thus the subject is the fear and courage of those who were closely involved in the war but were not regular soldiers. Barea's idea of war was decidedly anti-heroic: he could recall the repulsive and demented courage of Millán Astray haranguing starving conscripts in Morocco (36). Barea's heroes and heroines are the working-class and the refugee peasantry who had flooded into Madrid. Like the conscripts in the Moroccan war, they found themselves largely through circumstance in the army. No general appears in these stories; and even the captain who appears in two is '*tú*` to his soldiers.

All these people's courage is improvised, arising from normal fear on being confronted with an extreme situation: all the more extreme because the shellings, the people blown apart, the houses crashing down, are not happening on a separate battle-field, but in the streets and places where they are living their lives.

BAREA'S OWN FEAR...AND OTHERS' FEAR.

The narrator, Arturo Barea, is one of these people. It is his own fear and reactions which he examines in many of the sketches. Ortega suggests that:

> "Dos temas predominan en *Valor y Miedo*: a. la fe del pueblo madrileño en los ideales que defendían; b. el miedo de Barea por los bombardeos, forma de destrucción que le obsesiona y aterroriza" (37)

Barea expresses these feelings in the sketch *Piso trece*:

"Me he pegado a estos ojos del telémetro, prolongación de los míos, fascinado, incapaz de moverme del sitio, viendo las nubecitas del humo del cañon, oyendo silbar el obús segundos después y sintiendo sus explosiones en la calle, en las fachadas, en los tejados alrededor, oyendo vibrar los cristales y las columnas, temblar el piso, llenarse el salón inmenso de ruidos, de gritos, de polvo y de humo. Pensando que me miran a mí, que me disparan a mí, que viene a mí por el aire el obús, que va a penetrar por el ocular del telémetro, va a recorrer el camino tortuoso de prismas y va a entrar en mi cerebro por mis ojos y va a estallar aquí, dentro de mi cráneo." (38)

Barea cannot tear himself away from looking directly at his own possible death. Immobilised like a rabbit in a headlamp, he is unable to run down the stairs as he wants to do.

Barea describes another instance of his terror in *Esperanza*, where, on a terrible night in November 1936, he and Ilsa waited in the *Telefónica*, unable to sleep because of the shelling. They heard the tanks' caterpillars screeching in the streets. They believed the fascists were entering the city and they would therefore be shot:

"Se cogieron del brazo inconscientemente y comenzaron a hablar bajito. Se explicaban el uno al otro sus angustias y sus ansias, lisamente con una franqueza primitiva, enseñándose mutuamente sus ilusiones y su fe". (39)

In both these passages above, the narrator is describing the reactions and experiences of a non-combatant, having to await passively his fate. In the first quote he freezes; but in the second human solidarity arises from the fear. In this solidarity, as in *Refugio*, Barea finds hope -- the *Esperanza* of the title.

It was Barea's own fear, therefore, which helped him understand and illustrate with sympathy the fear of others. Barea presents us with several different forms of this fear:

a) In *Coñac*, Don Manuel is repeatedly woken at night by the shelling (40). Terrified, he takes to drinking brandy in secret. Turned into an alcoholic who bores militiamen on leave with tales of the Cuban War, he bears the guilt of hating his wife for her ability to sleep.

Coñac is one of the few *estampas* that really does become a story. It is reminiscent of Hemingway's style, though Hemingway would not have mentioned at all the real 'sub-story` of fear that underlies the description of Don Manuel's night. Barea turns an anecdote into a well-rounded story with the psychological insight of how Don Manuel comes to hate his wife because of his inability either to admit his fear or to act against it (41).

b) In *Servicio de noche*, fear is treated differently (42). Lolita the telephone girl acts to conquer her terror. Like Barea himself, she's not a front-line soldier, but a combative non-combatant. When everyone else is taking refuge in the bomb-shelters, Lolita returns to her work:

> "Los junkers, van y vienen, suben y bajan. Parece que envuelven la Telefónica. Saltan las ventanas en cachos. Entran oleadas de humo acre que invaden, lentas, la sala. Se interrumpe la conferencia con Paris.
>
> Lolita estalló en gritos de llamada a la Central parisina, gritos estridentes, con los ojos llenos de lágrimas. Apretaba con sus manos los auriculares puestos.
>
> Pensaba que era preciso que el mundo supiera en el acto lo que pasaba en Madrid.
>
> Temblaba de miedo.
>
> Se reanudó la conferencia con la 'International News Service.`" (43)

The story ends there. Lolita has displayed courage by doing her duty, precisely when she was trembling with fear. Unlike Don Manuel, she does not attempt to conceal her fear; and, also

unlike him, the importance of the cause she believes in enables her to rise above herself. It is a story in the heroic tradition of Soviet social realism: it could have been one of Ehrenburg's dispatches to *Pravda*.

c) In *Los chichones*, as in *Las botas*, Barea treats fear with rough humour (44). What threatens during the first half to be a tale condemning the bar-owner Serafín's fear, ends up as a shared understanding that Serafín cannot help bumping his head whenever he wakes up in terror of the shells.

"'Tiene miedo cuando está dormido, pero cuando está despierto se lo aguanta. Yo a esto sí llamo ser un valiente.`" (45)

Those who had at first laughed at Serafín's bumps end up ashamed of themselves. Fear is everywhere, the story tells us. A common recognition of its inevitability helps to deal with it. Whereas Don Manuel of *Coñac* is a coward, Serafín's acceptance of fear turns him into a hero. Barea's model of a courageous hero is thus someone like Serafín and not the 'bridegrooms of death` of Millán Astray (46).

d) As a coda to this discussion of fear in *Valor y miedo*, it is relevant to comment on Barea's treatment of the same theme in the gloomy story *Mister One*, published in *El centro de la pista* (47). Barea wrote this story in April 1939, the month after the end of the Spanish Civil War and a very few weeks after his reaching refuge in England.

Mister One is a brief tale of Mister One, who every Saturday night silently drinks himself stupid, and the narrator's friend, Mister Two, who never drinks alcohol, but trembles and stutters

after too much coffee. In the First War, Mister Two had been a conscientious objector and emigrated to South Africa. Mister One went to the war. But now the sex and love life of both of them is plagued by guilt: of desertion in the former's case and participation in bloodshed in Mister One's.

The concreteness and brutality of Barea's imagery makes the imaginative connection between sex (and peace) on the one hand and bloodshed on the other. Mister One is haunted by his killing of a German:

> "El alemán tenía los pechos como una mujer. El ruido de la bayoneta al salir no me deja dormir. Si me casara...oiría este ruido en su pecho desnudo." (48)

Barea is working out a syllogism: he does not give the men proper names and presents their different cases in sequence. He is examining, at the end of the Spanish Civil War, the effects of war on the involuntary participant. Mister Two is a deserter; Mister One, a soldier. They become friends because both have suffered the effects of war and are unable to lead a normal life as represented by their marrying the women they love.

Barea is neutral as to whether fighting or desertion is preferable. Nor does he extend any hope that the men will resolve their problem. For Barea the fear of the person affected by war is not avoidable. In his own biography, we know that his love for Ilsa, her strength and his writing enabled him to survive his fears. Both Lolita and Serafín, as portrayed in *Valor y miedo*, find ways to do the same. But, in *Mister One*, he envisages the despair of the millions defeated in Spain in 1939.

STYLE.

Some of the passages from *Valor y miedo* already quoted give some idea of the descriptive power and vividness, which was the hallmark of Barea's best writing, not only in this book but throughout his career. It is important, in discussing his ideas, not to lose sight of the fact that Barea was not primarily an intellectual writer. Even in this first propaganda book, he wrote about things he had seen, smelled, felt and touched (49). Barea's approach to events is raw and direct, unmediated by any distancing irony.

José Ortega wrote of the language of *Valor y miedo*:

> "[Es]...directo, incluso brutal a veces, pero siempre cálido." (50)

This directness and brutality is conveyed by a particular style. María Herrera commented:

> "(Barea) logra una prosa concisa y efectista, de ritmo monótono y ralentizado, en la que las imágenes pasan ante el lector como en una película muda, con un efecto de gran dramatismo". (51)

Almost any narrative passage in the book could serve as an example. Here is the first paragraph of *Sol*, where the cinematic and monotone effects are enhanced by the historic present:

> "A las siete de la mañana me despierta el sol. Comienza a inundar la habitación y constituye una ducha de luz que obliga a tirarse de la cama. No entra directamente en mi cuarto; pega en el muro de enfrente de la calle y forma allí un espejo que reverbera violento. Molesta casi más que si diera directamente en los ojos". (52)

On several occasions in *Valor y miedo*, the descriptions create a near-phantasmagoric, mesmeric atmosphere. And there are some parts of the book where the brutality goes beyond mere realism.

In *Carabanchel*, the longest sketch, a soldier finds himself in a trench with the rotting remains of a donkey built into the muddy wall in front of him. In three pages of sustained disgust, Barea tells us of the donkey's 'cuello flaco pustuloso`; 'las moscas verdes y gordas`; a rat 'grande como un gato pequeño, con un rabo nervino que se agitaba describiendo curvas como punta de látigo,` which in his panic the soldier destroys; then the 'piojo...buscando el rincón donde se hincharía de sangre`. The louse is the final straw and the soldier...'salió corriendo por la trinchera como un loco`. (53)

Described thus, the passage verges on the comic; but the power and crudity, achieved by short sentences, scenes clearly observed and the straightforwardness of presentation achieve an effect of horror and madness.

Barea, therefore, sometimes uses his descriptive ability not just to show, but to shock. Professor Fernández Gutiérrez said with justice:

"Muy bruto...el más bruto de nuestros escritores". (54)

At times, as in *Carabanchel*, Barea is not merely describing the rawness of what his senses perceive. So intense are the physical descriptions that he is able to express feelings of horror, disgust and fascination.

In *La forja de un rebelde* he was to write other scenes of gruesome death or disgust, which he had witnessed from his infancy onwards. Within Barea's social realism is an accumulation of disquiet and horror. It is no surprise that

Valor y miedo's composition served as therapy from a nervous breakdown brought on by the horrors of war. This strength of feeling gives the book an echo and power beyond most mundane works of social realism and propaganda.

POPULAR LANGUAGE AND NAMES.

In *La llama* Barea wrote of his radio broadcasts:

> "Mientras leía mi charla nocturna...los hombres parecían sentir que ellos tenían una parte en lo que yo decía, porque hablaba su mismo lenguaje, y cuando acababa se volvían críticos rigurosos de mi charla". (55)

The audience played a direct part in the composition of the broadcasts and, by extension, in the sketches of *Valor y miedo*. This audience's criticisms and advice would not have been discreet. Barea clearly, given his feeling of identity with these representatives of popular Madrid, strived to satisfy their aspirations when he broadcast.

The origins of the sketches in this almost collective process influenced Barea's language. It contributed to the vividness of description we have noted, to the human warmth that Ortega refers to and also to Barea's use of popular language. Barea's dialogue and narrative are imbued with the rhythm and slang of the people of Madrid:

> "--¿Tú, no habrás oido misa, verdad? Pues, mira: allí hay una 'ermita.`
> Cruzaron y entraron juntos en un tabernucho humilde.
> -- Tú, danos gasolina para la cuesta.
> Se bebieron dos vasos de 'matarratas`..." (56)

As well as slang, the sketches are full of popular turns of phrase, songs and *piropos*. These can be found opening the pages at random:

> "Si fuera hombre, la pateaba a esta tía bruja."
> "un pueblecillo."
> "y me dice muy chulo: -- Tú, pruébate un par, aunque a tí te faltan unos zepelines...Bueno, para saltarle el cuello o mentarle a la madre."
> "tios carca..." (57)

Popular language brings the sketches to life. Barea had two potential audiences: the people of Madrid, for whom the slang made the broadcasts, and could have made the sketches if they had later read them, more familiar, more 'theirs` (58); and the outside world, whose support for besieged Madrid Barea sought. The 'localisation` to Madrid by a specific popular terminology made the propaganda of the sketches more effective.

Barea's practice of constantly naming places and people has a similar effect to the use of slang. The sketches are made more vivid by the use of place-names. We are told that *Coñac* is set in a house on the Puerta del Sol; *Los chichones* in Serafín's bar and house; *Sol* in the Gran Via; *Refugio* by 'la esquina de la Calle de la Cruz`. Three sketches are simply named after areas of the city: *Carabanchel*, *Argüelles* and *Plaza de España*. His heroes and heroines are given solid, human form by being in, and belonging to, a particular place. It is Barea's way of saying: 'This is true. It happened here`.

The use of names also underlines the author's involvement. He tells us he has known the boy on the corner of Mayor and Correos all his life (*Juguetes*). Serafín and Paco (*Los chichones*) or

Sargento Angel (*El sargento Angel*) are all given depth by the author's involvement with them.

Significantly, the enemy is never named: they are 'moros` or 'alemanes`. Thus the enemy is dehumanised, as in the sarcastically-titled sketch *Proeza*:

> "El padre se llama: Raimundo Malanda Ruiz.
> La madre se llama: Librada García del Pozo.
> Las ruinas de la casita herida por siete bombas, conserva aún el número 21 de la calle de Carlos Orioles en Vallecas.
> El avión era un trimotor junker alemán.
> Los asesinos, no tienen nombre." (59)

COURAGE IN HUMOUR.

There is a counter-balance to the terror and fear evoked in *Valor y miedo* in the frequent humour of the characters and the ironies -- crude contrasts rather than subtleties -- which Barea draws out of the situations. In *Las botas*, for example, Barea creates the feeling that some ill-fitting boots are going to cause a tragedy. But against expectation the soldier removes the boots in time and assists in successfully repulsing an attack. In the middle of the story, the serious dilemma, with political overtones, is posed humorously:

> "Tenía miedo a los dos: a sus callos y a la máquina ...Parecía que se ponían de acuerdo, para martirizarle...Pero, en fín, el miedo a la máquina era menor que el miedo a los callos. Una era la guerra, y era cuestión de suerte. Los otros eran unos verdugos que le martirizaban desde niño." (60)

A story that threatened disaster ends lightly. *Juguetes* and *Los chichones* also end more happily than Barea had allowed the reader to hope at the stories' start.

Barea uses humour to suggest that people can think and take decisions, despite their fear. As noted earlier in discussing *Los chichones* and *Heroes*, impotence or passivity before political events is not always the case in the smaller questions. Within *Carabanchel*, the humorous use of a bed-frame to repulse shells offsets the horror of sharing a trench with a dead donkey.

The strongest example of humour as a companion of courage and antidote to war and fear is shown by Sargento Angel at the end of the sketch of the same name. Angel invites his friend to punch him on the jaw -- a Schweikian gesture! -- and then comments ruefully on the war to that same friend:

"Si esto se arreglara también a bofetadas." (61)

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NOTES.

1. Tuñón de Lara, Paloma. In: 'La Guerra Civil,` *Historia 16* (Madrid 1985), Vol.17, p.91. The author lists 12 books in Castilian and 8 in Catalan. She excludes over 20 *novelas rosas* and 'las novelas cortas publicadas por *La Novela Ideal*, de matiz libertario, en Barcelona.`

2. FR, p.794

3. Ibid. pp. 762-775

4. Ibid. pp. 766-768 and Ayala, Francisco, *Recuerdos y Olvidos* (Madrid 1988), p.278.
Ayala and Barea both portray Kulcsar sympathetically -- the former, because of his unhappy sudden death; the latter, because it was Kulcsar's strings that almost certainly got him an exit visa. In fact, despite his heroic role in the defeated uprising of February 1934 in Vienna, by the time he reached Spain, Leopold Kulcsar was a vicious Stalinist secret policeman.
For more on this, see Chapter 6, Note 34.

5. FR, p.765

6. Ibid. p.755

7. I have been unable to find any details of *Valor y miedo*'s publishers (Publicaciones Antifascistas de Cataluña) or print-run. Searches in Barcelona have been unable to unearth a 1938 first edition.

8. "[Arturo Barea]...siempre pensaba reunir sus cuentos, al menos los que consideraba mejores, en un tomo, pero iba dejándolo de un día para otro. No lo hizo." Barea, Ilsa, *El centro de la pista* (Badajoz 1988), prefacio, p.45.

9. FR, p.786

10. FR, p.704

11. Ibid. p.711

12. Ibid. pp.715 & 717

13. Ibid. p.720

14. Ibid. p.722

15. Rodríguez Monegal, Emir, 'Arturo Barea, una voz,` BBC Latinamerican Service transcript, broadcast at Arturo Barea's usual hour on 29/12/57.

16. de Nora, Eugenio, *La novela española contemporanea, 1939 -1967*, (Madrid 1970).
Alborg, Juan Luis, *Hora actual de la novela española*, (Madrid 1968), vol.II.
Marra-López, José, *Narrativa española fuera de España (1939 - 1961)* (Madrid 1963).

17. Edited by Herrera, María, *El centro de la pista* (Badajoz 1988), introduction, p.22.

18. Pont, Jaume, *Valor y miedo* (Barcelona 1984), preface, p.10.

19. It is obviously a subjective judgment that the contents of VM are 'sketches` rather than stories. The criteria for such an evaluation are that the sketches are short, anecdotal and often unresolved in their plot and theme. The clear exception is *Coñac*, one of the subtler studies of VM. This story was later published in *Penguin Parade* 7, 1940, under the title *Brandy*, I believe the only chapter from VM to be later published in English: a confirmation of the points made earlier in this chapter that Barea later rejected VM.

20. The twelve photographs and prints published in the first edition of VM confirm the propaganda intentions of VM. They are entirely within the salt-of-the-earth school of heroic workers and peasants. They are reproduced in: Fernández Gutiérrez, J.M' and Herrera Rodrigo, M., *La narrativa de la guerra civil: Arturo Barea*, (Barcelona 1988). This work is hereafter referred to as FG & HR.

21. The evolution of John Dos Passos was interesting, as he broke with the PCE line while in Spain and became sympathetic to the POUM. He was pushed toward his critical attitude, no doubt, by the summary execution of a friend of his. (Knightley, Phillip. *The first casualty* (London 1989), p.214).
Dos Passos was liked and respected by Barea (see FR, pp.709-710 and 748).

22. The question of the rightness, or otherwise, of Soviet policy in Spain and its precise relations with the PCE, has, of course, given rise to immense controversy and numerous books over the past 55 years. To start from the facts, avoiding both easy Stalin-bashing and succumbing to the Stalin propaganda machine, is vital. Today these facts are available in a number of publications. The works I have relied on, listed fully in the general bibliography, are those by E.H.Carr, Raymond Carr, Fernando Claudín, Burnett Bolloten and Pierre Broué.
These establish that patriotism and national chauvinism were essential parts of the Comintern's post-1935 policies and part of the PCE's propaganda and Popular Front policy in Spain.
See Chapter 6 for further discussion of the politics of the PCE.

23. VM, p.17

24. Ibid. p.117

25. For example, Regler, Gustave, *The owl of Minerva* (London 1959):
"Miaja therefore 'held off the enemy with a strong fist and broke the black tide' -- so it was said...Franco's Moors were on the verge of perpetrating unthinkable atrocities." (p.283).
And:
"'The Moors slaughtered the lot...those animals.'" (pp.287-288).

26. VM, pp.101-103

27. Ibid. p.82

28. Ibid. p.64

29. Ortega, José. 'Arturo Barea, novelista español en busca de su identidad,` *Symposium*, Winter 1971, pp. 377 ff..
Devlin, John. *Spanish Anticlericalism* (New York 1966), Ch.4.
Devlin, John. 'Arturo Barea and José María Gironella,` *Hispania*, XL1, 1958, pp.143-148.

30. The unnamed priest of *Refugio* is probably the same priest who played an important role in Arturo Barea's decision to leave Madrid in 1937, the famous Leocadio Lobo (FR, pp.750-755). There are a number of priests in the trilogy: the question of Barea's attitude to religion is discussed in Chapter 4.

31. *Daily Worker* and *News Chronicle*. Articles from the time. (British Library).

32. As well as Barea's own testimony in the second part of *La llama*, see, for examples of demoralisation due to the Popular Front's policies, testimonies in Fraser, Ronald, *Blood of Spain*, (Allen Lane, London 1979), Bolloten, *op.cit.*, or Casanova M., 'Spain betrayed` in *The Spanish Civil War, the view from the left* (Revolutionary History, London 1992).

33. In *La llama* Barea shows how the Madrid working-class had taken matters into their hands and decided their destiny at these two crucial historical moments. The sharp contradiction between the honesty of his factual account and his very different ideas about those events is discussed in Chapter 6.
After the war, Barea said: "...the night of the outbreak of Franco's rebellion, I witnessed one of the most stirring things I have ever seen: I saw and felt the force of *spontaneous mass solidarity*...We knew that we had not only to defeat Fascism, but also to carry through the revolution which would for ever free our Spain from the hands of a few masters." *The Indivisibility of Freedom*, Socialist Vanguard, (London, March 31, 1945).

In other words, his later view, expressed in 1945 and in *La llama*, of a revolutionary upsurge is suppressed -- or, at least, not perceived -- in *Valor y miedo*.

34. VM, p.9

35. FR, p.725

36. FR, p.314 ff.

37. Ortega, *art. cit.*.

38. VM, p.107

39. Ibid. pp.114-5

40. Ibid. pp.24-28

41. Ibid. p.22

42. Ibid. pp.18-23

43. Ibid. pp.22-23

44. Like *Servicio de noche*, *Los chichones* is also mentioned in *La llama*. *Los chichones* is explicitly referred to as a radio broadcast. Barea says:

"Serafín tenía un chichón en la frente que nunca disminuía de tamaño ni de color y que era la fuente de bromas inagotables: cada vez que en sueños brincaba por una explosión en la calle, se golpeaba con la cabeza contra el anaquel, y cada vez que saltaba de su cama para ir a la calle para ayudar en las ruinas dejadas por una bomba, se daba un segundo trastazo. Su miedo y su valentía, juntos, le mantenía el chichón floreciente.

Conté esta historia en la radio." (FR, p.725)

45. VM, p.93

46. FR, p.314 ff.

47. CP, pp.73-76

48. Ibid. p.75

49. cf FR, p.787: "...las cosas que había olido, visto, palpado y sentido..."

50. Ortega, *art. cit.*, p.390.

51. Herrera, María, *CP*, introduction, p.32.

52. VM, p.56

53. VM, pp.45-48

54. Interview with Professor Fernández Gutiérrez, Tarragona, 16/3/90.

55. FR, p.726

56. VM, p.68

57. VM, pp. 96, 49, 50, 101, respectively.

Barea was often criticised by Spanish critics for his use of slang (e.g. Nora and Alborg, *op.cit.*). FG & HR point out a number of misuses of Castilian by Barea: for example, "esto" for "eso"; the "la-ismo" and the "le-ismo"; omissions of "que"; wrong accenting; the elision of the "d" in the past participle; the use of an imperfect indicative rather than a past subjunctive, etc.. See Appendix 1 for more discussion on this.

FG & HR speculate that these errors were caused by Barea's having worked in offices, where abbreviations were common, or by contamination due to foreign languages. In some instances, this may be so; but the more obvious explanation is that these are not faults at all, but an integral part of Barea's attempt to articulate popular language and mood (FG & HR, pp. 55-67).

58. Barea was aware that the people of Madrid never did read VM. He wrote of the summer of 1938, when he was in Paris:

"Recibí un paquete de libros de España, *Valor y miedo* se había publicado. Pero pensé que los editores no podrían mandar ejemplares a Madrid, que era la cuna del libro: Madrid estaba cortado de Barcelona." (FR, p.794)

59. VM, p.35

60. Ibid. p.52

61. Ibid. p.77

CHAPTER THREE.

MOVING BEYOND 'SURFACE REALISM`.

In Paris during the summer of 1938, Barea came to this conclusion:

"...no podía escribir más artículos ni más historias de propaganda." (1)

It was a bold, risky decision, taken 'cuando estaba solo entre extranjeros,` a phrase which was to define Barea's life from then on (2). With this considered decision to put *Valor y miedo* behind him, Barea felt:

"Yo habia perdido ya mi miedo de volverme loco. Mi enfermedad había sido miedo de destrucción y miedo de la lucha dentro de mí mismo." (3).

During the year of insecurity and poverty Barea spent in Paris, *en route* from Spain to England, he found the way to overcome his physical and mental illness (4). Just as the broadcasting and writing which became *Valor y miedo* had allowed him to surmount his nervous collapse in May 1937, so now Barea found a more permanent remedy for the madness he feared:

"Yo podría también abrirme mi propio camino a una claridad, y al fin podría ayudar a otros en su batalla, si lograba trazar mi enfermedad mental -- esta enfermedad que no era únicamente mía --, hasta sus raíces más profundas." (5)

The search for his 'raíces` was to be the way out of his mental illness:

"Comencé a escribir mi libro sobre el mundo de mi niñez y juventud. Al principio yo quería titular LAS RAICES, y describía en él las condiciones sociales...al comienzo del siglo, en los pueblos y en los barrios pobres que yo había conocido. Pero me encontré escribiendo demasiadas declaraciones y reflexiones, que creía necesario suprimir, porque no brotaban de mi propia experiencia ni de mi propio ser." (6)

Barea found that he was commenting and reflecting too much in his narrative: perhaps he was still thinking of making propaganda, as in *Valor y miedo*. Then, he tells us, with the force of a moment of revelation:

> "Traté de limpiar la pizarra de mi mente, dejándola vacía de todo razonamiento y tratar [*sic*] de retroceder a mis orígenes, a las cosas que había olido, visto, palpado y sentido, y cuáles de estas cosas me habían forjado con su impacto." (7)

This is a crucial statement of Barea's method. He decided to try to record his childhood, without rationalising it with his later adult knowledge. He re-started the book, using the voice of himself as a child to re-create the smells, sights and sounds of his world.

Barea told us that *La forja* took a long time to write because:

> "...tenía que ahondar profundamente en mí mismo." (8)

These are words more evocative of Proust as a master than of realists such as Dos Passos or Galdós. But whereas Proust's aim was to evoke the nostalgia of an adult reminiscing and to examine the private *mores* of high society; Barea avoided nostalgia by the technique of the child's voice and examined the common experiences of his generation.

In 1956, Barea replied to a question about the origins of *La forja* as follows:

> "El choque de la Guerra Civil de España, el destino en Francia, expulsado por un lado y por el otro, me hizo echarme a la busca de cuáles eran las razones porque los españoles estábamos así, y buscando...a lo mas lejano realmente al mismo hecho de nacer, y tuve que...seguir de allí la razón de porque un español había sido baqueteado de tal manera, como tantos millones." (9)

His aim was dual: both personal and general. Throughout the trilogy he never strayed from this double purpose. He wrote for

himself, as a way out of mental illness, as a way to understand his roots. But he also wrote in order to understand what had happened to the millions of Spaniards who had suffered the Civil War.

Thus, despite his sharp shift -- represented in the scrapping of a book he had already commenced -- away from 'declaraciones y reflexiones` in the style of a propagandist, Barea did not lose sight of how his writing could be a weapon in the war of millions against poverty and hunger. He saw writing as a way of intervening in the struggle for socialism at a time when he could no longer be a militant.

The particular view of realism that Barea developed is clarified by reference to three of his critical essays. In his 1941 article on *For whom the bell tolls*, Barea attempted to define a different view of realism from that of his one-time mentor Ernest Hemingway:

> "Some of the Castilian peasants Hemingway has created are real and alive...Although all are magnificently described, in none of them has he touched the roots." (10)

Barea goes on to question 'the quality of Hemingway's creative work in this instance, and the problem of his realism as a whole.` He concludes:

> "Thus the inner failure of Hemingway's novel -- its failure to render the reality of the Spanish War in imaginative writing -- seems to me due to the fact that he was always a spectator who wanted to be an actor, and who wanted to write as if he were an actor. Yet it is not enough to look on: to write truthfully you must live, and you must feel what you are living." (11)

This is indeed attacking Hemingway on Hemingway's own terrain, for the American fervently held that a writer had to experience,

as well as observe, his subject-matter. Barea argued that the false note in *For whom the bell tolls* was due to Hemingway's not having lived and felt the lives of the Spanish working-class and peasantry he was writing about. But he was also suggesting, a more general point, that Hemingway's 'close observation` was insufficient, even if based on real experience (12).

Barea developed his view of realism further in a 1946 essay, where he criticised Pío Baroja's 'surface realism` (13) and went on to praise Ramón Gómez de la Serna in the following terms:

> "In Spanish prose he [Gómez de la Serna] was the first to convey, rather than to describe or explain, a sense of complexity and insecurity, of 'things below the surface of things`." (14)

Barea added that the upheavals of war and revolution his generation had lived through could not be sufficiently expressed by Baroja's (or, by implication, Hemingway's) 'dry surface realism` (15). Detailed observation of the surface was necessary but insufficient.

Barea found a model in the prewar Ramón J. Sender:

> "...the first Spanish novelist who attempted to describe the new workers' movements from within...The style Sender used to describe these violent problems was...bizarre, harsh, full of images and lit by flashes of poetry." (16)

Barea was never as ambitious, innovative nor imaginative as Sender. But Sender's early novels showed how to add an account of working-class life 'from within` to 'the grim reality of things seen` (17).

It is legitimate to see in these essays Barea's own aims as he struggled with the first versions of *La forja* in 1938.

Hemingway's 'close observation` and Baroja's 'surface realism` were not enough, though they had been sufficient aesthetic tools for the propaganda sketches of *Valor y miedo*.

For *La forja de un rebelde* Barea required an approach to writing that he felt was more profound. This is in no way to suggest that Barea is a better writer than Hemingway or Baroja, but rather that he needed a realism which got under the surface of events. Hemingway's use of intense detailed surface observation to convey emotion was not something Barea could (or wanted to) imitate. Barea's widow later wrote, citing his own words:

> "...Arturo tanto anhelaba como escritor...ser 'capaz de tocar las fuentes escondidas de las cosas.`" (18)

CRITICS

Without exception, critics who have commented on Barea cite *La forja de un rebelde* as his best work. And most hold the first volume, *La forja*, superior to the others. As a consequence of the trilogy's curious publishing history, the English reaction came before the South American, which in turn preceded the Spanish. Typical comments from the time were:

> "A unique book, every word of which rings true". (19)

The Economist highlighted 'spare, sinewy prose` (20). The T.L.S. talked of Barea's 'passionate sincerity...partisanship without intellectual dishonesty or the distortion of truth`. (21)

The first Spanish-language critics were the young Mario Benedetti, who in 1951 hailed *La forja de un rebelde* as 'este relato vívido, eficaz` (22), and Emir Rodríguez Monegal, who

underlined the book's 'brutality and directness,` its 'sustained objectivity` (23).

The first criticism from within Spain was the 1952 essay by Francisco Ynduráin, entitled 'Resentimiento español.' But even the politically hostile Ynduráin accepted that:

"Con todo lo partidista que sea esta obra, tiene un afán de verdad y de buscar un sentido a la vida más allá de la lucha." (24)

Another Spanish critic, Eugenio de Nora, wrote a few years after Ynduráin:

"Hay páginas suyas (al menos y ante todo la casi totalidad de *La forja*) capaces de asegurarle un lugar cimero...de gran narrador." (25)

For José Marra-López, Barea is 'espléndido y intuitivo` (26). In a generous, trail-blazing 1962 essay, Marra-López concluded:

"Es un escritor inolvidable de un par de libros. Con ellos se derramó total y maravillosamente...Pero hay que maravillarse, una vez más, ante *La forja* como muestra del hálito vital con que periódicamente surgen algunas obras españolas, humanas y populares, vivas, en el verdadero sentido de la palabra...Y esto es lo que cualquier escritor sueña con alcanzar." (27)

'Inolvidable` the trilogy might have been. But it was forgotten. And today Barea's work, despite the 1990 television series, remains an 'asignatura pendiente` (28). Nevertheless the trilogy was from the start a critical and commercial success both in Britain and Argentina; and in Spain, a critical success even in the eyes of his own opponents.

There is too a remarkable coincidence of critical opinion. Nearly all the critics highlight both the book's warmth and passion and its author's sincerity and truthfulness. Normally the quality of passion might be counterposed to that of

truthfulness; as partisanship may cut against objectivity. But Barea diverged from the view that truthful objectivity is only gained from the sidelines. He plunged emotionally into his story and succeeded in retaining his objectivity.

NOVEL OR AUTOBIOGRAPHY?

How should we perceive *La forja de un rebelde*, a work which is the truthful story of the author's own life, yet has the ring of a novel? Nearly every novel is to a greater or lesser degree autobiographical. With Barea, however, it is not just a question of the use of autobiographical sources, but that he rigorously excludes any event he has not been involved in and writes in a non-fictional first person.

Several critics have spent time discussing whether the trilogy is fiction or autobiography. For it is neither a normal fictionalised 'portrait of the artist when young`; nor is it a straightforward autobiography. Rodríguez Monegal pointed out:

> "...aunque su autobiografía es un testimonio de primer orden, no es únicamente eso. La misma realidad aparece tratada por el autor por medio de una sensibilidad que selecciona y reacciona." (29)

In other words, there is a selection of material such as occurs in a novel. Rafael Conte put it elegantly, if rhetorically:

> "¿Se trata de una novela o de una autobiografía? ¿Qué importa? Es un relato excepcional, fuera del tiempo literario, de cualquier tendencia, corriente estética, de cualquier influencia." (30)

'¿Que importa?`, indeed. The work is there: look at the work! Though Conte is wrong to deny the importance of the historical antecedents and social background of the trilogy, he justifiably mentions the uniqueness of Barea's work. In Spanish literature, there are very few precursors in the field of the autobiographical novel, and none like the trilogy. José Ortega followed a line developed forty years earlier by Madariaga in theorising on the Spanish character (31):

> "La autobiografía no es un género muy cultivado en literatura española quizá por el miedo del español a la exposición abierta de su intimidad, de su individualidad por temor a perder su 'preciosa' unicidad." (32)

Ortega goes on to argue of Unamuno's first novel *Paz en la guerra*:

> "[Era una]...novela histórica o historia novelada que inicia en las letras españolas el movimiento de humanización mediante la proyección personal...La obsesión y yo íntimo unamuniano adquiere en Barea un tono más social a causa de las vicisitudes personales del autor y de la proximidad del hecho histórico que narra...Ambas novelas sirven...para conocer la personalidad de sus autores, así como la vida íntima del pueblo español." (33)

Another critic Serrano Poncela talked of:

> "...la inhibición hispánica ante toda apertura pública de las intimidades del yo, con el consiguiente rechazo a todo compromiso de autointerpretar su personalidad profunda." (34)

Whatever truth these generalisations about the Spanish character contain, they do point to the originality of Barea's trilogy, where the author was brave enough to attempt to reveal his 'personalidad profunda.`

In this respect, despite Barea clearly being a social realist, the impact of modernism is not alien to his work, as was suggested above with the glancing reference to Proust. Barea chose not to tell things from an objective, all-seeing point of

view, but rather to filter the world through a subjective consciousness. As such, he showed how the world affected his "I" and how his "I" acted on the world: he is able to transmit the particular intensity of his childhood memories. Before the revolution in the arts, represented in literature by Joyce and Proust, it is hard to imagine this psychological dimension which Barea added to social realism. His autobiographical novel would not have been possible 30 years before.

We should note too that after Barea's book, though not necessarily as a consequence of it, there have been far more autobiographical novels in Spanish. The shock of the Civil War jolted numerous writers into a more personal and autobiographical type of novel than before (35).

It is important however to emphasise that *La forja de un rebelde* is not a confessional work: neither in the sense of Unamuno 'confessing` to religious and existential doubt; nor in the sense of someone like Koestler 'confessing` to the reasons why he had supposed himself a Communist. Barea was interested in his own life for a clear purpose. Let Barea himself re-state the political motive of this dual aim:

> "The millions who shared the same experiences and disappointments do not usually write, but it is they who are the rank and file in wars, revolutions and 'New Orders'...As I was one of them, I have attempted to be vocal on their behalf, not in the form of propaganda, but simply by giving my own truth." (36)

THOSE WHO HAVE NO VOICE.

In the political dimension of his dual purpose, Barea sounds uncannily like his near-contemporary Victor Serge who wrote, as if in echo of the above quote:

"El que habla, el que escribe es por encima de todo alguien que habla en nombre de todos aquellos que no tienen voz." (37)

Victor Serge (1891-1947) is both similar to and different from Barea in illuminating ways. They both started to write autobiographical fiction late, when they were excluded from political activity: Serge in 1929 because of internal exile in the Soviet Union, and Barea due to nervous breakdown and foreign exile. They both carried on what they conceived as a political struggle by recording their own experiences. They wrote about themselves in order to express the feelings and aspirations of silenced millions.

A key difference is that the protagonist of most of Serge's books is the workers' movement itself. Serge is a participating witness of events, but as one of the mass. Barea's desire to 'autointerpretar su personalidad profunda` has no interest for Serge. Barea's protagonist is, of course, Barea: as such, his trilogy lacks the political breadth of Serge's trilogy (38).

But both writers believed that in order to understand 'what things were really like,` they could not be detached: indeed, they could not be objective unless they were actively involved in the events they were trying to understand (39).

So the conscious choice which Barea made to write this particular blend of autobiography and fiction, was a choice conditioned by his personal and political situation and the aims he set himself. But Barea was also impelled by factors rooted in his own character and history.

From early childhood Barea's life was defined by his 'intermediate` position in society. He lived between a slum attic with his mother and the middle-class apartment of his aunt and uncle. He played in the street with ragged children at the same time as he went to school on a scholarship. Later he was a member of the UGT while directing a factory. In the army, he was a sergeant: neither officer nor illiterate private. There are numerous examples of Barea's 'intermediate` or 'between-class` status, a position in society which he adopted almost without thinking at each stage of his life, after the die was cast by the childhood contradiction of garret and comfortable flat.

It can be argued that many intellectuals from a working-class background experienced a similar trajectory, especially before the general expansion of working-class education. Among writers, D.H.Lawrence is an example who shows alienation from his background, yet identifies with it, in a similar way to Arturo Barea. Lawrence, like Barea, was fiercely independent and antagonistic to the intelligentsia; whereas by any objective criteria of life-style, views or source of income, he was himself one of them.

Barea's background gave him the vital gift for a writer of a 'double vision.` Discussing Scott Fitzgerald, Jay McInerney defines Fitzgerald's double vision as:

> "...viewing character and scene almost simultaneously from the inside and the outside." (40)

In an image reminiscent of the young Arturo at the Café Español (41), McInerney writes:

> "[Fitzgerald's]...narrators always seem to be a part of the festivities even as they shiver outside with their noses pressed up against the glass."(42)

It is this 'double vision` which defines Barea's unflinching eye, his ability to immerse himself and the reader in the world of the child of *La forja* and yet at the very same time to observe that boy from the outside. To say solely that Barea lived in an 'intermediate` position in society, could wrongly imply that he was not involved. On the contrary, he experienced deeply both sides of the class contradictions which started in his infancy.

Barea's is an unwavering objectivity, based on knowledge gained from totally subjective immersion. Barea does not falter into either breast-beating ('Oh what a bad boy I was`), nor special pleading ('Look what a terrible time I've had`), nor rose-tinted colouring (omission of things which reflect badly on the author). Joan Gili described Barea's eye as a 'camera eye` (43). Yet at the same time as the reader of *La forja* sees events through that objective, cinematic prism, he/she is drawn <u>inside</u> the writer's subjective world by the childlike narrative voice.

Such an imaginative gift is what gives depth and dimension to Barea's trilogy. The world the reader enters is both a real, accessible, objective, non-private world, and also the author's profoundly subjective and private reality. This double vision is what enables the circle of 'passionate` and 'objective` to be squared.

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NOTES.

1. FR, p.788

2. Ibid. p.786

3. Ibid. p.785

4. Arturo and Ilsa Barea's stay in Paris is described at the end of *La llama* and also fictionally evoked in *A la deriva*, a short story finished in 1943 and published in *El centro de la pista*.

5. FR, pp. 785-786

6. Ibid. p.787

7. Ibid. p.787

8. Ibid. p.788

9. Córdoba tape. See Appendix 5.

10. Barea, Arturo, 'Not Spain but Hemingway,` *Horizon*, (London 1941) pp. 350-361.

11. Ibid.

12. Ibid.

13. Barea, Arturo, 'New writing in Franco Spain,` *London Forum*, (Winter 1946), Vol.1 No.1, p.67.

14. Barea, Arturo, 'A quarter century of Spanish writing,` *Books Abroad*, (Spring, 1953), Vol. xxvii, p.123.

15. *Art cit.* in Note 13.

16. *Art. cit.* in Note 14.

17. Ibid.

18. Barea, Ilsa, *El centro de la pista*, prefacio, p.45.

19. *The Times*, March 1946.

20. *The Economist*, July 1941.

21. *The T.L.S.*, 23.3.46. (Cited on back cover of Flamingo edition of *The Clash*).

22. Benedetti, Mario, 'El testimonio de Arturo Barea,` *Número*, (Montevideo 1951), Vol. III, pp. 374-381.

23. Rodríguez Monegal, Emir, 'Mask of realism,` *Times Literary Supplement*, 2/5/52.

24. Yndurain, Francisco, 'Resentimiento español. Arturo Barea,` *Arbor*, (Madrid, enero 1953), vol. xxiv, pp.73-79.

25. de Nora, Eugenio, *op.cit.*, vol. III, p.62.

26. Marra-López, José R., *op.cit.*, p.292.

27. Ibid. p.339.

28. Giménez-Frontín, José-Luis, 'Arturo Barea, una asignatura pendiente,` *La Vanguardia*, (Barcelona), 8/5/86.

29. Rodríguez Monegal, Emir, *Tres testigos españoles de la guerra civil*, (Revista Nacional de Cultura, Caracas 1967), p.13.

30. Conte, Rafael, *Narraciones de la España desterrada*, (Barcelona 1970), p.37. (As cited in FG y HR, p.92)

31. Madariaga, Salvador, *Spain*, (Cape, London 1942).

32. Ortega, José, 'Arturo Barea, novelista español en busca de su identidad,` *Symposium* (New York winter 1971) p. 387.

33. Ibid. pp.387-388.

34. Serrano Poncela, Segundo, 'La novela española contemporánea,' *La Torre*, 2, (Puerto Rico 1953), p.108 (Cited in Ortega, *art. cit.*, p.391).

35. There are a great many of these autobiographical novels. The most famous are Ramón Sender's *Crónica del Alba*, José María Gironella's *Los cipreses creen en Dios*, Carmen Laforet's *Nada* (about which Barea wrote in 'New writing in Franco Spain` in *New Forum*, London 1946) and the work of Max Aub.

A later generation is still more at home with the autobiographical novel, or novelised autobiography. There are numerous examples, from Juan Goytisolo's *Señas de identidad* to Francisco Umbral's *Memorias de un niño de derechas* and Jorge Semprún's *La autobiografía de Federico Sánchez*.

36. Barea, Arturo, *The Track*, p.8. This introduction has never been published in any Spanish-language edition of *La ruta*. The three-page introduction to the English edition serves as Barea's most articulate and condensed 'Credo`.

37. Serge, Victor, *Carnets*, quoted in: ed. Richard Greeman, Serge, V., *Birth of our power* (London 1977), appendix, p.283.

38. Victor Serge's trilogy is: *Conquered City* (London 1976), *Birth of our power* (London 1977) and *Year One of the Russian Revolution* (London 1978). They were originally published in French in the early 1930s.

39. Serge, V., *op.cit.* in Note 37, p.284.

40. Mcinerney, Jay, 'Fitzgerald revisited,` *New York Review of Books*, 15/8/91, p.26.

41. FR, pp.21-29

42. Mcinerney, *art. cit.*, p.26.

43. Letter to me from Joan Gili, 6/3/90.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE CHILD'S EYE: LA FORJA.

The first volume of the trilogy, *La forja*, 'el libro más valioso, más afortunado de Barea,` is divided into two parts (1). The first contains ten chapters, all but one of which are named after concrete places and express the disparate influences on the child, Arturo. This structure highlights the multiple contradictions of Barea's childhood. Thus the untitled first chapter sets the working-class context; the second, the middle-class world. We are taken then from the city to the country. Within the country chapters, the dry country of Brunete ('Tierra de pan`) is contrasted with the wet fertile lands round Méntrida ('Tierra de vino`).

The second half of the volume is organised in a more linear manner round the crucial events of Barea's adolescence: the death of his uncle and its consequences for his hopes of a career; his beginning to work and the experiences which led to his joining the UGT; all brought together in the last chapter, *Rebelde*.

CHILD'S EYE.

An examination of the first two pages of the volume show Barea's technique, style and themes. The well-known opening paragraph plunges the reader straight into the book's atmosphere:

"Los doscientos pantalones se llenan de viento y se inflan. Me parecen hombres gordos con cabeza, que se balancean colgados de las cuerdas del tendedero. Los chicos corremos entre las hileras de pantalones blancos y repartimos azotazos sobre los traseros hinchados. La señora Encarna corre detrás de nosotros con la pala de madera con que golpea la ropa sucia para que escurra la pringue. Nos refugiamos en el laberinto de calles que forman las cuatrocientas sábanas húmedas. A veces consigue alcanzar a alguno; los demás comenzamos a tirar pellas de barro a los pantalones. Les quedan manchas, como si se hubieran ensuciado en ellos, y pensamos en los azotes que van a dar por cochino al dueño." (2)

These vivid images take us with cinematic directness into a child's world: the street-urchin game, speculation on soiled linen, the washerwoman with a stick. This opening is typical of how Barea gives the reader information to understand the situation, without explicitly explaining anything beyond the child's perception of reality (3).

This child's-eye view can be broken down into three main functions. Most immediately, as in the first chapters of Dickens' *David Copperfield*, the child's eye and voice express the freshness of a world seen for the first time.

Secondly, the technique allows Barea to place very different worlds alongside each other, without moral value being placed on them. An example occurs on the second page, where the innocence of the child leads him to perceive the young Prince in the same terms as himself and his ragged friends:

"[El príncipe]...se pasea en la Casa de Campo entre un cura y un general con bigotes blancos, que le acompañan todos los días. Estaría mejor aquí, en el río, jugando con nosotros...El tío Granizo...luego nos dijo que el general no le dejaba." (4)

The third aspect of the child's-eye view is that it allows Barea to demonstrate with conviction an optimistic attitude to the

world, an 'esperanza del futuro` (5). The characters defined in the opening chapters are poor, but not drawn as miserable. This might seem a rose-tinted view of the happy poor; but Barea avoids this trap precisely by employing the immediacy and innocence of the child's voice and eye (6).

With this immediacy, Barea achieves the extremely hard narrative challenge of portraying his characters' lives, as if from the inside. Thus he is able to make the social points he wants to without explicit authorial comment. One of countless examples occurs on the second page:

> "Como somos chicos y no podemos ser anarquistas, los guardias nos dejan en el puente cuando pasan [la reina y los príncipes]. No nos asustan los soldados de la escolta a caballo, porque estamos hartos de ver sus pantalones." (7)

The trousers are of course those of the first paragraph quoted above, and which his mother washes for a living. Barea both lets us know that anarchists are the talk of the town (how else could a child have heard of them?) and contrasts the royal family with his own life. We as adult readers gain background and information, without Barea having to lose narrative flow and power by abandoning the child's viewpoint.

After the poignant image of the prince, 'un niño rubio con ojos azules...poniendo cara de bobo,` (8) riding past and laughing in his carriage, the direct association of the child's mind is used to take us into his uncle's more prosperous world, where with maximum economy Barea signals the young Arturo's affectionate relationship with his uncle and his early interest in politics and reading:

"Me suelo sentar entre las piernas de mi tío y ellos charlan de política y de la guerra de los rusos y los japoneses...los escucho...tengo una rabia loca a los rusos. Tienen un rey muy bestia que es el zar y un jefe de policía que se llama Petroff...Todos los domingos, mi tío me compra las *Aventuras del Capitán Petroff*. Le tiran muchas bombas, pero no le matan." (9)

In a final example taken from these two opening pages, the child talks of the prince:

"El cura le enseña a hablar. Esto no lo entiendo, porque si es mudo, no sé como va a hablar; puede que hable por ser príncipe, porque de los mudos que conozco ninguno habla más que por señas y no será por falta de curas." (10)

In these four lines, the child first asserts a point he has heard from adults ('El cura le enseña a hablar`); but with dogged curiosity questions the point ('si es mudo, no sé cómo va a hablar`); and in questioning it, tells us, as if in passing, that there is more than one dumb child in the streets (in a wealthier, less street-based world, a child wouldn't know so many people with handicaps) and a large number of priests.

In these first two pages, therefore, three quick scenes (the children playing in the washing, the prince passing by, the child at his uncle's) are sketched; and, hardly perceptibly, the major themes Barea will develop have been planted in the reader's mind.

These opening two pages -- which could just as easily be many other pairs of pages -- suggest the density and richness of the book. But they also serve to emphasise that Arturo Barea was a much more <u>organised</u> and <u>careful</u> writer than his frequent crudities of style and harshness of subject-matter have led many critics to assert.

THE CHILD'S TWO LIVES.

In the first two chapters, Barea develops the contrast between his two lives. He tells us about the representative of restriction and religious repression, Aunt Baldomera:

"...aunque mi tío es muy bueno, mi tía es una vieja beata muy gruñona que no me deja en paz." (11)

The young Arturo prefers life in the streets and his mother's *buhardilla*, where prayer is not obligatory. The narrator's optimism and energy, which carry the reader through the volume, come from the sense of freedom, so sharply contrasted with the stale, confined world of Baldomera's flat. In this extract, the young Arturo slips away from the staid family table in the Café Español in order to play:

"...me voy con Esperanza, que está ya detrás de mi silla, tirándome pellizcos para que nos vayamos a jugar...Nos ponemos de pie en los divanes y asomamos la cara a los espejos de la pared...empezamos a dar palmadas para quitar las manchas (de sus pies) y salen nubes de polvo...en el terciopelo rojo." (12)

Mario Benedetti wrote in 1951:

"...Los tres grandes temas de Barea son: la infancia, España y el amor." (13)

Barea's reverence, none the less strong for being conventional, towards his self-sacrificing mother and his loving evocation of Lavapiés show the accuracy of the above view. Benedetti goes on to remark:

"El poderoso atractivo de estos temas es el desacomadamiento del autor al enfrentarlos, la marcha a contrapelo de la costumbre, su cada vez más obstinada independencia de criterio." (14)

Thus, already in these first chapters, conflicts between his mother and aunt, between the streets and the café define the young Arturo's life. As was argued in Chapter 3 concerning

Barea's intermediate position in society, it is not the fact that he is apart from both worlds, but that he enters fully into two irreconcilable (or only temporarily reconcilable) worlds, which plunges him into even greater conflict.

Nor is it a simple counter-position of good and evil that Barea sets up. Benedetti refers to his *doble insumisión* (15). So, Arturo rejects his aunt's world for the freedom of the streets and his mother's love. But he also rejects both the streets, realising he must get an education, and his immediate family, where his sister Concha attacks him for being a *señorito* and resents his privilege at her expense (16).

This *doble insumisión* is therefore a rejection of everything! The reader is taken inside the child's various worlds, the different layers and classes within society. The child's eye and voice permit Barea both to infuse the text with hope, optimism and passion for life, and at the same time lay bare the complexity and multiple contradictions in the young Arturo's life. Torn, he enters full-bloodedly into everything and rejects everything, as he searches for his own independent criterion.

THE FORGE IN THE COUNTRY.

Like many a good novelist, Barea sets his scene, stimulating the reader's appetite, and then abruptly changes direction. After the first two chapters, the narrative of *La forja* leaves Madrid and takes us into the older world of three nearby villages:

Brunete, Méntrida and Navalcarnero. The first was to become sadly renowned for its total destruction in 1937, which gives added poignancy to Barea's elegiac descriptions. It is typical of the trilogy that themes are deepened and given resonance by association of details back and forth through the three volumes -- in this case, several hundred pages later, where Barea comments:

"Allí detrás de aquella nube negra, llena de relámpagos, Brunete estaba siendo asesinado por los tanques llenos de ruidos de hierros, por las bombas llenas de gritos delirantes...Todo esto me parecía un símbolo de nuestra guerra: el pueblo perdido haciendo historia con su destrucción..." (17)

In the three country chapters of *La forja*, especially when talking about Méntrida, Barea achieves most intensely another sort of 'double vision`: the people and places are there before us, new and fresh in the eyes of the child; and at the same time the chapters are full of nostalgia for an irrecoverable world. They are undoubtedly the lyrical high-point of all Barea's writing. In the words of one critic:

"Hay tanta minuciosidad en los retratos y en las descripciones, que los párrafos se alargan sin remedio...El efecto mágico lo consigue casi siempre el lenguaje: infantil, elemental y primitivo, pero tremendamente sugestivo y sugeridor." (18)

In his 1953 essay on Cela, Barea wrote:

"Like other Spanish writers from Miguel de Unamuno down, Cela seems incapable of finding unspoilt, genuine and strong people anywhere else than in the immutable hills and plains, least of all in Madrid." (19)

Though Barea does not share the cynical tone of *La colmena* and was capable of finding 'unspoilt, genuine and strong people` in the city, Barea also 'escaped into a static world` of rural dignity from the 'depressing ugliness` of Madrid (20).

Along with the tone of elegiac loss, Barea is recording social history in these country chapters. He explains with careful detail how things used to be, defining the different kinds of people and meticulously naming places:

"El coche sale de la Cava Baja, de una posada muy antigua que se llama de San Andrés" (21).

Thus these lyrical chapters are also the most *costumbrista* of Barea's work -- in the sense of capturing the atmosphere and recording the customs of a particular place and time. The pace of the narrative slows and the paragraphs lengthen, as he enters into the minutiae of the scenes. And at one point, he departs from the child's voice, in order to underline the lost uniqueness of what the boy had known:

"Cuando yo era niño, era para mí motivo de asombro ver estos labriegos, sentados a la mesa de encina, con el jarro de flores azules de Talavera lleno de vino, desliarse la faja, dejando sus calzones caídos; desatar el nudo que encerraba el tesoro; deshacer las vueltas del cordel; y arrancar con sus uñas los nudos finales para volcar sobre la mesa el importe de la transacción." (22)

The three villages are not uniform. There are contradictions between them, and even within the magical cornucopia that is Méntrida, the young Arturo suffers isolation. He is bored and again suffers the resentment of his relatives for being a *señorito*. It is a tag to which he always reacts angrily and from which he will never escape. A Spanish critic, Juan Luis Alborg, wielded these incidents against Barea:

"Hay en muchos episodios...una soberbia altanera, proyectada sobre sus familiares, que nada justifica de su posterior rebeldía social. Más aún: que nada tiene que ver con ella." (23)

The young Arturo is indeed a prickly child, who flares up easily at imagined or real insult. But Alborg misreads the events of *La forja*. Barea leads us carefully through the stages of the young

Arturo's development. We are shown how it is the very conditions of his life -- for example, being dressed by Aunt Baldomera in a sailor suit when his friends and siblings wear rags -- that cause his conflicts. It is because of these conditions, and Arturo's refusal to submit neither to taunts nor to the sailor-suit, that the child reacts. It is true that there is 'soberbia altanera` in these reactions, which make him an instantly recognisable type of Spanish individualist. But it is not correct to say, as Alborg does, that this haughtiness has nothing to do with his social rebelliousness. Both pride and rebelliousness stem from the conflict and contradictions described.

In the other non-lyrical aspect of these chapters, Barea takes great pains to explain the origins of his uncle's wealth. He introduces Luis Bahía the money-lender: a figure who presages the usurer of Novés, Heliodoro, portrayed in the opening chapters of *La llama* or the *cacique* of his 1947 story, *Agua bajo el puente* (see Chapter 8). Barea is too conscious a writer to be carried away by false nostalgia or his own lyrical gifts. In also showing the economical relationships in the villages, he kept firm rein on his dual purpose: to uncover, in himself and in Spanish society, the factors underlying the Civil War.

Of the two villages which Barea contrasts in most detail, the first is Brunete:

> "[La gente]...come una cebolla con pan por las mañanas cuando se van al campo, un gazpacho al mediodía y la olla por la noche, pero hecha sólo con garbanzos y un cacho de tocino." (24)

The second is Méntrida, abundant and sensuous. Whereas in Brunete, there is the spectacle of the degrading village bull-fight; in Méntrida, the fiesta is relaxed. In Brunete, the adults kill bulls and the child plays by tearing the wings off flies; but in Méntrida -- 'verde de árboles y verde de huertas` -- families lie around idyllically in the grass and couples slip away into the bushes (25).

In Méntrida Arturo can lose himself and submerge his ego of the spoilt Madrid child:

"Sé que ahora no existo para nadie...pero no me aburro nunca." (26)

The family is all working. He fits in, both left to his own devices and accepted: he is happy. Only working flat out in the siege of Madrid 30 years later was Arturo able to lose again his sense of apartness and ego.

In Méntrida the child's older relatives take on the forms of archetypal figures. His Uncle Luis, the blacksmith, eats and drinks massively and inspires Arturo with his desire to be an engineer. In Luis's forge, resonant of the book's title, an image of work and health, which Arturo will carry forward with him, is created. Another character, his great-grandmother Eustaquia, is 100 years old, so spanning Spanish history back to the Napoleonic invasion.

Rich in archetypes and lyricism as the country chapters are, they nevertheless show a sophistication in Barea's vision. Simple counterpoint is rarely sufficient for him. The volume is not a romantic autobiography; nor is it a documentary account of

a typical childhood, with the concomitant ideology that he was defined and created by environment alone.

The movement in the book stems from Barea's showing the world coming to life through the consciousness of a small boy, influenced and defined by the passions, conflicts and character of his family. The environment is not an external documentary, but one which is formed, instant by instant, out of Arturo's perceptions.

Thus Barea wields both factors, character and conditions, to explain himself. He seeks to penetrate to the roots of his consciousness and at the same time describe the social conditions that formed himself and millions more.

HAPPINESS AND PICARESQUE.

"In Spain you can find the happiest children in Europe, even though they are often barefoot and in rags," wrote Henry Miller, a remark doubtless coloured by Miller's *nostalgie de la boue*, for starving dirty children are not so often happy (27). But what was true was the rowdiness and zest of children in the Madrid of *La forja*. Barea has the gift of confronting the most crude and unpleasant scenes directly, yet combining his unflinching eye with humour and energy.

There is a cast of dozens in *La forja* whom Barea treats with affection and humour: the blind musicians in the Café español,

Angel the newspaper boy, Señora Francisca, the beggars at the theatre. And in every description there is the sound of children running and shouting, throwing stones at lamps and mud at washing, sprinting with papers from door to door, fishing balls out of the sewer or fighting with gangs from the neighbouring *barrio*. Or else there is the opposite, complementary presence of a serious child watching quietly, in the Café, in the coach or on the street:

> "Salen los señores de frac y chistera...y las mujeres con sus...trajes de seda...El mendigo, con las barbas piojosas, les tiene la puerta abierta del coche con una mano y con la otra les hace la reverencia con un pingajo que es la gorra o la boina pringosa. Cuando se paran a hablar en la misma puerta del coche, el mendigo, con la cabeza al aire, sin gabán, se muere del frío y patalea con sus alpargatas las piedras de la acera." (28)

You can picture the observant small boy keenly watching the social comedy. With passages like this, Barea contributes to what he himself more than once highlighted in his later criticism:

> "...the note of hunger...in Spanish reality...[and] in Spanish literature. It sounds, hardly softened by genteel manners, through the nineteenth-century novels of Benito Pérez Galdós; it speaks from the pages of the young Pío Baroja early in this century; it cries out from the novels of Ramón J. Sender." (29)

In *La forja*, the portraits of the hungry are filled with the affection and vitality of the young boy. Often the descriptions of people and situations spill over into the picaresque; that is, a sort of comic, ironic commentary on appearance and reality, which is deeply rooted in Spanish life and literature. In *La forja* there are many examples, like the extract above about the beggars; or the story of the beggars buying meat they could not afford for themselves to try and save the life of Toby, the dead Señora Segunda's dog; or the kindly Segunda herself, living and dying in the cupboard beneath the stairs.

CHURCH.

When Barea takes up the narrative after the country chapters, the young Arturo has left his infancy and begins his boyhood in School and Church. These two institutions are intimately connected, as it is a Church School which he attends.

Before Barea deals head on with the religious question, he has made sure there are frequent references to the Church: as usual, he creates a context, lays trails, before tackling a question frontally. The question was introduced right at the start with the comments about the priests educating the Prince. Arturo's most direct religious influence is Baldomera, who takes him every afternoon to mass. This leads the boy to identify the Church with being forced to come in from playing in the street: attendance at Church becomes identified with social rigidity.

The conventionally rebellious reaction of the young boy is first given depth by his forthright grandmother Inés, who tells Aunt Baldomera:

"-- Con tanto cura y tanto rezo, le estáis atontando." (30)

Arturo is so torn by the ensuing argument that, when asked by Inés if he prefers play to prayer, he lies:

"Para no disgustar más a mi tía, le digo que me gusta mucho la iglesia." Inés shouts back at him: "--Tú, lo que eres, es un marica." (31)

This is the first of three references in forty pages where Arturo is taunted for being a *marica*, a term meaning 'sissy` with an overtone of homosexual (32). The proselytising atheist Inés, mother of twenty-five children (so Barea tells us!), who,

as village gossip had it, wore out her dead husband, represents the opposite pole, not only religiously but also in sexual imagery, to the timid hysterical Baldomera. Thus the sexual question is linked to religion: and heterosexuality (fertility) and atheism are united in the figure of Inés.

Inés' views are not mindless. Astutely, she tells the child:

> "Cuando tu madre se quedó viuda, lo único que Dios hizo por ella, fue dejarla en un hotel con dos duros en el bolsillo y tu padre fiambre en la cama." (33)

Her arguments are the conventional ones that the world is harsh and cruel; and yet the priests get fat and rich. These are views that Arturo will be able to test out for himself when in adolescence he begins to link the Church to a dominant role in a class-divided society. For the present his conflict remains unresolved:

> "Yo quiero creer en Dios y en la Virgen, pero las cosas que dice [Inés] son verdad." (34)

Crucially, Inés does not stop him going to Church. The ten year-old attends for two reasons: he feels it would be sinful not to go and he finds pleasure in going alone (35). It is in such passages that Barea demonstrates his depth in tackling these themes, going beyond black and white alternatives. He shows the child's religious fascination for things not understood; and then his clear-sightedness, which allows him to demystify what he does see. The child Arturo notices, for example, the higher class of skulls used in the richer funerals (a macabre touch typical of Barea). He observes the cleaning-woman spitting on her cloth to clean the Virgin's eyes...'igual que se les quita las legañas a los chicos` (36). Using such physical images, Barea makes us feel the child's simultaneous attraction and rejection.

Chapter X, the last chapter of Part One of *La forja* is entitled *La iglesia*. And Part Two opens with the death of Arturo's uncle and a momentous clash between Baldomera and Inés over his future, when Inés intervenes against the wittily-named Padre Morcilla (black pudding) to prevent Arturo's being sent to a Jesuit school (37).

Arturo's religious conflict is developed by these events into a clear-cut anti-religious position. The several components of Barea's mature view are well-summarised much later in the opening of *La llama*, when Barea in a long conversation with Don Lucas, the parish priest of Novés, expresses his hostility to the Church:

"'...pues, bien, yo no vengo a la iglesia, porque en la iglesia están Ustedes y somos incompatibles. A mí me enseñaron una religión que, en doctrina, era todo amor, perdón y caridad. Francamente, salvo muy contadas excepciones, me he encontrado siempre con que los ministros de esta religión poseen todas las cualidades humanas imaginables, menos precisamente estas tres cualidades divinas.`" (38)

After explaining this personal reason, Barea goes on to tell Don Lucas:

"...[Vd debería] utilizar[ía] el púlpito para enseñar la palabra de Cristo y no para propaganda política." (39)

This emphasis relates directly back to the church-school experiences recounted in *La forja*, where Arturo came to understand the social role of the Church and confirm for himself Inés' opinions. John Devlin suggests that beneath Barea's hostility to the Church lies an approach which is not in itself anti-religious (40). Passages such as the above are cited by Devlin to show how Barea counterposes an ideal Christianity to the rotten reaction of the Church hierarchy. But Devlin's argument is reduced to this assertion:

"There is a warmth and a value structure that is bedrock in the ideology of Catholicism or any Western religion, for that matter...[Arturo Barea is one of many]...embittered lapsed Catholics." (41)

These views, shared by other Catholic critics, are inappropriate on two counts. There is very little bitterness in any of Barea's writing before his last novel, *La raíz rota*. And secondly, it is tautological to suggest Barea had a religious sensibility despite his well-argued hostility, based on his own experience, to the Church. An atheist is an atheist. Barea's charitable and pacifist feelings are derived not from Christianity, but from various figures in his childhood such as his mother and uncles as well as from the Socialist tradition with which he came into contact in his teens.

PRIESTS.

Barea's views and feelings were part of a long popular anticlerical tradition in Spain. Arturo's anticlericalism was a key aspect of what made him a rebel against the established powers, a principal pillar of which was the Church.

It is at Arturo's school that he first links social hierarchy and religion. When he steps up from the school's bottom rung through ability, he finds that those who are there through birth look down on him. The teachers in this school are that varied collection of priests he mentioned later to Don Lucas: the vain Padre Fidel, the sadistic Vesga (42), the unworldly Prefecto and Arturo's protector, the kindly Padre Joaquín, who explains:

"'Tú no sabes por qué soy cura. Los padres...eran pobres.`" (43)

There are two other gentle, strong priests like Joaquín in Barea's writing. The anti-fascist priest in the sketch *Refugio* (See Chapter 2) explained:

"'A un lado había ricos acompañados por sacerdotes; al otro lado pobres abandonados por sacerdotes.`" (44)

Barea is talking about the Civil War. But his words are equally applicable to Baldomera's confessor, Morcilla, thirty years before; or right back to the trilogy's second page, where the priest is teaching the dumb prince. For priests of peasant origin like Joaquín, such comfortable jobs were not open.

The other 'good father` is Leocadio Lobo, who counsels Ilsa and Arturo at the time of their sacking from the press censorship in 1937, and whom even the anarchist execution squads respect (45). What the priest of *Refugio* says, serves for himself, Lobo and Joaquín:

"Soy hijo de unos labradores de Castilla. Estaba destinado de labrar la tierra...Pero, salí un chico listo. El cura de mí pueblo se fijó en mí. Me tomó interés...y a los once años me mandaron al seminario." (46)

Barea saw in them his own possible fate, only averted by Inés' clear-headedness and strong will in keeping him out of the Jesuits' clutches. Barea never confuses the oppressive institution of the Church with the individuals within it, many of whom are the Church's victims as well as its servants.

Barea is careful, therefore, to explain how the peasant or working-class priests at the bottom of the heap came to be priests through social necessity. He shows us how many were

twisted by the experience, like Padre Vesga; or crushed like Padre Fidel. Others came through the experience with the dignity and kindness of Lobo or Joaquín.

WORK.

The other focus of the second part of *La forja* is the world of Work. His uncle's untimely death pitches the young Arturo -- still 'semi-hombre, semi-niño` (47) -- out of his engineering studies into a world he hadn't expected to enter.

In school he had learnt the hard way how he and the other two scholarship boys are separate both from the poor whence they have come and from the rich, who despise them. Arturo learns the need for basic solidarity in order to defend himself. These school experiences both extend into a wider social setting his family's taunts of *señorito;* and show how his class background excludes him from really being a *señorito*.

He learnt too another important lesson in behaviour. He found that at school he could gain a certain protection by offering the services of his intelligence to the rich, the real *señoritos* (48). It is the first instance of a pattern that will profoundly shape his life, until the pattern is forcibly broken by exile. He can sell his labour power at a high price, enabling him to be well-paid and enjoy privileged positions. But this of course weighs against solidarity with the poor -- whether the other two scholarship boys or later the UGT.

Accompanied by these contradictory lessons of solidarity and selling his services, the 13-year old Arturo is thrown into the world of work as a *chupatintas*, a pen-pusher. In the bank he meets the half-blind family man, Luis Pla, a courageous clerk loved and respected by Barea in all three volumes of the trilogy. Pla sets out to educate the adolescent boy:

> "Aquí tienes tu porvenir. Fíjate: un año sin sueldo, sesenta chicos como tú, tres plazas al año y a los doce de estar en la casa, 90 pesetas al més como gano yo." (49)

This extract comes from the chapter entitled *Trabajo*, where Barea explains the work conditions in the bank. Subsequent chapters also have representative rather than concrete titles: *Capitalista*, where Arturo yearns for individual wealth to change his and his family's life; and *Proletario*, where he perceives his true condition and joins the UGT.

The first thing Arturo encounters in the bank are the cruel practical jokes of initiation into the worlds of men and work. He defends himself, both verbally and in practice, and rapidly becomes 'el corredor más ágil del Banco` (50). The young Arturo wants to rise in the great bank. He dreams of being a permanent employee, supporting his family, becoming a gentleman. But his mentor Pla seeks to disabuse him of false hope:

> "Es la explotación sistemática del chico. Está muy bien estudiada." (51)

A number of incidents, many of them picaresque in their occurrence and telling, confirm Pla's view. Medina is denied promotion in the cruellest of ways: when he had been led to believe he would be promoted because of his knowledge of English (52). Another employee Recalde...'se ha puesto a dar puñetazos en la mesa y a decir barbaridades,` in fury at the miserly

Christmas bonus (53). These incidents teach Arturo an important lesson: that anyone can be dismissed at the drop of a hat and that individual rebellion leads nowhere.

The clerks often work twelve hours a day, watched and controlled by their bosses:

> "Cuando nos vamos a casa, tenemos los dedos pelados del polvillo del papel, estriados de tinta seca en granos microscópicos." (54)

However, not all is woe: other incidents show employees' cunning in fighting back against such treatment. On one occasion the watchman pretends not to recognise a boss and detains him at gun-point for suspicious behaviour: the boss had been tip-toeing secretively in order to spy on employees (55). And Pla faces down the boss when he is accused of going to bars, by drawing attention to the boss's own drinking habits.

In the *Capitalista* chapter, an interlude in the description of work at the bank, Arturo inherits 30,000 pesetas. Now he dreams of moving from the slum attic, of going up in the world. But his mother is staying put. And significantly the one article of real value which Arturo gains from his inheritance is the electric light, by which he can read.

In *Proletario*, back at the bank, he has to abandon fairy-tale resolutions to his problems and confront the realities of his job. He has already seen how the bank saps everyone's courage:

> "Aquel miedo de meritorio de que le echaran a uno a la calle antes de terminar el año de trabajo gratis, se aumenta entre los hombres, ya empleados hechos y derechos. Los hacen cobardes." (56)

Courage is not only needed in the war-context, which Barea had described in *Valor y miedo*. Pla helps the young Arturo draw together the threads of his dashed hopes, desires for betterment and outrage at injustice. Barea tells us:

> "Durante días he pensado sobre estas cosas. Claro que sé lo que son los socialistas. Pero todo esto son cuestiones de política que no me interesan." (57)

But he decides Pla is right and he must join a union. Pla takes him to the *Casa del Pueblo*, where 25 years later Barea would train clerks to bear arms. There Barea joins the UGT: but not before, prickly and argumentative as always, he has entered into a tremendous row with a worker who had commented on his clerk's suit: 'Aquí no suelen venir señoritos.` (58)

RANCOUR?

The word Barea himself uses to describe his fiery reaction in the *Casa del Pueblo* is 'rancour`:

> "...me dejo llevar de un impulso violento...Suelto un discurso lleno de todos los rencores." (59)

A more secure person, someone not torn by internal conflict as to whether he was a worker or a gentleman, would have responded with a calmer explanation. And a less spirited person would have kept his mouth shut.

As has been mentioned earlier in this chapter, Alborg, writing in 1962, argued:

> "[Barea demuestra]...rencor y falta de generosidad temperamentales...intolerancia antipática...soberbia altanera, proyectada sobre sus propios familiares." (60)

Alborg echoes Ynduraín and Aranguren's comments that Barea was a *resentido*, and suggests that life was not so hard on Barea as

he pretends:

> "[Barea no era capaz de]...aceptar con...ironía la caravana inevitable de las humanas estupideces." (61)

There is a central problem to this sort of criticism: it is very much *ad hominem*, fatally mixing the author's (Barea's) own life and views with his literary production. This is inevitable to some degree, given the kind of book that the trilogy is. It is also easy to drift into the opposite danger of arguing *pro hominem* out of sympathy with the author's personality.

However, within Alborg's comments is a potentially valid literary criticism: that the '*rencores*` and '*soberbia altanera*` have nothing to do with and are not explained by 'su posterior rebelión social` (62). Alborg suggests that the self-proclaimed aim of the book, i.e. to explain the forging of a rebel, does not work; that the narrator's social rebellion is not justified by the circumstances of his childhood, but is due to character flaws; and therefore (Alborg does not state this explicitly, but it can be justly inferred from his comments) Barea cannot properly hold himself up as a typical member of his generation.

It is certainly true that Barea shows us an often prickly child and adolescent in *La forja*. The hero takes nothing lying down. But this is entirely characteristic of any rebel and individualist. Barea does not pretend to be a typical person. By definition, no writer, no union activist, nor any rebel is typical, for such people are tiny minorities in society. But what Barea does argue is that the conditions which produced him were typical. He states this distinction very clearly in the

1943 foreword to the second volume:

"I wanted to describe the shocks which had scarred my mind, because I am convinced that these shocks, in different individual forms but from the same collective causes, scarred and shaped the minds of other Spaniards too. I wanted to expose my own reactions, because I believed that the others' reactions were determined by kindred forces, and that the world they saw was the same as mine, even though seen through different lenses." (63)

Here Barea did not claim that his own reactions, as set out in *La forja*, justified his rebellion, nor that he shared the same experiences as his contemporaries. However he did argue that his own and his generation's reactions were 'determined by kindred forces,` despite their worlds being 'seen through different lenses.`

Arturo Barea described an unusual child, in an unusual social situation, which gave him that 'double vision` to see inside and outside his experience; a character with certain innate or circumstantial qualities of 'doble insumisión,` storming against all sides. He wanted to believe in God and hated the Church. He wanted to be rich and hated being a *señorito*. He wanted to be a unionist and bristled at how the unionists treated him.

Barea selected his material carefully to develop these themes. But he did not manipulate his own character in order to justify with hindsight his rebellion. Rather, his character and circumstances allowed him certain insights, which led him to perceive and record some of the experiences common to his generation and class.

But dissection of the volume should not lead to its quality and unity being forgotten. *La forja* is Barea's best book. The historian Hugh Thomas caught its overall impact:

"In [*The Forge*] there are brilliant, self-confident pictures of Barea's family, all, as it were, peering over the edge of the giant cauldron of Spanish working-class feelings to see what sort of mixture will result. Don Luis, the blacksmith of Brunete, with his breakfasts of rabbit and brandy, is a particularly compelling figure. These 200 or so pages seem to me to be among the two or three best pieces of writing ever done which are inspired by working-class life. Or can one call that world of craftsmen about to sink, or about to rise, as fate determines, really 'working-class'? I think not: indeed, the whole sweep of this section of Barea's work reminds one of the diversity of the class...Priests and engine drivers, lion tamers and cashiers, matadors and beggars -- all live forever caught by one short sentence or anecdote, thanks to Barea's acute and selective memory." (64)

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NOTES.

1. Sanz Villanueva, Santos, *Historia de la novela social española*, (Madrid 1980), Vol. II, p.153.

2. FR, p.9

3. The strength and skill of the child's-eye view is demonstrated negatively by the rare occasions when Barea departs from it, for example:
"Madrid viejo, mi Madrid de niño, es una oleada de nubes y de ondas." (FR, p.88)
This sentence is part of a long intrusion in the author's own voice, where he attempts to evoke his lost youth in a pseudo-poetic style, which completely breaks the flow of the child's eye and voice.

4. FR, p.10

5. FG & HR, p.108

6. Mario Camus' film of *La forja de un rebelde* (Televisión española, 1990) falls to some degree into a nostalgic and sentimental view of life in the slums. It fails to evoke the reality of urban poverty in a city where hunger was omnipresent.

7. FR, p.10

8. Ibid. p.10

9. Ibid. p.10

10. Ibid. p.10

11. Ibid. p.14

12. Ibid. p.25

13. Benedetti, Mario, *art.cit.*, p.375.

14. Ibid. p.375

15. Ibid. p.376

16. FR, p.55

17. Ibid. p.728

18. FG y HR, p.103.

19. Barea, Arturo, in Cela, Camilo José, *The Hive* (London 1953), introduction, pp.14-15.

20. Ibid. p.15

21. FR, p.30. In some of *La forja*, including this chapter on the trip from Madrid to the country, Barea added bits in the second English edition of 1946 and also in the 1951 first Spanish-language edition. The additions tended to be descriptive *costumbrista* passages. It appears that, as he grew older, Barea became more nostalgic and felt it more important to record this lost Madrid of his childhood. In this period he also wrote the nostalgic and *costumbrista* stories *Física aplicada* and *Madrid entre ayer y hoy* (both 1948), published in *El centro de la pista*.

22. Ibid. p.31

23. Alborg, Juan Luis, *op.cit.*, p.230.

24. FR, p.41

25. Ibid. p.49

26. Ibid. pp.54-5

27. Miller, Henry, *Big Sur and the oranges of Hieronymous Bosch*, (New York 1957), p.101.

28. FR, p.109

29. Barea in: Cela, *op.cit.*, p.13 (see Note 19).

30. FR, p.37

31. Ibid. p.38

32. These three references occur on pages 38, 55-56 and 76 of FR.
Chapters One and Six discuss in detail Barea's attitudes to women and sex, formed by these experiences and reactions. But for this chapter's purpose, it suffices to note how his rage at taunts of *marica* is closely linked to his sensitivity about being a *señorito* who hides in his aunt's skirts.

33. FR, p.70

34. Ibid. p.70

35. Ibid. p.67 ff.

36. Ibid. p.68

37. Ibid. p.136

38. Ibid. p.513

39. Ibid. p.514

40. Devlin, John, *op.cit.*, pp. 161-168

41. Ibid. p.168

42. In 'Spain before the Falange,' *The Nation*, May 3, 1975, Hugh Thomas comments that he had found Vesga's name among a list of priests killed in 1936.

43. FR, p.194

44. Barea, Arturo, *Valor y miedo*, p.97

45. FR, p.754

46. VM, p.97

47. FR, p.193

48. Ibid. p.92 ff.

49. Ibid. p.168

50. Ibid. p.165

51. Ibid. p.167

52. Ibid. p.171

53. Ibid. p.171

54. Ibid. p.172

55. Ibid. p.170

56. Ibid. p.199

57. Ibid. p.220

58. Ibid. p.222

59. Ibid. p.222

60. Alborg, *op. cit.*, p.238.

61. Ibid. p.230

62. Ibid. p.229

63. Barea, Arturo, *The Track*, *op.cit.*, p.8.

64. Thomas, Hugh, *art.cit.* in Note 42.

CHAPTER FIVE.

MOROCCO: LA RUTA.

THE FIG-TREE AND THE TRACK.

La ruta, the second volume of the trilogy, recounts the decisive experiences which lead Barea from the uncertainties and contradictions of his childhood, described in *La forja*, towards the Civil War. And -- always his twin private and public purposes were in mind -- it portrays the impact that the Moroccan colonial war had on his generation and Spanish society.

Helen Grant considered *La ruta* 'the most powerful and original` volume of the trilogy (1). It is not a common view: most critics prefer *La forja* and most non-Spanish readers find *La llama* more gripping, because of its focus on the Civil War.

But Grant is surely right when she states the following about *La ruta*:

> "It is the most economical and best constructed of the novels, beginning and ending with the track of a road he [Barea] helped to build across the desert, a track soon soaked with blood and which ultimately led back to other roads soaked with blood, the blood of the Civil War." (2)

La ruta was easier to structure than the other two volumes of the trilogy, as Barea's arrival in Morocco and return to Madrid provide a natural beginning and end. However the volume is structured not only chronologically, but by the use of two recurrent images, used by Barea to highlight his themes.

The title itself, as Grant suggests, echoes with meanings. The blood-stained *ruta* (or track), which Barea helps to build, heads nowhere, just like Spain's occupation of Morocco. Additionally, the 'track` is the historical path which runs from Morocco to the Civil War, most clearly personified in the figures of the generals Millán and Franco; and also the compressed path of Spanish history, where forms of feudal ownership and modern factory organisation co-exist, where Franco and the anarchists developed side by side.

La ruta is also the track of tarmac which is poured over the aspirations of the Moroccans to freedom. With direct sarcasm (delicate irony was never his forte) Barea explains:

> "La kábila ya no existe y sólo hay unos manchones negros por el humo...Cientos de hombres cavan la tierra y allanan un camino ancho que pasará al pie de la kábila y la kábila se beneficiará del camino. ¡Ah! No. No podrá beneficiarse, porque ya no existe." (3)

In addition to the track, Barea uses another repeated image: the fig-tree, which the soldiers have to remove in order to create the road. He describes this tree as follows:

> "...con sus raíces retorcidas como venas de abuelo robusto, con sus ramas contorsionadas, repletas de hojas carnosas, tréboles carcomidos." (4)

Roots and trees recur in Barea's work: in *La raíz rota* he exhausts almost every variation on the image of roots (see Chapter 9). In *La ruta*, the fig-tree is the only living thing remaining after the destruction of the *kábila* (village). But it obstructs the new road and will itself have to go. Its root, however, is stubbornly resistant to pick and steel. Barea is struck by the idea that the tree's fertile splendour and

strength indicate water in the barren land. After persuading his superiors to save the tree by building the road round it, he then creates a shaded drinking-fountain at its side.

For Barea, the tree represents a positive good, in contrast to the track. In the opening chapter, he interleaves its story with the meticulous detailing of military corruption. Later, the narrator comforts his mother, who is terrified by fantasies of the horrors of life in Morocco (the reality is, ironically, worse than her historical fancies of Berber slaving pirates!), with embellished tales of the beautiful tree and water, which provide refreshment for Moroccans and Spaniards alike (5).

In the shade of this tree, Barea discusses the Spanish Empire with a Moroccan village chief, a conversation echoed at the end of the volume, when Barea, lying under other trees, in the El Pardo woods near Madrid, remembers an old blind Moroccan who had come down the path by the fig-tree, then lost his way. To Barea's explanation that the landscape had changed because they were building a new road, the blind man laughed theatrically and said:

> "-- Yo siempre he caminado por la vereda. ¡Siempre, siempre! No quiero que mis babuchas se escurran en sangre y este camino está lleno de sangre todo él. Lo veo. Y se volverá de llenar de sangre, ¡otra vez y cien veces más!" (6)

This incident is told on the last page of *La ruta*. Abstracted from the volume's vivid concrete descriptions, the symbolism of the fig-tree and the road would be too simplistic: and in itself, the device of a blind man fortuitously dropping by to deliver the author's message is crude.

In the context of the volume, however, the symbols -- or images -- come to life and work. The fig-tree represents Barea's yearning for peaceful co-existence between Arab and Spaniard (7); and the bload-soaked track leading nowhere recalls the cruel reality of corruption and death. As Barea asserts:

"Durante los primeros veinticinco años de este siglo Marruecos no fue más que un campo de batalla, un burdel y una taberna inmensos." (8)

EXPLICIT POLITICAL COMMENT.

The tone of *La ruta* is different from that of *La forja*. Most obviously *La ruta* is told in the past, not the present, tense. Another major difference is the increase in direct political comment. Barea's understanding at the time of writing (1940-42) of the direction of events, i.e. hindsight, is no longer suppressed, as it almost always was in *La forja*. No longer is the author observing his past through a child's eyes.

Despite this increased political discourse, Barea is still careful not to diverge into abstract commentary. He consistently presents political and historical events through their impact on the daily life of himself and other soldiers, as if major events were stones thrown into a stream whose impact is only felt as they sink slowly into the current of daily life. One clear example is the arrival of a new High Command. The effect of this political change, which will overturn the soldiers' routine, is shown through a terrible parade in the heat:

"Tuvimos dos casos de insolación y cinco de desmayo. Lo mismo ocurrió con los demás regimientos. El nuevo alto comisario había emprendido bien su carrera." (9)

Nearly all the major political developments of the war are likewise first introduced through a description of their impact on the soldiers. Barea rarely explains an event's significance until he has already presented an illustrative description or anecdote. And sometimes, as in the case of Millán Astray, the reader is left to draw his/her own conclusions, without any authorial comment at all.

General Millán is introduced when the narrator attends a pre-battle parade (10). The fascist ideology, the brutality of the leader and brutishness of the men are seen and felt. The reader is led to feel the power of reactionary fanaticism in a genuinely shocking moment, when the narrator is moved to shout along with the aroused legionaries:

> "Cuando la Bandera gritó con entusiasmo salvaje, yo grité como ellos." (11)

The socialist, rationalist author was aroused emotionally by the demagogic Millán. The author's technique of describing the scene from the participant's point of view makes it harder for the reader to stand aside, draws him/her too into the scene.

Despite, therefore, much more political comment than in *La forja*, Barea retains vividness, pace and characterisation both by use of the key images (the track and the fig tree) and by telling public events through the eyes of the soldiers directly affected. These are methods of fiction, rather than essay or autobiography. And Barea thus maintains, in spite of differences, a unity of method with the first volume: he does not propagandise directly.

HINDSIGHT AND FORESIGHT.

As befits the middle volume of a trilogy, Barea moves forward and backward in time with his political comment. He is interested in clarifying the roots of the Civil War in Morocco and in explaining the causes of the Moroccan War. The following analysis of three pages in the middle of the volume illustrates this method.

During his convalescence after typhus, Barea returns to Madrid and there visits his brother's boss, owner of a bakery. This small capitalist explains how he has been ruined by the superior economic power of Count Romanones. Barea makes the point that the old entrenched ruling-class not only uses its power and ruthlessness against the workers, but also against modernising progressive capitalists such as his brother's boss.

This boss asks him in turn about Morocco. Barea replies:

"...Le dije que yo no sabía nada de Marruecos y que sólo podía contarle lo que había visto yo mismo." (12)

The boss then starts to express his own liberal views about Morocco. But Barea is not listening. The name of Romanones has set him off on a reminiscence of his time working in Guadalajara (13). He explains how Motores España was set up: this firm enjoyed a monopoly of supplies to the Army and 'free' shares were issued to Romanones and the King. These marginalised the inventor La Cierva, enabling Motores España to bleed the State dry, whilst producing defective goods for the Moroccan War.

Barea recalls too the people of Guadalajara:

"Su vida se había cambiado. Todo aquello fue para mí una alegre diversión.
Pero ahora, cuatro años más tarde, veía el otro lado de la historia...Veía con toda claridad la ruta que llevaba desde Guadalajara a Marruecos." (14)

Barea demonstrates accomplished skills of narration and compression of material without loss of subtlety in these three pages. He interweaves his own youthful excitement ('fue una alegre diversión') on starting his prestigious job at Guadalajara, with the factory's mixed effect on the people of the town; and suggests the links between the old landed aristocracy, the Monarchy, Capital and the war in Morocco. All started from the image of the frustrated modernising baker: a new Spain struggling to throw off the straitjackets of the old.

Barea also looks forward on several occasions in *La ruta*. Here, in contrast to *La forja*, Barea does exploit the benefit of hindsight, and most interestingly in the portrayal of Franco. The theme is announced directly in the chapter called *El embrión de dictador*. But first, Barea interests us in the story of the unhappy Sanchiz, who had joined the Legion 'para que le mataran` (15). Franco is introduced through Sanchiz' account:

"'...el Tercio es algo así como estar en un presidio. Los más chulos son los amos de la cárcel. Y algo de esto ha pasado a este hombre [Franco]. Todo el mundo le odia, igual que todos los penados odian al jaque más criminal del presidio, y todos le obedecen y le respetan, porque se impone a todos los demás, exactamente como el matón de presidio se impone al presidio entero. Yo sé cuantos oficiales del Tercio se han ganado un tiro en la nuca en un ataque. Hay muchos que quisieran pegarle un tiro por la espalda a Franco, pero ninguno de ellos tiene el coraje de hacerlo. Les da miedo de que pueda volver la cabeza, precisamente cuando están tomandole puntería.`" (16)

It is only after this chilling anecdote has introduced the figure of Franco that Barea draws his more general political

conclusions. He discusses the problems within the Army and ends the chapter with the explicit statement:

> "Entre los 'heróicos` estaba el nuevo jefe [Franco] del Tercio. Y el Tercio crecía rápidamente como un Estado dentro del Estado, como un cáncer dentro del ejército...Pero de ser un héroe de esta clase a ser un rebelde -- y un fascista --, no hay más que un paso." (17)

Barea's particular type of book, half-way between autobiography and fiction, allows him to pick the best of both genres for his purposes. Techniques of fiction are used to bring to life characters such as Sanchiz; and then history and biography draw out explicit conclusions. But Barea's approach remains what he taught himself when he started to re-write *La forja*: that the sights, sounds and smells are more effective than direct propaganda.

INTELLECTUALS.

In Morocco these sights, sounds and smells are especially brutal. The whole volume is an analysis of an army in a cruel war, the last major colonial war the Spanish Army fought, one in which generals and common soldiers alike are shown as corrupted, maddened and brutalised.

There was nothing in itself exceptional about Barea's picture of 'la realidad en crudo` and denunciation of the war (18). Marra-López described the background atmosphere:

> "Reciente todavía el desastre del 98...la generación que arranca bajo esa común etiqueta adopta una postura crítica y revisionista de la sociedad española, con sincero afán de presentar la realidad tal como es y, al mismo tiempo -- a pesar de la carga literaria que acarreaban -- llegar a la entraña íntima de ser español." (19)

Barea's aims fit precisely within this framework. His work in particular stands alongside two other fictional accounts of Morocco, Díaz Fernández's *El blocao* (1928) and Sender's *Imán* (1930), which both appeared much earlier than Barea's (1943). Barea took advantage of writing many years later both to assimilate these two works (and others he might have read) and reflect on the Moroccan War in the light of the Civil War that followed. Those reflections help give *La ruta* greater political depth than *Imán* or *El Blocao* (20).

But in order only to repudiate the Moroccan War, there was no need of hindsight. The war polarised Spanish society at the time and constructed a firm majority against the military dictatorship, with which Alfonso XIII had so ill-advisedly thrown in his lot.

Spain's most prestigious intellectuals joined forces with the working-class in their hatred of this war (21). Unamuno inveighed against the war and the dictatorship from his exile in Saint Jean and became, in Barea's later words:

> "...símbolo de la lucha espiritual por la libertad entre los intelectuales del mundo entero" (22).

A distinction needs to be made. Few of these intellectuals were anti-imperialist on the basis of principle. That is to say, they were less interested in the war's effect on the Moroccan people and Spanish working-class and peasantry, than in the question of the destiny of Spain as a nation. As José Marra-López so vividly describes:

"Sí es cierto, que cuando el desastre del 98 España estaba sin pulso...Y esta sociedad de estructuras petrificadas y vigas carcomidas, puras apariencias de fachada, se hallaba cansada, agotada, arruinada física y espiritualmente, económica y biológicamente, vieja y escéptica, a pesar del maravilloso fondo de reserva que siempre ha sacado nuestro pueblo en los momentos más insospechados...No es de extrañar el ansia de verdad y realismo, de renovación y crítica implacable que llevó a los intelectuales españoles a adoptar posturas antibélicas y contrarias a nuevas aventuras colonizadoras." (23)

Barea was always keen to place himself among this *pueblo*. In him a proud sense of belonging to the people combined with a streak of crude anti-intellectualism -- his gut reason for placing in the middle of *La ruta* an account of the rebuffs from literary intellectuals that he had suffered ten years earlier. The other reason for the insertion of this passage (which can appositely be discussed as a tangent at this point) had more to do with the volume's structure and style: he wished to show the contrast between the brutish anti-literate atmosphere of the army and the rarefied air of literary circles in the capital -- to both of which he was equally hostile. It is a further example of his *'doble insumisión`*, that is to say, rejection of both options open to him, reminiscent of his attitudes as a child (24).

Barea recalled in this chapter, entitled *Frente al mar*, how he and his friend Cabanillas (who was to become a successful journalist) had embarked on literary careers in 1913 by sending contributions to the press (25). The two then sought introductions to 'los grandes maestros de la literatura española` (26).

The descriptions of the two young aspirants' encounters with these *maestros* are among the best of Barea's *costumbrista* passages. He first meets a hack writer:

"Llevaba...el apodo que él mismo se había dado, de el 'Ultimo Bohemio`...fumando incesante una pipa que, a veces, rellenaba con colillas" (27).

This cynical character advises Barea to write pornography or plays. Barea then investigates the *Ateneo*. Here he found:

"...señores graves...en interminables discusiones sobre la República de Platón, o la significación esotérica de Don Quijote. [Yo] Carecía de interés y de conocimientos suficientes." (28)

Barea then starts to explore the *tertulias* of literary figures. The descriptions of these are perhaps where Barea did earn the epithet of those 1950s critics who cried 'resentido`(29). His resentment and anger at lack of opportunity emerged in a malicious sketch of Benavente, who reclines on a sofa in the Café de Castilla while his talentless acolytes talk endlessly about the 'obra superlativa de Benavente` (30).

Valle-Inclán was monarch of another café:

"Don Ramón estaba inclinado sobre la mesa, su barba flameando como un banderín, sus gafas de concha saltando incesantes de una cara a la otra, para ver si alguno se atrevía a contradecirle." (31)

The young Barea tells us (of course!) that he rose to challenge Don Ramón. The accounts of these encounters acquire allegorical proportions: the 'last bohemian` represents writing sold cynically as a commodity; in the Ateneo, we see the dead tones of abstract discourse for discourse's sake; in Benavente, smug triumph; and in Valle-Inclán, a rage against mediocrity. From Valle-Inclán, Barea received the classic advice of a *maestro* to young writers:

"-- Si lo que usted quiere es aprender a escribir, quédese en casa y estudie...no venga a estas tertulias...De aquí no va usted a sacar más provecho que, si acaso, un puesto de chupatintas en un periódico y la costumbre de tragarse todos los insultos." (32)

At the end of his account of thwarted literary ambitions, Barea tells us sparely:

"Renuncié a escribir." (33)

But in 1921 in Morocco, after his typhus and the confrontation with the violent death of others, Barea wanted to write again. It would not be until after another war crisis sixteen years later that he finally succeeded in starting to write seriously (see Chapter 2). He first had to follow his own sinuous path, through the practical exigencies of earning a living and the struggle to find where he belonged.

PACIFISM OR ANTI-IMPERIALISM ?

The opinions of Spanish intellectuals had little impact on Barea, therefore, either in his youth or at the time of writing the trilogy. A greater discernible influence on him were the anti-war novels, fashionable in Europe in the wake of the 1914-1918 slaughter. The most famous now is Remarque's *All quiet on the Western Front*. Barbusse and Rolland were equally popular names at the time: they were translated into cheap Spanish editions in the '20s and '30s, for a new, avid reading public (34). It is very likely that Barea would have read many of these books. He tells us for sure that in Morocco he read Berta von Suttner's pacifist *Abajo las armas* (an incendiary title for a serving soldier to carry!), for it is this book that Major Tabasco found him reading and advised him to burn.

"...En el momento que estos libros caen en las manos de estos pobres diablos que apenas si saben leer o escribir, es lo mismo que si les pusiera dinamita en las manos." (35)

But *La ruta* is more than a pacifist novel: Barea goes politically beyond the specific rejection of the Moroccan war, common to the intellectuals of the time, and further too than the pacifist rejection of war in general. "Barea was a very humane man who hated violence and cruelty," Gerald Brenan wrote (36). Certainly, rejection of war and bloodshed infuses all Barea's work. He tells us in *La llama* how he suffered in his childhood a nervous attack at the sight of a man killed in the street. In Morocco, he witnessed the aftermath of the massacre of Anual, and later suffered shell-shock and nervous disorders in the Civil War, Paris in 1938 and England during the Second World War (37). His body and being rejected bloodshed and killing. In that sense, he was pacifist.

But *La ruta* is not only pacifist and anti-militarist, from the point of view of the deleterious effects on Spanish society of the war. Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset polemicised against the Moroccan War because of their desire to renew Spain. Barea shows us in *La ruta* the rights and humanity of the Moroccans. This is evident not so much in explicit statements but in some of the people he meets, such as the chieftain Sidi Yusef and the old blind man at the end; and most of all, in the imagery of the fig-tree. In this, Barea's political reach is longer than that of these intellectuals, and longer too than Sender's in *Imán*.

However Barea was not, then or later, a full-blown anti-imperialist. His retreat to national patriotic arguments in his

activities and writings during the Civil War (discussed in Chapter 2) shows his lack of political consistency. But the view we have described exists in *La ruta* and adds an important dimension to the book.

BRUTALITY.

We should turn now to look at some of the imagery Barea employs in this polemical onslaught against the Moroccan War. John Devlin's reaction is typical of that of most readers:

> "[*La Ruta* es]...de una brutalidad desnuda y muchas veces cruda, nacida de su tiempo, un producto de la violencia de la época." (38)

Crudeness and brutality was indeed born of the 'midnight of the century` through which Barea lived. But that is not to say many writers could express it. Barea is exceptional among his contemporaries for this crudeness, directness and brutality. Barea's eye is unflinching: he sees what is there without closing his eyes in horror. His is the look of someone, we should remind ourselves, who needed to see clearly both in order to understand and to overcome his own fear and encroaching madness. Putting on paper, however terrible, was a therapy. Importantly (and this connects with his previously-discussed rejection of intellectuals) his eye, and therefore his tone, is not ironic, not distancing in the way that many intellectuals learn to view the world. It is as close to the fact as word on paper can be.

Barea saw a scene as a participant, but at the same time could describe it calmly, as a witness, without partisan passion. In this he differs from the Sender of *Imán*. Sender's blood is usually hot and he is always seeking to describe the effect of what he sees on his protagonist. For example, in *Imán*, we read:

"Huele a estiércol fermentado. Hay en esta rampa una súbita cortadura, y abajo, a dos metros, varios cadáveres, que dos viejas desnudan con presurosa habilidad, mientras un moro, ya entrado en años, fuma su pequeña pipa de kif." (39)

It is a very similar passage to the following by Barea:

"En el cuarto de atrás había cinco hombres muertos. Estaban empapados en su propia sangre, la cara, las manos, los uniformes, el cabello, las botas. La sangre había hecho charcos en el suelo, manchurrones en las paredes, goterones en el techo, plastrones en cada rincón." (40)

From two passages alone, one cannot extrapolate two methods. But the brief extracts are illustrative: Barea's phrases tend to be brusquer, accumulating detail and straining for the literal reality of the scene. Sender also writes scenes of great power: but the extract suggests his leaning towards more rolling sentences and the unusual image.

Throughout his descriptions of battlefield carnage in *Imán*, Sender interweaves Viance's feelings and thoughts. Later in the same scene as the one above, Sender tells us:

"...la voz de Rivero se vuelve a oir y Viance se detiene, regresa a su lado, atraído por algo indefinible y molesto." (41)

Barea too is of course interested in the reactions of his protagonist -- himself -- but his narrative voice is not so intrusive. Sender is drawing a psychological portrait of his fictional hero, Viance; whereas Barea's focus, while not excluding his own reactions, is more on the society around him.

In *La ruta*, the narrator was allocated to the task of burying the mutilated, rotting bodies. The passage above is part of that description, the reality denying the dream of harmony between Spaniard and Moroccan, which Barea expresses through the fig-tree and the spring. After being immersed in the stench and horror of those days, he collapsed with typhus. In a passage of *La llama*, while talking of later horrors during the Civil War, Barea reviewed what he had seen in Morocco:

"Cuando tenía veinticuatro años y ví aquel cuarto en el cuartel de la guardia civil de Melilla, en el que parecía que los hombres muertos, colgantes sobre el borde de las ventanas o sentados en los rincones, se hubieran salpicado unos a otros con su propia sangre...vomité...Y ahora todo volvía de golpe." (42)

Barea shows us the sights, and THEN the effect on himself (vomiting). The two are separate, whereas in *Imán,* Sender is much more subjective. Barea had said in the introduction to *The Track*:

"I wanted to describe the shocks which had scarred my mind...(which) in different individual forms but from the same collective causes, scarred and shaped the minds of other Spaniards too." (43)

The shocks are the same, but on each mind the shock may have a different impact. Thus Barea's objectives made him more particular than Sender about separating the event from its effect.

BEYOND BRUTALITY.

Barea's writing does not have the richness and symbolism of Sender's fiction. There is an aspect of Barea, however, that approaches Sender's imagination: when he dwells on the morbid. Chapter 2 has commented on the scene in *Carabanchel* of the

soldier driven mad by the rotting donkey (44). In *La forja* Barea used images of skulls and reburial of corpses to fuel his attacks on the Church (45). In *La ruta* he often shows a macabre interest in scenes of violence or death. In the Ceuta hospital, where he is recovering from typhus, he recounts with zest the deaths he witnesses (46). Most clearly, attending the pre-battle parade addressed by Millán Astray, Barea is fascinated by Millán's dominance of his soldiers not by rank but by physical violence and prowess, as when Millán screams at a soldier: "Yo soy más que tú, ¡mucho más hombre que tú!" (47).

Barea dwells on such scenes with the fascination of a peace-loving man enthralled by a darker side to his country's history and to human behaviour. He could be swept along by Millán's blood-thirsty rhetoric:

> " -- ¿Quiénes sois vosotros? Los novios de la muerte. Los caballeros de la Legión. Os habéis lavado de todas vuestras faltas, porque habéis venido aquí a morir...En vuestras venas hay gotas de la sangre de aquellos aventureros que conquistaron un mundo y que, como vosotros, fueron novios de la muerte. ¡Viva la muerte!" (48)

In Millán's fanaticism is a rhetoric which sways Barea's emotions (and he is brave to allow us to perceive this) as well as those of the '*manada de piajosos*` that is the Legion (49).

This interest in the morbid stands in strong contrast to his rational self, which understood very well the forces (Church, Army, Capital) ranged against him and how to fight them, forces which he analysed in *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*. In the following passage from that book, written before *La ruta*, Barea summarised the ideology used by Franco's regime:

"The decline of Spain began when the national consciousness was lost, and with it the spirit of universal mission...Politics became a lucrative business, national ambitions were forgotten, individual interests broke up the State, anarchy ran riot...When Spain was completely exhausted, she fought her last wars and finally, a prey to inner strife and Marxist experiments, sank into the degradation from which Franco and the Falange have rescued her." (50)

The morbid passages of the trilogy show that Barea could enter emotionally this sinister world of Franco's 'spiritual and cultural mission` (51). And it is to his credit that he occasionally takes us there with the curiosity of a child (the skulls), the temporary fervour of a soldier (Millán's speech), or the dull passive self-hatred after his nervous collapse in Madrid (52).

THE ARMY.

La ruta contains a sustained analysis of the Army. Barea portrays a world of coarseness and brutality, in language, views, ethics and behaviour. And he makes us feel the reality of 'this enormous brothel and bar`:

"...Es terroríficamente fácil para un hombre el caer en estado de bestialidad" (53).

The Army is the main institution examined in *La ruta;* just as in *La forja* it was the Church. Barea's view is quite clear and uncontroversial: the Moroccan campaign was a rotten adventure promoted by the Army.

Like *La forja*, *La ruta* is an accumulation of anecdotes and stories. Among the tales of everyday corruption and swindles

institutionalised in the colonial army, Barea highlights the plight of the common conscript, usually the victim of such corruption:

> "Aquella masa de campesinos analfabetos, mandada por oficiales irresponsables, era el espinazo del ejército de España en Marruecos." (54)

The narrator listens to these conscripts' stories. Some of them explain the circumstances which had dumped them in the Army. These passages of hunger and corruption in the selection of recruits echo *Imán* and anticipate the violence and poverty of Pascual Duarte's childhood. In his introduction to Cela's *The Hive*, Barea quoted Gerald Brenan with approval:

> "As one reads [Spanish literature] one cannot fail to be struck by the fact that from the Middle Ages to the 18th century the note of hunger runs persistently through the novels." (55)

In his later literary criticism, Barea often comments on this theme of hunger in Spain's literature and on the associated question of illiteracy, which meant that so few of Spain's citizens could read those parts of its literature which addressed the question of their hunger. Barea understood in his own life these twin hungers, for food and for learning.

In *La ruta*, the Army's '*masa de campesinos analfabetos*` is not only not educated; it is brutalised and decimated. But as well as showing how they are cannon-fodder and a breeding-ground for fascism, Barea shows us the other, more positive side: the incipient hatred and rejection of the Army by the recruits:

> "...el general le dió unas palmaditas en el hombro.
> El recluta se volvió como una bestia herida:
> -- No me toque. ¡Me cago en Dios!" (56)

In his wholesale denunciation of the Army at all levels, Barea is as scrupulous to distinguish between the individual and the

institution, as he was when dealing with the Church in *La forja*. Just as there were priests whom he liked and respected; so there were soldiers like Córcoles or Sanchiz he liked and officers such as Tabasco whose views are right-wing but who is correct in his treatment of others. Even when he talks of the villains of the piece: Primo, Millán or Franco, Barea is rigorous in avoiding manicheism. He illustrates the attractiveness of Primo's slap-happy style (57). He notes Franco's renowned courage and lack of personal corruption.

The officers fall into three categories: the *heróicos*, warriors like Franco full of ideas of patriotic honour and wanting to win the war at all cost; Government supporters who just wanted a quiet life; and those who desired the return of the good old days of full-scale corruption without risk.

And for this last activity there were many opportunities which started right at the top, as the anecdote quoted of the factory in Guadalajara shows. An Army contract, whether for planes or condensed milk, was a licence to print money. And all down the line, the officers and sergeants took their cut.

A large part of *La ruta* is taken up with tragi-comic stories of corruption, such as the sale of horses to the enemy, or the cook giving short rations and creaming off the extra supplies. The sergeants are involved in ingenious juggling of accounts to cover for missing stores.

FLAWS.

In highlighting *La ruta*'s unity of structure, its analysis of the forces behind the Army, its polemical tour-de-force against that hopeless army, and the vivid descriptive language of the illustrative anecdotes, flaws which prevent *La ruta* attaining the stature of *La forja* should not be ignored.

Firstly, there is a mixture of several styles and tones in the volume. John Miller, who has written the most detailed study of *La ruta*, comments that it has a limited vocabulary 'con momentos brillantes...a veces, algo chillones` (58). This is fair comment. One example of a passage which is somewhat shrill (*'algo chillón`*) is the section already mentioned concerning Millán. There is plenty of evidence to confirm the exact truthfulness of Barea's portrayal of Millán. But on the page the literal description sometimes sounds shrill and forced: a literal transcription of reality does not always function in fiction.

Secondly, concrete example occasionally becomes merely an excuse for an opinion or a historical resumé. The following is an example from the chapter *Golpe de estado*:

> "Un día me encontré con mi viejo amigo Antonio Calzada... Estaba sin trabajo. Su historia era la vieja historia de la prosperidad y la crisis de la guerra." (59)

Barea then describes for a page the dire straits of office workers after the war, but of Antonio Calzada we hear no more. He remains a cipher, an example not a character. The volume is weakened by such carelessness and swerves towards propagandism.

The third weakness is the inverse side of one of Barea's main strengths: his use of interesting anecdotes to make a point. An example of inadequate use of anecdote is his description of the gypsy family in the train (60). Schematically, this has its place in the novel: the gypsies are smugglers, another section of the Spanish society Barea is seeking to survey. But the incident comes from nowhere and goes nowhere: it is too obviously just a good story inserted into the main narrative, as would occur in a picaresque novel.

The account of the gypsies also demonstrates a fourth weakness in Barea -- which would become much more damaging in *La raíz rota* and in his broadcasts and articles from Britain in the 1940s (61). In these later years, when his creative seam was exhausted, he often lapsed into an easy stereotyping on the basis of race or origin. The stereotyping of the gypsies as criminals is a harbinger of this future degeneration.

A fifth flaw is the sentimentalism in the portrayal of his mother. This is a problem which does not jar in *La forja* because the narrative is from a child's point of view. His mother continues to feature in *La ruta*. She serves as a counterpoint of love and tolerance to the harshness of life in Morocco. She is an image of the best, most loving of mothers. But she never comes to life in any literary sense. Barea's objectivity deserts him when he deals with her: she is a blurred image of goodness. This inability to treat her artistically may well have been, as José Ortega suggests, because the fatherless Barea was obsessed with his mother as the only point of stability in his chaotic

world. Ortega links his mother to the image in *La ruta* of the fig-tree root "como origen y conservación de las cosas" (62). Barea's objectivity in looking at himself and others breaks down when dealing with his mother.

The most striking (and sixth) defect in *La ruta* occurs when Barea lets his anecdotes get the better of him and the book degenerates into a type of 'Confessions of a soldier.` Barea himself was a man who loved to sit in bars and tell stories. He comments in the introduction to *The Track*:

> "There are stories, true stories, which I love to tell to my friends, but have not included in this book, such as 'How I entered the Sacred City in Disguise together with the General,` or 'How I leapt naked from a bedroom into a Moorish Café.` These would have been suitable tales for an anecdotal autobiography which puts the highlights on the spectacular and amusing; but to me they carried no deeper association, either personal or general, and so left them out [*sic*]." (63)

As, very probably, Barea would have been uncomfortably aware when penning this foreword after the book's completion, the accounts of his liaison with Luisa the brothel-keeper are precisely this sort of 'suitable tale...(with)...no deeper association.` The story of Luisa dominates Chapter III and is a boastful piece of yellow journalism. And when purpose is lost, the style degenerates:

> "Se golpeó el pecho, haciendo saltar asustado el rubí.
> --¿Pegarte? No. Lo único que hubiera hecho es escupirte a la cara y marcharme.
> --Hubiera sido capaz de matarte -- dijo después de un silencio. -- Mejor que me pegaras..." (64)

This is pure melodrama. The objection is not that it is untrue. Far-fetched as it sounds, the story of Luisa may well have been true. But it does not fit into the volume's framework. It neither advances the account of the Army, nor of Barea's own sentimental education. And nor does its boastful tone have the

necessary ring of truth. The characters 'Luisa` and 'the homosexual` become clichéd cyphers round the dominant figure of the hero.

By looking at this rare passage where Barea's objectivity collapses into subjective fantasy, we can better appreciate the sustained nature of his objectivity in the rest of *La ruta* and the trilogy (65). At the end we do not recall Luisa, but what he succeeded in chronicling:

> "...the filth of the hospital, the gory nightmare of the massacres, the technique of petty graft, the boredom of endless marches, the boredom of night life, the noise of taverns, the unquestioning comradeship of the army, the smell of the sea at dawn, and the glare of the African sun -- all this made us what we are, and this I have chronicled." (66)

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NOTES.

1. Grant, Helen in Barea, Arturo, *The Forging of a Rebel*, (Davis-Poynter, London 1973), introduction, p.9.

2. Ibid. p.10

3. FR, p.250

4. Ibid. p.249

5. Ibid. p.285

6. Ibid. p.474

7. Ibid. p.285

8. Ibid. p.272

9. Ibid. p.413

10. Ibid. pp.314-316

11. Ibid. p.315

12. Ibid. p.357

13. Ibid. pp.357-359

14. Ibid. pp.358-359

15. Ibid. p.407

16. Ibid. p.409

17. Ibid. p.414

18. Alborg, Juan Luis, *op.cit.*, pp. 213-242.

19. Marra-López, José R., *op. cit.*, p.322.

20. Barea wrote later:
"I read *Imán* while my own experiences of the disastrous Moroccan campaign were only too fresh in my mind, and it seemed to me that Sender had expressed all the misery, degradation, muddle, and resentment of any soldier who is an unwilling part of an ugly war machine....[Sender] served in Morocco, in the corrupt colonial army which fought the Riff War and in which he saw the lads from villages like his own slaughtered, crippled, or, at the very least, miserably uprooted for the sake of a frivolous policy of prestige, and through the ineptitude or greed of the military caste." (Barea, Arturo in Sender, Ramón J., *The Dark Wedding*, (Grey Walls, London 1948), p.11).

21. See Carr, Raymond, *España 1808-1975* (Ariel, Barcelona 1985), pp.558 ff., for a description of intellectual opposition to Primo de Rivera.

22. Barea, Arturo, *Unamuno* (Buenos Aires 1959), p.74.

23. Marra-López, *op. cit.*, p.323.

24. Barea's anti-intellectualism was modified in his later work, when he himself became an 'intellectual` as a literary critic (See Chapter 8). But it is a recurring note in the trilogy: see for this FG y HR, *op.cit.*, pp.73 ff.. The term '*doble insumisión*` comes from Mario Benedetti, *art. cit.*, p.376, and is discussed in Chapter 3.

25. FR, p.375

26. Ibid. p.376

27. Ibid. p.376

28. Ibid. pp.377-378

29. Ynduráin, Francisco, *art.cit.*; Aranguren, J.L.,'La evolución espiritual de los intelectuales españoles en la emigración,` *Cuadernos Hispanoamericanos* (febrero 1953) N^{O}.38, p.152; Alborg, *op.cit.*, p.227; *inter al.*

30. FR p.377

31. Ibid. pp.377-378. In his essay 'A quarter century of Spanish writing' Barea praised Valle-Inclán. "He had always been the 'absolute' artist dedicated to the cult of beauty...[in the late '20s] Valle-Inclán, until then an aloof rebel, made a frontal attack on the Spanish monarchy, and a vast public responded to it with avid enthusiasm." (*op.cit.*, pp.122-123)

32. Ibid. p.378

33. Ibid. p.380

34. Barea, Arturo, 'A quarter century of Spanish writing,` *art. cit.*, p.119.

35. FR, p.353

36. Brenan, Gerald, 'An Honest Man,' *New York Review of Books*, March 6, 1975, p.3.

37. For these instances, see FR, p.707 ff. and p.786; and letter from Barea to W. Stirling (WAC, 23/6/44).

38. Devlin, John, *op.cit.*, quoted in Miller, John, *Los testimonios literarios de la guerra español-marroquí*, (Gettysburg College unpublished thesis, 1978), p.158.

39. Sender, Ramón J., *Imán* (Destino, Barcelona 1979), p.194. All subsequent references are to this edition.

40. FR, pp.327-328

41. Sender, Ramón J., *Imán*, p. 195

42. FR, pp.710-711

43. Barea, A., *The Track*, p.8

44. *Valor y miedo*, pp.36-49

45. FR, p.68

46. Ibid. p.330 ff.

47. Ibid. p.316

48. Ibid. p.315

49. Ibid. p.312

50. Barea, Arturo, *Struggle for the Spanish Soul* (Searchlight, London 1941), p. 62.

51. Ibid. p.62.

52. FR, pp.707 ff.

53. Ibid. p.301

54. Ibid. p.400

55. Brenan, Gerald, *The literature of the Spanish people*, preface, quoted in Barea's introduction to *The hive*, (*op.cit.*), p.13.
Barea discussed the question of the poor's hunger for food and knowledge most fully in the opening chapter of *Lorca*. He also refers to the question in his introduction to *The dark wedding*, as well as in 'A quarter century'. See Chapter 8.

56. FR, p.395

57. If Barea's positive attitude to Primo de Rivera appears surprising, it should be remembered that the policy of Barea's union, the UGT, was favourable to Primo de Rivera; and that many people saw him as the man who had managed to halt the Moroccan War (not unlike de Gaulle and Algeria 30 years later).

58. Miller, John, *op. cit.*, p.158

59. FR, p.442

60. Ibid. pp.336-338

61. Scripts in BBC Written Archives Centre.

62. Ortega, José, 'Arturo Barea, novelista español en busca de su identidad,' *Symposium*, Winter 1971.

63. Barea, A., *The track*, p.9.

64. FR, p.281

65. Gerald Brenan cast doubt on another aspect of Barea's veracity. He said Barea got the geography of Morocco wrong. "...there are some episodes [in *La ruta*] that he describes in the first person but which I suspect he did not witness." ('An honest man,' *art cit*.)

66. Barea, A., *The track*, p.9

CHAPTER SIX.

LA LLAMA: REVOLUTION.

CONTINUITY WITH THE REST OF THE TRILOGY.

La llama, for an unexplained reason translated into English as *The Clash*, is the most complex volume of the trilogy to write about, since it involves well-known and controversial history and politics. That is also why, for the new non-Spanish reader, it is the most accessible of Barea's books. The account, in the first quarter of the volume, of the election campaign in Novés is a brilliant portrait of one small village, which yet brings into focus the complex of social forces underlying the Civil War. And the subsequent quick-fire descriptions of the war's opening days contain action sequences that Martin Scorsese would be proud of.

There are questions central to this volume which I have dealt with elsewhere. Barea's emotional reaction to the horrors of war and his mental breakdown, which were the immediate catalysts of his writing, have been discussed in Chapter 2; and aspects of Barea's political views and sincerity, in Chapter 3.

Like many novels about adolescence and a writer's coming-of-age, Arturo Barea's trilogy ends at the point where the writer, having been formed -- or, in this case, 'forged`-- embarks on writing the very novel being read. The difference is that Barea's trilogy was written twenty years later in the writer's

life than the normal 'Portrait of the writer as a young man.' And therefore, although the volume retains all the freshness and spontaneity of that type of novel, it also contains the experience of a man in early middle-age who has already led a varied life.

Whereas the other two volumes deal in turn with childhood and coming-of-age, *La llama* is the book of that early middle-age. It contains the rupture, the break that both changed the private world of the author (the war made him a writer) and chopped a deep wound into his generation (no Spaniard was unchanged by this massive catastrophe). This volume also shows the crucial changes in the narrator's personality, when briefly he finds fulfilment in his political activity and, more lastingly, resolves with Ilsa his lifelong crises of sexual relationships.

The first half of *La llama* provides a masterly overview of the events preceding the Civil War and of its opening days. The description of the electoral organisation for the Popular Front in the village of Novés are among the very best passages of Barea's writing. Exciting, full of action and contrast, they achieve his self-set aim for the whole trilogy of describing his own development in relation to the experience of millions of Spaniards; and of illuminating those common experiences through the prism of his own activity. Up to the assault on the Montaña barracks (the end of Chapter VII), Barea maintains this tension. But then the vision narrows from describing the whole to only a smaller part of the war: that part seen from Barea's job in the censorship. In the words of José Marra-López:

"Ahora su relato se centra en la labor censora, contándonos lo que vió a través de su trabajo, por lo que se pierde la gran oportunidad de que sea la novela de la guerra civil." (1)

Other critics touch on the failure of *La llama* to be the great novel of the Spanish Civil War. Fernández Gutiérrez & Herrera Rodrigo rebut this complaint:

"Si *La llama* no llega a ser, por esa visión limitada, la 'novela de la guerra,` es porque su autor nunca pretendió que lo fuera. Se trata de la tercera parte de una trilogía..." (2)

As such, the trilogy continues to deal with Barea's own life and what he himself had felt, seen and heard. Where, as was inevitable, in the middle of a cataclysmic war, his own view only included a fraction of the whole, then Barea's narrative is perforce more limited.

Nevertheless, the change in the second part of *La llama* to a more personal account does damage the coherence of the volume and of the trilogy as a whole. The middle part, the second third, of this volume deals with Barea's time in the Madrid censorship. This is of great interest to any student of the Civil War, but represents a break in continuity with the rest of the trilogy. The problem lies in Barea's change of perspective: the narrator is no longer moving between two worlds. Thus these pages lack the dramatic and narrative tension of his intermediate position as a sergeant in the Moroccan War, when he could both see and feel what it was like to be a common soldier or a higher officer (*La ruta*); or of his position as a poor child in rich circumstances (*La forja*).

By the second third of *La llama*, Barea is a leading official of the Republican Government's bureaucracy. He greets delegations

of visiting dignitaries; he meets famous writers; he hobnobs with Generals such as Miaja, Regler or 'Carlos`. Barea is conscious of this narrowing of focus and tries to correct it by passages such as the visits with Ilsa to Serafín's tavern, the death of his adjutant or the comic interludes of Angel's adventures and wound in the buttock. These are all attempts by Barea to maintain the trilogy's continuity of vision. But the problem cannot be solved just by shifts from the privileged world to a poorer environment. The whole narrative focus has changed because Barea is telling the story from a different perspective.

The final third of the novel, after his dismissal as censor, lacks continuity with the rest of the trilogy to an even greater extent. Barea's personal course parted company completely with the destiny of his compatriots, as he left the country while the Civil War was still raging. The dramatic structure which sustains the trilogy as a whole, rooted in Barea's 'double vision` and his intermediate position in society, is broken. In the second half of *La llama*, Barea is only writing interesting autobiography. Consequently, *La llama* fails on its own terms: it is a broken-backed book. This is different from bemoaning that *La llama* is not the 'Great Novel` of the Civil War. It is a criticism in terms of Barea's own aims and in contrast with the accomplishments of the first two volumes.

Indeed for many critics, *La llama*, as well as being among the earliest, is one of the very best books about the Civil War. But this is to look at it through a completely different lens. The

historian Burnett Bolloten wrote to Barea in 1950:

"...Su magnífica obra "The Forging of a Rebel"...contiene datos valiosísimos para la historia que no existen en ninguno de los libros que hasta la fecha se han publicado...puedo hablar con autoridad, ya que me he dedicado a leer...más de mil ocho cientos libros sobre la Guerra Civil y Revolución editados en una docena de paises." (3)

And the International Brigader, Ralph Bates, wrote:

"Barea...has given...a wholly credible account of the first year of the war." (4)

POLITICS.

The above two quotes are praise indeed for Barea's accuracy and sincerity in his factual account of events of the Civil War. They are justified; but his sincerity should not be accepted uncritically. Barea's political views and actions need to be examined before we can accept his '*credibilidad*` and '*datos valiosísimos*`.

In 1931, after about fourteen years away from union activity, Barea became active again in the UGT, encouraged by Carlos Rubiera, the secretary of the *Federación nacional de empleados de oficina* for the UGT (5). Barea's collaboration with Rubiera, a left socialist, suggests that he sympathised with the left wing of the PSOE, led by Largo Caballero (6). However there are other contrary indicators.

Barea's sometimes precipitous reactions should not be confused with his actual political views. He was on occasion a firebrand: as when he had stormed out of the bank in a temper (7) or when, twenty-three years later, he took part in the attack on the

Montaña barracks (8). Certainly, whenever his dignity or 'manhood' was touched on, he reacted with passion.

But passion and extreme reactions do not define political positions, which are based on consistent action. Barea was not a marxist, although he used some of the analytical tools of marxism in *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*. But this means little, as several terms and categories of marxism were common parlance for all shades of the European Left in the 1930s. Unlike Ilsa, formed in the revolutionary movement over two decades, Barea was not a theoretical political thinker. Despite living through times of intense political agitation, he nowhere defines with any clarity where he stood within the left -- something quite remarkable when we consider that the very subject of *La llama* is War and Revolution, and that by his own several admissions, he spent a great deal of time in the taverns of Emiliano, Serafín and others, perpetually arguing politics (9).

Political context (10).

To understand Barea's political views, and thus be able to assess this aspect of his credibility, it is important to explain the political factions operating in the PSOE and its union affiliate, the UGT, hegemonic in the Madrid area among the working-class in 1936. In the PSOE there was a right-wing led by Julián Besteiro, who during the war supported the idea of a negotiated peace and was favoured by the Governments of London and Paris. The centre was dominated by Indalecio Prieto; the left by the charismatic figure of Largo Caballero, who was Prime

Minister from September 4th, 1936 until May 15th, 1937. Though primarily a union activist, Barea was a member of the PSOE at the start of the Civil War:

> "...on that night of the 18th of July, 1936...I was not only what is called an emotional socialist. I had the membership card of a party in my pocket, I belonged to my trade union. Though I played no particular rôle in either party or trade union -- I knew I would not be good at it -- I was an active party worker who took part in discussions and defended the point of view of my group. I tried to be disciplined and to win new members." (11)

Barea was a party member during this period for the only time in his life. As the individualist and 'emotional socialist' he actually was, he was never a member of any party before the mid-30s, almost certainly left the PSOE in 1936/7, and never joined the Labour Party in England, though many of his friends and Ilsa were members.

The Spanish Communist Party (PCE), whose forces were small in July 1936, grew with great rapidity. This growth was due to three main factors: the material and moral support of the Soviet Union in the defence of Madrid; second, the PCE's own clarity of political aims and consequent organisational coherence; and third, the fusion of the Communist with the Socialist youth (JSU) in January 1937. This fusion was preceded by, and then opened the flood-gates to, a large number of PCE members and supporters gaining positions within the PSOE and the UGT.

In July 1936, the rebellion of the military had been combatted, and their success initially halted, by the outbreak of a popular revolution. But thereafter, different political lines rapidly divided forces within the anti-fascist coalition. Broadly speaking, the anarchists and the POUM wished to push forward and

consolidate the social revolution; whereas the PCE, strongly influenced by the Soviet Union, sought to reconstruct the bourgeois state. Within these political conflicts, played out in the middle of a war, the hegemonic force in Madrid (Catalonia was different) and in the central Government was the PSOE.

Broué and Témime, in their history of the Civil War, explain:

"In taking over the leadership of the Government, Largo Caballero had believed that his presence on its own would guarantee it against any risk of a swing to the Right and that, whatever happened, Spain would remain a 'workers' republic.` But in doing so he had restricted himself to a framework that was no longer revolutionary...The restoration of the state had opened the way to the revival of forces that had seemed definitively crushed after the July days: expropriated shareholders and proprietors, old and new officials, and representatives of political parties whose authority in the new 'popular state` tended to grow at the expense of that of the unions." (12)

So it was that Caballero's prestige helped the PCE and forces within the PSOE and UGT to reconstruct a state apparatus, which hardly existed immediately after the revolutionary response to Franco's July rebellion. After the May 1937 fighting in Barcelona, the PCE and the other currents within the PSOE, especially that led by Prieto, felt sufficiently strong to dispense with Caballero. He had served his purpose, from their point of view, in initially heading off the social revolution. A year after Caballero's coming to power, Carlos Rubiera stated in a meeting:

"-- Muchos españoles hoy se preguntan dónde están las ilusiones del día 18 de julio [de 1936]. ¿Por qué no vibra la calle como entonces? Es que en la revolución se ha operado un movimiento de retroceso...Hay en España muchos interesados en paliar el impulso de la revolución, en desvirtuar el contenido del 18 de julio. Ante esto es preciso que reaccione la clase trabajadora española. Se ha dado mucho en hablar de revolución popular. ¿Qué revolución popular si no se efectúa la revolución social?" (13)

Rubiera was attacking the PCE and its representatives and sympathisers within the PSOE when he said: 'hay en España muchos interesados en paliar el impulso de la revolución`. At the time of this speech by Rubiera (on September 20th or 21st 1937), the PCE had adopted the term '*revolución popular*` to try and offset criticism from the left of its former slogan '*república democrática y parlamentaria de nuevo tipo*`. But this did not content Rubiera, who was calling for the '*revolución social*` to be made by '*la clase trabajadora española*`.

The PCE had won great prestige through their identification with the halting of Franco's army in the outskirts of Madrid during November 1936. The International Brigades, the influx of Russian political and military advisors, the demagogic speeches of La Pasionaria, all gave the PCE a kudos and weight beyond its actual membership or political support within the unions. Indicative of this is that it was able to move against its 'trotskyist` rivals the POUM in December 1936 in Madrid, several months before they could do the same in Barcelona.

Barea's own political development.

This then was the broad political context within which Barea moved: and the development of his own political views, in their contradictory aspects, can only be understood in reference to this background. Barea's desire, he tells us several times during the first chapters of *La llama*, was for a United Front of the workers (14). He welcomed the slogan, common in the February 1936 Election campaign, of '*Unión de Hermanos Proletarios*,` the

unifying shout of the 1934 Asturias uprising. And he lamented, in a *cri de coeur*:

"¿Por qué los hombres de la calle, los trabajadores y los labriegos o mineros de Asturias o los camareros de café, estaban siempre dispuestos a unirse y sus líderes, no?" (15)

Barea expresses no awareness that the February 1936 coalition of the left was a Popular Front, not a United Front, i.e. that it included not only workers' parties but bourgeois parties such as Azaña's left Republicans. Consequently, he was not at all interested in POUM or anarchist criticisms of the composition of the Popular Front. However, there is no reason to doubt his sincerity and pride in his non-sectarianism, when he assembled a platform for the Novés meeting, which included an Anarchist, a Socialist, a Communist and a Republican (16).

The inclusion of the Communist is surprising, given the PCE's slight influence at the time, and therefore suggestive of Barea's sympathies towards the fledgling party. He tells us as much when he explains that he sought help in setting up the Novés meeting from Antonio, as well as Rubiera. Antonio was a clerk in the UGT and '*una figura menor*` of the PCE (17).

The unity of that February 1936, which so inspired Barea and millions of others, was to fall apart after the start of the Civil War. And Barea's loyalty to the Communists on the one hand and to Rubiera on the other had become irreconcilable by September 1937. Barea's inability to square this circle contributed strongly to his nervous breakdown and depressions of the summer of 1937 described in *La llama*.

Let us look more closely at his development. In response to the military uprising of July 18th, Barea was one of tens of thousands who at first milled about the centre of Madrid, then went to the *Casa del Pueblo* to demand arms. He took part in the decisive mass assault on the Montaña barracks. Eventually, as a Morocco veteran, he found a role training a clerical workers' militia for the UGT, to be known as the *Pluma* batallion. He reiterated his frustration with all the parties, which, he believed, in building themselves, placed their own interests above those of the cause (18). But his main anger was reserved for indiscriminate Popular Tribunals and anarchist murders (19).

On August 7th, he started to work with the Communists in organising the black-out (20). By the end of August, he had finished training *La Pluma* and entered into fuller collaboration with the Communists:

> "[Los comunistas]...había[n] dado el primer gran paso hacia la formación de un ejército." (21)

Like many others, Barea felt that the Communists were the only force seriously trying to construct an army sufficient to defeat Franco. With the authorisation of 'Carlos,` commander of the 5th regiment, which in these early days was the spearhead of Communist military power, Barea went to Toledo to try and arrange for grenades and ammunition to be transferred to Madrid. He failed, but on his return found a message from his old friend Antonio: through PCE sponsorship, he was offered a post in the Press Department of the Foreign Ministry, censoring the foreign press. He started this job at the time Caballero came to power, and held it for 14 months until after Caballero had been deposed and placed under virtual house arrest (22).

During the crisis of the night of November 7th 1936, when the Government left for Valencia as the Nationalists were entering the outskirts of Madrid, Barea decided to stay at his post. The press, he felt, had to be censored. He sought out the Junta de Defensa for orders. He found the old socialist Wenceslao Carrillo, who irascibly told him:

"¿Que demonios sé dónde está [la Junta]? El amo es Miaja y Miaja anda por ahí pegando tiros." (23)

Carrillo told Barea to go to the 'Party` to find information. But significantly Barea's reaction was quite the opposite:

"No fuimos al Partido Socialista que era lo que Carrillo pretendía. Yo había perdido toda mi confianza en su capacidad de asumir autoridad y responsabilidad en una situación difícil... Nos fuimos al comité provincial del Partido Comunista." (24)

Up to this moment, Barea's political trajectory had followed that of many Socialists, who supported the Communists, not because of their overall political line, but because they were disciplined and effective, and who thought that:

"Era obvio que ningún puesto de importancia en Madrid debía abandonarse." (25)

For a month after the halting of the Nationalist advance, Barea, while working flat out in the Censorship, was buffeted between the orders of Rubio Hidalgo insisting from Valencia that Barea was under his control in the Foreign Ministry and should therefore go to Valencia; and the Madrid PCE-controlled Junta de Defensa telling him to stay in Madrid. On December 6th, he finally went to Valencia for three weeks to resolve the question. Ilsa later joined him; when they came back at the New Year, Alvárez del Vayo, the pro-Communist Foreign Minister, had over-ruled Rubio Hidalgo. Barea was in charge of the Madrid censorship and Ilsa his deputy.

To reach Valencia, where his Communist sponsors were to help confirm his position, ironically Barea had to rely on old anarchist friends for a car and a safe-conduct. Being a native of Madrid, a genuinely non-sectarian activist and not a party member had their advantages.

In Valencia, Ilsa had her first brush with the security police. She was briefly arrested on December 27th after being denounced as a Trotskyist spy by a journalist she hardly knew (26). It was an intimation of her vulnerability as a foreigner in a position of power, who was not a member of any Communist Party. But for the first several months of 1937, both she and Arturo enjoyed the protection of the PCE and their Moscow advisers. Soviet generals, such as 'Goliev,` and Miaja, the Chief of the General Staff, supported them (27).

But by July 1937 Ilsa's and Arturo's independence of criteria (as well as sheer weariness and, in Arturo's case, bad health and depression) brought them into renewed conflict with the Valencia censorship. Nowhere does Barea mention this, but his association with Caballero supporters like Rubiera would have been remembered as soon as he ceased to be a pliant tool of the Communists, i.e. as soon as he disagreed with them. And this was the period when Caballero and his supporters were being rooted out of all positions of influence.

Constancia de la Mora, Maura's grand-daughter and the new head of the Censorship in Valencia, visited Madrid in August and arranged for Arturo and Ilsa to go on holiday to the Levante. In

Altea they received a letter from Valencia giving them "permiso ilimitado 'para que nos recobráramos física y mentalmente.`" (28). Their reaction to this polite dismissal was to return post-haste to Madrid to find that Arturo was still radio censor, by Miaja's order; but they were no longer press censors or employees of the Foreign Ministry.

Rosario, the new censor, introduced Barea to the new Civil Governor, Miaja's replacement, seeking to get him confirmed in his post as radio censor. But Barea behaved badly, shouting and screaming. He could not stand the well-fed Socialist Governor and his banquet (29). Ironically, he who twelve months before had started to work with the Communists, because they represented order against the anarchist terror and discipline against the fascist terror, now found that:

> "...me lancé en acusaciones contra los burócratas insensibles y reaccionarios...Yo pertenecía a las gentes imposibles e intractables, no a los administradores untuosos." (30)

At the beginning of October, Barea was relieved of his work giving talks as the *Voz incógnita de Madrid* (31). His political work on behalf of the Republic was over. Neither in *La llama* nor in any other book does Barea attack the Communists explicitly (32). In this, he had more dignity than many a party renegade. But there again, he had never actually been a party member.

What is most remarkable is the lack of any real political comment by Barea. Nowhere does Barea make any explicit political analysis of what was happening. One plausible explanation lies in his lack of political training and thus of the intellectual

framework to understand the different political forces (the same could be said of Hemingway and Gellhorn). Like many a rank-and-file UGT militant, Barea took the PCE in good faith and was impressed by their commitment and successes; he was relieved to find the PCE was prepared to stop the pseudo-judicial killings, which so sickened him, of the early months of Revolution. When he later found that the PCE's order was in fact an iron control, he was too demoralised and confused to know how to act. He followed Ilsa's advice and kept his mouth shut (33).

The less pleasant implication -- because it implies more calculation -- is that keeping his mouth shut was the only way he could get out of Spain (34).

Blurring of Barea's sincerity.

Barea's later friend, Margaret Weeden, summed up his political views as follows:

> "He was the first to admit that he was no orthodox Marxist. His [Barea's] was socialism of the romantic and emotional brand, which comes from reaction against injustice and oppression."(35)

This was in general, true, with the nuance made above that in 1936 he was a loyal PSOE member. But his explosive emotional reaction to political conflict should not be romanticised. For, any assessment of Barea's political views and behaviour must include that his famed honesty, so evident in many facets of his books, is not apparent in his description of his politics. He was an employee of the Republican Government during the suppression of the POUM in Madrid in December 1936 and later in the whole state during the period after May 1937. Nor was he

just an ordinary employee, but the PCE-sponsored chief censor, who therefore allowed through the censorship reports which he must have known -- or strongly suspected -- were lies about the POUM (36).

Nor was he a trained mouse. Barea was prepared to challenge journalists who distorted the news from Madrid (37); later, he was prepared to tackle Miaja and the PCE concerning the question of telling the truth about the defeat in Bilbao (38). But his only comment throughout the whole of *La llama* about the suppression of the POUM is a one-liner:

"...no sentía simpatía ni por el POUM ni por su persecución." (39)

But this casual comment is disingenuous. Old enemies of Ilsa had attempted to have her imprisoned, or worse, as a 'Trotskyist spy,` the code-word for being a member of the POUM! Yet he himself as censor had allowed through systematic smears and untruths about the POUM.

Barea was not a well man, neither physically nor mentally, during this period. He himself documents the phases of his illnesses with clarity (40). But this does not remove Barea's political responsibility for participating in the strangling of the Spanish Revolution: something which neither his friend Carlos Rubiera nor Largo Caballero himself, despite all the political errors that could be laid at his door, accepted.

It would of course be wrong to treat *La llama* solely in these political terms. But the case for Barea's 'passionate sincerity` cannot be sustained without confronting this blur in his

presentation of his own political views and without explaining something of the context (41). Thus this opinion, typical of many, from a reviewer in *The T.L.S.* cannot be supported:

> "It [*The Clash*] achieves that rare quality, partisanship without intellectual dishonesty or the distortion of the truth." (42)

Like so many others, Barea accepted the PCE framework, not because he liked it but because he saw no alternative. He was, of course, one of many:

> "He [Hemingway] had accepted the Communist discipline in Spain because it was 'the soundest and sanest for the prosecution of the war.`" (43)

RELIABLE WITNESS.

Barea, then, was a reliable witness of the Civil War, or what he saw of it, but not a trustworthy interpreter. The strengths of *La llama* emerge in other ways. One critic wrote accurately:

> "Barea...is not much concerned with underlining the ideology of the struggle; he lets it come through the action, the characters, the scenes, the words spoken by those involved ...Nothing is more revealing of what a Civil war can do to people than his account of his normally honest and forthright childhood friend, Sebastian, turned assassin." (44)

Like the other volumes of the trilogy, *La llama* is full of illustrative anecdotes and concrete descriptions of people Barea met and talked with. Especially in the early chapters, these anecdotes give a mosaic picture of the different political positions and pressures of the war. Here Barea's technique is no different from that used in the other volumes. It is reminiscent too of Malraux's *L'espoir* in its rapid changes of scene and character, a coincidence which underlines the particular aptness of this technique for describing revolutionary upheavals (45).

But *La llama* differs from *L'espoir* in that it is always told through the eyes of the narrator. Thus the point of view does not change; and the play of different political attitudes does not interfere with the sights, sounds and smells of the action, a difference which is a strength for action sequences, but a weakness in explaining the underlying forces. The other difference -- and this above all makes *La llama* a much better book than the rather dry *L'espoir* -- is that Barea writes about Madrid from the inside.

The depth of reference that Barea's being an insider gives his writing sets *La llama* not only above the famous foreign novels of the Civil War but also above most of those written by Spaniards. Ralph Bates' article catches this strength:

> "...[The] imagined necessity of propaganda too often [in other writers] render[s] the account worthless. Or the writer has not understood Spanish values and thus casts his protagonists after alien images of the hero and the villain... In a revolution,...one sees the untested ideas, the worn stock in trade of theory...personal myths and equivocations... subjected to the abrasion of necessity...The whole dynamism of the revolution drifts into a new course, virtually without the participant's being aware of it. And almost invariably the ideal becomes the equivocal, and the intelligent and honest man finds himself to some degree at odds with the tenor of the enormous process. It is this I find in Barea's account of the Spanish war." (46)

Bates was an ex-International Brigader, who in this article ten years after the events, was seeking to justify the PCE's overall framework, whilst accepting specific criticisms of 'excesses` in PCE conduct. But he catches the sense of powerlessness, of being buffeted by uncontrollable events, which is central to Barea's book (47).

CHAPTER IX.

To illustrate these points, I want to look at Chapter IX from the first part of the volume. Just as in similar examinations of the first two pages of *La forja* and three pages in *La ruta*, this closer look will show both the care of Barea's composition and the way in which his themes are embedded in concrete action (48).

Entitled *La caza del hombre*, Chapter IX contains fifteen different scenes in its eighteen pages. I will mark them in this account with a letter in brackets, which will help to indicate the speed and variation of the narrative. The chapter opens with a description of Barea's office in the days following the outbreak of the Civil War (a). One of the staff had disappeared, two had gone to the front, two German employees had vanished: there was no work, but the remainder kept the office open. After this half-page sketch, which includes comments on how other workplaces were taken over by workers' committees, Barea moves to the warehouse where his brother works (b). Here Barea discusses the use and abuse of vouchers with an anecdote of two criminals posing as anarchists, who were foiled from commandeering stock. He moves on to meal vouchers (c), the lack of cash and sales, and Government powerlessness before the deteriorating situation; which leads into an explanation of how fascists and criminals (d) can easily infiltrate leftist political groups in the chaos. Nevertheless, there is endless enthusiasm, though party pride is unfortunately stronger than the spirit of unity (e):

"La victoria de un batallón anarquista se restregaba en la cara de los comunistas y la victoria de una unidad comunista se lamentaba y desvirtuaba por los otros." (49)

Barea moves to the story of his training *La Pluma* (f):

"Nos dieron una casa del barrio de Salamanca que había sido requisada y que tenía un campo de tenis donde se podía instruir a cincuenta voluntarios a la vez." (50)

This quote shows Barea at his best. In an image, he gives us an idea of the revolutionary change: clerks training on a private tennis-court in the wealthiest quarter of Madrid. It is, too, a *madrileño's* image: the journalists and novelists who came from elsewhere would not have taken part in such activity nor have access to such a quintessentially local reference.

From questions of political unity and military organisation, Barea then shifts back to his *barrio* in order to focus on the resistance of the civilian population.

Angel (g), one of Barea's neighbours, has acquired potatoes in the market and distributes them to the local housewives -- as well as keeping a quantity for his own use. In this poor quarter -- sudden shift from light relief to the most stark horror -- Barea and Angel then witness the effects of a random bomb, which kills housewives, children and prostitutes indifferently (h):

"Una de ellas se arrastraba sobre un vientre del que desbordaban las entrañas...me puse a vomitar en el medio de la calle." (51)

Barea tells us the date: August 7th. The terrible scene inspires political action: Barea goes to work that night with the Communists painting the black-out (i). They come under sniper-fire, search a whole building, but fail to find the sniper. Angel suggests they go down to see the bodies shot by the

Popular Tribunals. It is the small hours and Barea is exhausted. With acute psychology, Barea understands how looking at the corpses of their supposed enemies and cracking witty remarks makes people feel less powerless (j). But also he understands they do it out of fear:

"...me impresionó terriblemente la brutalidad colectiva y la cobardía de los espectadores." (52)

The scene with Sebastián, the childhood friend who had become an assassin, follows (k). With excessive harshness (for Sebastián has been pressured into joining the execution squad), Barea condemns him to his face:

"...'le he conocido toda mi vida y siempre me ha merecido usted respeto. Pero ahora le digo...que en mi vida volveré a cruzar la palabra con usted.'" (53)

Barea's rejection of Sebastián is overstated because of his own disgust at the crowds he has seen looking at the executed bodies. We are told baldly that Sebastián was never seen again in the quarter: a few days later he was killed at the front.

Barea's old friend, the reactionary Don Pedro, is arrested. Barea persuades Antonio to intervene, for Don Pedro has committed no crime except that of thinking differently (l). The sight of the corpses executed at the river has made Barea reflect on the injustice of the anarchist-led terror: now the news of Don Pedro's plight forces Barea to take on individual responsibility and challenge a concrete injustice.

The last five pages of the chapter take place in a ransacked church, where a succession of people are judged by a revolutionary tribunal. Barea and Antonio both believe that the tribunals are transgressions of justice. Barea shows us the

confused lives of people from various sectors of society up against the bloodthirsty 'Manitas,' with his predisposition to believe every denunciation. Barea is able to free Don Pedro (m) and show that an accused worker has been falsely denounced (n). Comically the worker leaves, expressing confidence in the tribunal, little realising how close he has been to becoming an innocent victim of a travesty of justice.

The chapter ends with the Church reminding Barea of his childhood and an image of rare peace (o):

"Y la última luz de la tarde se filtraba por la cristalería de la linterna allá en lo alto de la cúpula." (54)

A psychological logic drives forward these rapidly sketched scenes. Each one impinges on the narrator and leads him to act. Thus the bomb leads to his painting the black-out, which in turn causes him to visit the executed corpses. Again, the news of Don Pedro makes him attend the tribunals and help save two men's lives. His having witnessed the corpses earlier that day reinforces his resolve at the tribunals: the sequences of cause and effect overlap and accumulate in force.

But simultaneously, the narrator is a victim of whirling, apparently causeless events. During the day and night of the chapter, there is no time to sleep. In a war, uncontrollable events suddenly occur: thus, one minute you are buying potatoes, then a bomb drops and the dead and wounded must be dealt with.

Throughout the first part of the novel, these two processes are interwoven: the psychological cause and effect which leads the

narrator to act as a thinking being; and the random and illogical nature of events, which buffet him like a toy from pillar to post.

At the same time as he shows these contradictory processes, Barea gives a multi-layered view of the concrete problems of the war. We see the corrupted revolutionaries, 'Manitas' and Sebastián; and we are shown the horrors that have corrupted them, the Nationalists' indiscriminate bombing. We see people trying to go about their daily lives, in offices and streets. We see clerks drawn into weapons-training; and others disappearing -- to the front, out of the city or to their deaths.

With each anecdote, Barea's knowledge of the city is to the fore. As in *Valor y miedo*, he names places within Madrid; and characters take on depth through their relationship to these places. Often the past is referred to, contributing to a sense of a people trying to survive *in extremis* in the places where they have always lived.

As was noted in analysing the structure of *La forja*, Barea used contrast and counter-contrast to create a complex picture of reality. Here too in *La llama*, he uses this method. The effect in *La forja* was to show the differing pulls and pressures on the child. In *La llama*, the effect is to give an impression, a feel, of revolutionary upheaval. These contrasts work on two basic levels: within the scene and between the scenes. Thus, within the scene: clerks in spectacles are seen drilling on a private tennis-court. The effect is one of a world turned upside down:

the clerks, a few weeks before, were in a bank or office and the now absent bourgeoisie were at leisure with racquets, not rifles, on that court. Another example of the contrasts within a scene is contained in Chapter IX's final pages, where the tribunal takes place, not in a law-court, but in an expropriated church.

By contrasts between the scenes is meant how the whole chapter moves several times from the peaceful to the violent and back again: from, for example, the ordinary lives of women in the *barrio* to the dire plight of workers suspected of being 'bourgeois` to the peace of an empty Church.

The overall effect is of disruption, of a society in violent upheaval and revolution. Barea's complex, realist technique (a lot more sophisticated than the Stalinist school of social realism of *Valor y miedo*) is similar to two of his contemporaries, who also wrote of revolution. One was Victor Serge, who never drew heroic proletarians and one-dimensional bourgeois. Serge's breadth of sympathy superficially appeared to weaken his own revolutionary argument, but in fact profoundly strengthened it by including a far broader reality. He did not only talk of revolutionaries, but also of policemen and non-revolutionary workers, with their waverings and doubts, their suffering and wounded feelings.

Barea would probably not have read Serge's books when he wrote *La forja de un rebelde*, but Ramón J.Sender, the second contemporary, was well known to him. Both Serge and the early

Sender of *Siete domingos rojos* employed sequences of short, sharp scenes to reflect the rapid changes and multitude of characters characteristic of revolutionary turmoil (55).

It is a measure of Barea's honesty as a narrator that he took such pains to show this vivid and accurate picture of revolutionary disruption, given that Barea's more overt political discourse during the Chapter (and *La llama* as a whole) is the counter-revolutionary one of the PCE. This political discourse is not explicit, but is clear from Barea's own reactions, comments and choices of whom to work with. At this stage we hardly need repeat, for it was Barea's method in *Valor y miedo* and the other volumes of the trilogy, that ideas are never (or only exceptionally) presented baldly as overt propaganda, but rather presented through action and discussion. This lack of preaching, of 'prédica,` in Benedetti's word, means that the reader is presented with a complete world and so is permitted to make up his/her own mind about the events (56). That is not a bad definition of a good way of presenting the truth.

LOVE LIFE.

La llama does not only deal with the resistance of the people of Madrid. It also tells of Barea's meeting, relationship and marriage to Ilsa Kulcsar, who becomes the protagonist of the second part of the volume. With Ilsa, Barea resolves the sexual

torments which have been a constant backdrop of the trilogy. This section reviews the development of Barea's sex and love life, culminating in his marriage to Ilsa.

The question of sexual relations was first raised by Barea in *La forja*, when Arturo is ten. In his summer in Méntrida, the boy finds freedom with Aunt Rogelia and Uncle Luis, who provide a sharp contrast to his religious aunt Baldomera, long-suffering uncle and self-sacrificing mother.

> "El tío Luis pertenecía a una raza de hombres que casi ha desaparecido: era artesano y señor. Enamorado de su oficio...Se levantaba con el alba y 'mataba el gusanillo` con un vasito de aguardiente hecho por él mismo...Y se ponía a trabajar. A las siete desayunaba, en general, un conejo guisado, dos palomas o algo así por el estilo, y una gran fuente de ensalada." (57)

At times during the day Luis closes the forge to make love with Rogelia, whom he had married for love against the view of his family. It is no surprise that the boy worships this idealised figure, who lifts up the ten-year old on one hand, lets him drink wine 'como un hombre` and tells him:

> "--Debías pasar las vacaciones de aprendiz aquí en la fragua. Y menos faldas. Entre viejas y curas van a convertirte en una marica constipada." (58)

Luis represents fertile masculinity. He works, eats and makes love with Rabelaisian appetite. Alongside him, Rogelia cooks, feeds the animals, makes love and gives birth with equally hard work, happiness and fecundity.

There is, however, a more negative side to this heterosexual healthiness. Not all is rural idyll. 'Van a convertirte en una marica constipada,` Luis tells the boy. The fear of being a *marica* is reinforced by Inés (59). The evidence that such conditioning has worked is shown in the exaggeration of his

reactions to Concha (60), when she repeats the taunt, and his wild lashing out at Rogelio's sexual advances (61).

Thus Barea explains, something rarely done in any literature, how a young boy is taught to fear any sign of homosexuality. It is linked in his mind to being a *señorito mimado* and to religion, to the wearing of skirts like the priests. He is thus trained to feel the need to prove his heterosexuality, a trait which emerges at several stages in the trilogy. A vivid example occurs on the very last page of *La forja*, when, after he has resigned from the bank, it is suggested that if he apologises, he can stay. Barea replies:

> "'¿Pero usted ha creído que yo voy a subir de nuevo esa escalera a lamer la mano del tío ese? ¿Y para qué? ¿Para que mi madre siga lavando en el río? No, hombre, no. ¡Soy yo muy hombre para eso!'" (62)

This being too much of a man to go back on his dignity, even at the age of 16, this false pride and refusal to compromise (based also on the spurious argument that he had to support his mother: spurious, because this question had not prevented his working in the bank until that moment!) is of course one of the principal stereotypes of Spanish male behaviour.

Barea's particular view, therefore, of what a sexual relationship should be is founded on his memory of Luis and Rogelia, both negatively and positively. It is in part a typical *machista* point of view. His sexual escapades -- with Enriqueta in the bank, with prostitutes in his teens, with someone in the Guadalajara factory, with prostitutes and others in Morocco, later with María -- are all implicitly justified by the sexual freedom he had seen in Luis and Rogelia (63).

If this is all there was to Barea's views of the relationships between men and women, he would be a less interesting writer than he is. However, if Luis and Rogelia provide Barea with this conventional and negative view of sex, they also offer a positive model in their mutually fructifying partnership -- one that cannot exist without male respect for women. Barea's ability to rise above cynical exploitation of women was confirmed by his relationship with Ilsa. With her he enjoyed a relationship of equals, based on respect, like Luis and Rogelia's. It is significant that the only two moments in the trilogy when Barea does not feel himself the victim of rending contradictions are at Luis's forge in Méntrida and 30 years later with Ilsa in the *Telefónica*.

La llama opens with Barea disgusted at his life with his wife Aurelia and his secretary María. Barea tells us that:

"María era perfecta mientras trabajara conmigo y simpatizara con mis disgustos y problemas personales; era perfecta como un consuelo." (64)

He then adds quite correctly, in one of those typical phrases revealing his cold objective perception of his own inner turmoil: "Indudablemente mi actitud era fría y egoísta." (65) The long-suffering María, whose desire was to settle down in marriage with Arturo, was dumped. When the patents office closed a few weeks after the start of the war, Barea and María no longer saw each other on a daily basis. He found her tiresome, interested only in trying to hold on to him, while already he was moving on the wider stage of the war.

"Me era imposible ser amistoso con María cuando llamaba al teléfono y me preguntaba cuándo y dónde nos podíamos reunir. Nuestras vidas habían llegado a un punto muerto." (66)

Barea describes, with typical directness and no desire to hide his own defects, one of his fateful final meetings with María:

"...Ilsa se colgó de mi brazo. Cruzábamos la anchura de la Puerta del Sol, cuando alguien me tiró del brazo libre:
'¿Puedes hacer el favor, un momento?'
A mi lado estaba María, con la cara descompuesta. Rogué a Ilsa que me aguardara y me separé unos pasos con María, que inmediatamente estalló:
'¿Quien es esa mujer?'
'Una extranjera que está trabajando con nosotros en la censura.'
'No me cuentes historias. Esa es tu querida. Y si no lo es, ¿por qué se cuelga del brazo? Y mientras, a mí me dejas sola, ¡como un trapo viejo que se tira a la basura!'" (67)

Despite Ilsa's distaste for his way of being involved with María and his own misgivings that Ilsa might lose her trust in him, Ilsa and Arturo become lovers that night. María has indeed outlived her purpose and been thrown away like an 'old rag` (68).

Chapter 1 has explained how Barea got rid of Aurelia and his children by plunging into his work, then evacuating them to the Levante. So Arturo Barea resolved his emotional problems. It was certainly not the best, nor most honest way: nevertheless, his unpleasantness is mitigated for the reader because it is he himself in *La llama* who provides the basic information about his own sentimental education, many negative aspects included. Even in this most intimate of areas, Barea sought to explain the common problems of his generation. There is no prior example in Spanish letters of such courageous autobiographical writing. The result is an optimistic portrayal of the possibility of change.

He worked on all this material in the greatest intimacy with his translator Ilsa, which implies that he did in fact resolve many

of his emotional conflicts and changed his pattern of sexual relationships. With Ilsa he changed. And *La llama* is the story of that change.

SUMMARY.

The first part of *La llama* is as rich and subtle as any part of the trilogy. The public and personal aims Barea had set himself are triumphantly fulfilled. His own development and that of his generation are shown in the context of a social revolution. The second part changes with some abruptness, firstly because of objective circumstances: the war was too wide a canvas. And secondly, because Barea's personal destiny to some degree breaks with that of his generation: his personal conflicts are settled and he withdraws from the Civil War.

Thus the volume's second part is more unidimensional. Barea's intermediate position in society, fostering his 'double vision` which gave creative tension to two and a half volumes of the trilogy, alters, as he first becomes Censor and then (at the opposite end of the social scale) refugee.

However, it should not be forgotten that *La llama* remains the most vivid first-hand account of the Spanish Civil War. Forty-five years later, there is no reason to correct Mario Benedetti's assessment:

> "...*La llama* result[a] el impacto más certero, el documento más convincente acerca de la guerra civil." (69)

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NOTES.

1. Marra-López, José, *op. cit.*, p.329.

2. FG & HR, *op. cit.*, p.143.

3. Letter from Burnett Bolloten to Arturo Barea, 10/6/50. (*Bolloten collection*, Box 10, Folder 7, Hoover Institution, Stanford University).

4. Bates, Ralph, *art.cit.*, 19/7/47.

5. FR, pp.480 and 521.

6. Bolloten B., *La guerra civil española*, (Alianza, Madrid 1989), p.840.

7. FR, p.245

8. Ibid. pp.557-573

9. Ibid. pp.532 and 717 *inter al.*

10. There is no one source for this background information. I have drawn generally on the history works cited in the Bibliography, especially those by Hugh Thomas, Burnett Bolloten and Pierre Broué & Emile Témime. Helen Graham is particularly useful for the PSOE.

11. Barea, Arturo, 'The indivisibility of freedom,' *Socialist Vanguard*, London 1945.

12. Broué, Pierre and Témime, Emile, *The Revolution and the Civil war in Spain*, (London 1972), pp. 265-266.

13. Bolloten, B., *op.cit.*, p.840.

14. FR, pp.507 and 524, for example.

15. Ibid. p.514

16. Ibid. p.523

17. Ibid. p.522. Antonio was possibly the Antonio Calzada to whom Barea refers in *La ruta* (FR, p.442).

18. Ibid. pp.589-590. "El orgullo de cada partido parecía mucho más fuerte que el sentimiento de defensa común."
This lament against disunity and factional interest is also present in his 1945 speech/article, 'The indivisibility of freedom,' *art.cit.*. But without actually assigning responsibilities for those who caused disunity, it becomes an empty, abstract call.

19. Ibid. pp. 586-604 (*La llama*, Chapter IX).

20. Ibid. p.593

21. Ibid. p.607

22. FR, p.610

23. Ibid. p.632

24. Ibid. p.632

25. Ibid. p.633

26. FR, *La llama*, Chapter XIV.

27. In fact Vladimir Goriev. See letter from Ilsa Barea to Burnett Bolloten, 20/6/50 (*Bolloten Collection*).

28. FR, p.737

29. FR, *La llama*, Chapter XVIII

30. Ibid. p.743

31. Ibid. p.748

32. Ibid. p.755. In this passage, Barea cites Ilsa as the main intellectual influence on his keeping quiet about the PCE. Later, in Britain, it was for both of them a question of pride not to join the rush to attack the Communists. Barea did portray the PCE negatively in *La raíz rota*, but even so did not touch on the PCE's record in the Civil War.

33. It was a mistaken policy to keep silent, as it allowed the PCE to (quite literally) get away with murder, but one common at the time. The Bolshevik leaders condemned in the Moscow show trials during this period thought within the same framework as Ilsa Barea: that any public dissent could only damage the cause they had fought for all their adult lives. If Ilsa had been the Trotskyist she was accused of -- or a POUMist -- she would have had an alternative course to fight for within the Republican ranks. But she wasn't. She was a disillusioned but loyal ex-Communist.

It is not unjust to add that, like many, Ilsa may have been psychologically inhibited from denouncing Stalinist persecution by her sense of guilt. She had previously, like Arturo Barea, collaborated with the persecution of the POUM and the anarchists in the sense that she allowed through the censorship false articles attacking them. She may well have reflected a few months later, when she herself came into the firing-line, that these articles had discredited the Republican side more than any hypothetical denunciation by her might have done. Yet she would have been silenced by her own collusion in that persecution.

34. Hugh Thomas summarises well the disingenuous omissions by Barea which imply that his silence was bought by divorce and exit visas:

"We are made [in *La llama*] to feel a little sorry for 'Poldi,' who 'looked very ill and was suffering pain; he confessed to a serious stomach complaint rendered worse by his

way of living, the late nights, the irregular food, the black coffee...' But these late nights were caused by his endless interrogations and even tortures of alleged Trotskyists. 'My historic mission,' 'Poldi' said to Katia Landau, 'is to find the proofs that, among twenty trotskyists, eighteen are the agents of Hitler and Franco.'" (Thomas, Hugh, 'Spain before the Falange', *The Nation*, May 3, 1975).

See also the start of Chapter 2 and Note 4 of that chapter.

35. Weeden, Margaret, 'Arturo Barea, an appreciation,` *Meanjin Review*, April 1959, p.97.

36. See, *inter al*, John Langdon Davies' *News Chronicle* articles from the time (British Library).

37. FR, p.660 *inter al*.

38. Ibid. p.722

39. Ibid. p.767

40. These phases of Barea's nervous and mental collapse have been discussed in Chapter 2 in the context of the genesis of Barea's writing.

41. Anon, 'Civil War,` *The Times Literary Supplement*, 23/3/46. And see Note 34 above.

42. 'Review` in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 23.3.46.

43. Baker, Carlos, *Ernest Hemingway* (London 1969), p.413.

44. Grant, Helen, in Barea, A., *The forging of a rebel*, (London 1972), introduction, p. 11.

45. Malraux, André, *Man's hope*, (London 1969), originally published in 1937 as *L'espoir*.

46. Bates, Ralph, *art.cit.*.

47. Barea also makes reference on the Córdoba tape to his feeling of being buffeted about by events. See Appendix 5.

48. FR Chapter 1X, pp.586-604.

49. Ibid. p.589

50. Ibid. p.590

51. Ibid. p.592

52. Ibid. p.594

53. Ibid. p.596

54. Ibid. p.604

55. Sender, Ramón J., *Siete domingos rojos* (Barcelona 1985). (Originally published in 1932.)

Serge, Victor, *Year one of the Russian Revolution, Birth of our power, Conquered City*. (London 1974-1977). (Originally published in French in 1930, 1931 and 1932, respectively.)

Malraux's *L'espoir* (*op.cit.*) also uses the technique of brief changing scenes and characters to express the disruption of revolutionary Madrid.

56. Benedetti, Mario, *art. cit.*, p.380.

57. FR, p.53

58. Ibid. p.54

59. Ibid. p.38

60. Ibid. p.56

61. Ibid. p.76

62. Ibid. p.245

63. All mentioned in *La forja de un rebelde*.

64. FR, p.519

65. Ibid. p.519

66. Ibid. p.623

67. Ibid. p.650

68. Barea, Arturo, *The Clash*, p.222.

69. Benedetti, Mario, *art.cit.*, p.380.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

BAREA IN ENGLAND: 1939 -- 1957.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Ilsa and Arturo Barea reached England in March 1939. On the last page of *La llama*, Barea described his anger at the blindness of the French, among whom he had lived for the previous year, who did not want to see that war was approaching. Two French sailors corrected him:

"Los dos hombres me miraron gravemente: 'Oh no. Nosotros lucharemos. Los otros son los que no lucharán.'"(1)

But in practice this class understanding of the difference between the interests of the French and English Governments, who had allowed Franco's victory, and the working-class who did and would fight, did not last. These final words of *La forja de un rebelde* were written early in 1944, but already Barea's views had slipped towards a more patriotic view of England, as his broadcasts from that time show (2).

With the words quoted above, Barea's own account of his life ends. But a rich substitute for his own account are the many people still alive who knew him during the last 18 years of his life, when he became a famous writer.

In those first weeks in England, Barea's mood was low. In addition to his political bitterness at British 'non-intervention' in the Civil War, he felt personally wretched:

"Desembarqué en estas islas desposeido de todo con la vida truncada y sin una perspectiva futura, ni de patria, ni de hogar, ni de trabajo...rendido de cuerpo y de espíritu." (3)

It was a mood not helped by his first impressions of London:

"...dos filas interminables de casas. Casas estrechas, ahumadas por las locomotoras...con sus cuerdas donde se tendían ropas a secar y a ahumarse; donde se amontaban cajones viejos, latas vacias." (4)

Arturo and Ilsa went to live in a small village, Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire (5). In June 1939, *The Spectator* published Arturo's first article in England, *A Spaniard in Hertfordshire*. Barea was set on earning a living from writing. He had already completed in Paris the first draft of *La forja*. And in the terrible month of his arrival, when the Republic finally went down to defeat, Barea wrote *Mister One*, a nihilistic tale of two impossible choices (see Chapter 2). The *Spectator* piece told how he had found an unexpectedly warm and kind reception in rural England, an England he had feared would be 'indiferente o hostil` (6).

In this very first article, Barea found the theme that would run through the more than 800 broadcasts he was to do for the BBC's Latin-American service between 1940 and 1957: that of observing and describing English life from his vantage-point as a sympathetic outsider. Ilsa articulated this approach in a typically fluent and verbose letter written in July 1939, when she attempted to solicit work for them both from the BBC's Spanish service:

"Our concrete proposal would be to give a series in Castilian, apart from the news bulletins, under the heading 'A Spaniard discovers England.` The reason is that there is in Spain an old popular conception of England...which is very unfortunate, especially as it makes more easy the type of anti-British propaganda one finds nowadays in Spanish newspapers

and even more so in the oral propaganda centring round the question of Gibraltar. Now we do not suggest a series of political talks, but of features, taking into account the popular prejudice and simply describing in a vivid, anecdotical and personal manner the impressions of a Spaniard of England, especially its rural life, landscape, then of the liberal traditions, democratic traditions, and so on (non-political of course)." (7)

As well as showing the basic theme of the broadcasts which would give Arturo his main source of income while in England, this letter also demonstrates the couple's political dilemma. They had changed climate as brutally as an Eskimo landing in the Caribbean. From a situation in Madrid where it was dangerous not to support the Communists, they were in a position where they must not admit to supporting Communists if they wanted a job. They had to protest loudly they were not 'political,` whilst being fully aware that any broadcasts Barea might make would contain a large amount of political propaganda. And, most bizarrely, Barea had to cite his experience as the pro-communist *Voz incógnita de Madrid* to seek work with the conservative BBC. It was not to be for another 15 months, when the 'phoney war` had ended, that Arturo finally gained an interview with J.A. Camacho, Head of the Latin American service, and was taken on as a broadcaster (8).

THREE YEARS AT FLADBURY.

In August 1939, Ilsa had started to work for the BBC Monitoring Service in Evesham, Worcestershire. Margaret Rink, who met Ilsa that month, wrote:

"[Ilsa]...explained to me that Arturo, who was highly strung, not at all well and very concerned about the inevitability of war, was exceedingly upset at losing her companionship and help." (9)

Arturo rapidly followed Ilsa from Puckeridge to Fladbury, a tiny village near Evesham, where he, Ilsa, Ilsa's refugee parents and Margaret Rink shared a rented house for the next three years (10). It was at Fladbury that Barea wrote the second and most of the third volume of the trilogy, his book on Lorca and several stories and articles. It was his most fertile period. In the peace of a particularly plentiful corner of rural England, where it was sometimes hard to believe a war was being waged in Europe, Barea reaped the harvest of his struggles to survive in Madrid, Barcelona and Paris (11). For the year until he started his broadcasts in October 1940, he had nothing to do but "potter round...a large and very neglected garden" (12) and write.

"The Bareas had a very wide circle of acquaintances -- not only refugees and journalists, but distinguished writers and academics, many of them members of the Monitoring Service, and we had a fairly frequent stream of visitors, many of them lured by Arturo's reputation as a cook!" (13)

Barea was the sort of cook who made huge, delicious *paellas* or chicken dishes to his own recipes, but left heaps of washing-up, which he considered beneath his dignity to touch. Many of the talented foreign intellectuals who worked with Ilsa visited for both the fine food and fine conversations: Martin Esslin, Isabel de Madariaga, Leonard Shapiro, Ernst Gombrich and the young George Weidenfeld, who remembered Barea's "Inca face, finely chiselled, with deep-set eyes" (14). Barea was looking better than he had in the Civil War.

Fladbury was a multilingual, argumentative household (15). They argued about politics (Ilsa's father, Professor Pollak, was an Austrian social-democrat) and about literature -- for example, whether *For whom the bell tolls* should be criticised or not. Many people thought Hemingway was too good a friend of the Republic to criticise, but Barea stuck to his view and produced his key article on Hemingway, published in *Horizon*.

Apart from these first contacts with the glistening *literati*, Barea visited the country pubs, where he felt at home chatting and drinking -- he was a heavy drinker -- with the locals. This was a continuation of a lifelong habit of drinking in popular bars. For his writing it was vital: it had helped him grasp the speech and opinions of workers in Madrid, which served as the basis for his novels. In England it was to be key in the success of his broadcasts. But popular pubs also filled a psychological need in Barea: to escape from middle-class and intellectual conversation and ground his thought and conversation in experience.

Barea's creative and bucolic new life during this period was not without anxieties. A friend observed that they had "hard times, with four of them living on Ilsa Barea's salary" (16). Barea, as an 'alien,` had problems arranging a pass to travel to London for his interview with Camacho in July 1940 (17). Margaret Weeden (née Rink) wrote:

> "A. was just a bundle of nerves when I first knew him. He depended enormously on tobacco...He had a limp, and was too nervy and jumpy to learn to drive." (18)

Spectres of internment as an alien, or even deportation, were

real. When he did start working for the Latin-American service, he feared arrest when travelling at night to his broadcasts (19). In a letter he implied that his nerves were frequently a problem:

"He pasado una semana bastante molesto con mis nervios." (20)

Barea must too have suffered intense anxiety and guilt about his family in Spain. His brother Miguel was imprisoned after the fall of Madrid: he died shortly after his release, in 1941 or 1942 (21). Both his sister Concha with seven children and ex-wife Aurelia with her and Arturo's four were living in poverty (22). In *La raíz rota* Barea puts into the mouth of Pedro, the son of the exile Antolín, these words which he may well have felt could apply to him:

"...the man who had left them to starve on charity lentils and on slops of water and sawdust, and had never once spared them a thought!" (23)

One of their many guests at Fladbury, the elderly Sir Peter Chalmers-Mitchell, ex-consul at Málaga and hispanophile, both offered to translate *La forja* and found a publisher for it (24). Another visitor Cyril Connolly commissioned articles and accepted stories for *Horizon*. In London, a meeting with Tosco Fyvel led to *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*. Despite the gloomy impression Barea's physical and mental state made on Fyvel, the latter perceptively remarked:

"...the memory of a bitter defeat we had tried to forget is brought back to our minds [by Barea], with understanding but no bitterness." (25)

It was surely this lack of bitterness that allowed Barea to survive mentally and to write so clearly and powerfully during

the years at Fladbury, the centre of his richest creative period. In *La llama* there are several instances when, describing himself, he seems literally mad, shouting at people, behaving impossibly (26). But he had the strength to get these feelings out of his system in flares of emotion, sometimes in the immediate term self-defeating, but which meant that in the long term he did not carry the seed of self-destructive rancour in his heart. Ralph Bates wrote in a 1947 review of *The Forging of a Rebel*:

> "In part, insight into his own condition has prevented Barea losing himself in rancor. Sick of a terrible neurosis...he consciously refused to rationalise." (27)

BEGINNING TO BROADCAST.

Unexpectedly, just as one world was opening up for him with his writing, yet another career began. Accepted by the BBC's Latin-American Service, he began to broadcast in October 1940 as *Juan de Castilla*, a pseudonym adopted to protect his family within Spain from possible reprisals (28). The radio brought Barea renown and financial security for the last fifteen years of his life.

Camacho offered him work on a freelance basis with a clear brief: to give talks on England and the English people to counter Nazi propaganda in South America (29). It was a chance for Barea to return to some sort of political activity against fascism. He would have preferred the Spanish Service, but they would not have him. There is no record of what the Spanish

service thought of his original 1939 application (30), but a controversy a year later made the BBC's general attitude quite clear.

This controversy started with Ilsa Barea, from her position as a foreign broadcasts monitor, criticising the Spanish Service as crypto-fascists for their failure to attack the Franco régime. The row broke into the press, with a letter from Arturo Barea in the *New Statesman* and an article in the *Daily Herald* (31). The BBC, "while it was anxious to act in the national interest, was also concerned with its own credibility" (32). The BBC's dilemma was that it wished to support British Government policy of maintaining diplomatic relations with Franco, so as to prevent him entering the war on Hitler's side; yet, not to criticise Franco was hardly likely to keep any listeners in Spain and was just not credible in an anti-fascist war.

This was a problem solved by Rafael Martínez Nadal in a particular way. Under the pseudonym of Antoñito Torres, Martínez Nadal made popular weekly Sunday broadcasts for the Spanish service. He never attacked Franco by name.

> "[Nadal attacked]...the more outrageous utterances of the official Spanish press and radio, ridiculed Italian fascism and painted a picture of Hitler as the 'enemy of the Catholic belief in the supreme value of the individual.'" (33)

Despite the mildness of this approach, the BBC removed Nadal from the radio in December 1943 for 4 months at the request of Lord Templewood, the British Ambassador in Madrid (34). Templewood was being pressed by Madrid, who naturally enough maintained that, far from being crypto-fascists, as Ilsa had maintained eighteen months previously, the BBC Spanish Service

staff were in fact communists. The nature of the BBC's much vaunted independence was demonstrated by their notorious (both undemocratic and factually untrue) reply: "We do not employ Reds." (35)

It is clear that neither of the ex-Republican press censors had the slightest chance of being employed by the Spanish service, for which Barea *la voz incógnita de Madrid* was more than qualified, in this atmosphere of appeasement of Franco.

The Latin American service was next best and Barea grasped his chance. His second or third broadcast, *Los seis elefantes blancos*, went out in October 1940 (36). This apocryphal pub, a composite of those he frequented at Puckeridge, Fladbury and then Faringdon, became the scene of many of his anecdotal talks.

> "He had a remarkable capacity for picking up items for chats in the local pub or from friends or even a few lines in a newspaper, and making them into a 15 minute talk." (37)

The source, therefore, of much of his material was ready to hand: his time drinking and chatting with local people. His difficulties with English presented little obstacle.

The broadcasts, in Barea's words "cuentecillos y charlas," were usually anecdotes about English life, chats set in pubs, often revealing peoples' understated but heroic attitude to the war, or about people he met, whether gypsies, neighbours or country laborers. During the war years, many were direct commentaries on the news, including satires on the German leaders, often using information gleaned from Ilsa who was monitoring their broadcasts (38).

At first Barea went in the middle of night to broadcast live at 3 a.m.; but as time passed and recording techniques improved, he was able to tape his talk during the day. They were 14½ minute slots, for which Barea wrote the script, during the war years sent them for censoring to his controller and then recorded the talk.

Barea's surviving BBC scripts are of little literary value, though they are interesting social documents (39). They are not on the whole about Spain, but there is a thematic continuity with the trilogy. He was interested in what went on beneath the surface in the minds of the millions. One of Barea's BBC controllers, H. Lyon Young, explained something of the content and style of Barea's talks:

> "Perhaps the best way of describing Barea's commentaries would be to say that they are talks on trivialities in relation to world affairs. In other words, how the ordinary man reacts to world news, and the importance often attached to insignificant events at the time of great emotional strain.
>
> Barea catches the mood of the moment and writes on the thoughts of ordinary men and women, rather than on their deeds...He always emphasizes (that hackneyed phrase) the 'human angle,' e.g. Molly breaks a teacup on 'V-J' Day, and ever after 'V-J' Day will be remembered by Molly's broken teacup." (40)

Lyon Young's comments are applicable to how Barea treats major political events in the trilogy. In *La ruta*, for instance, the proclamations, battles, turning-points and news from the capital filter down from a blur above into the daily current of the detail of the soldiers' lives on which Barea focuses. But the difference was that by the time of the broadcasts the political purpose of revealing how ideas were formed in the minds of rank-and-file soldiers or workers had been lost. The form, the method remained the same; but by 1946 the purpose was not political,

but just to tell an interesting story within a general humanistic framework.

They were written and broadcast with skill and professionalism:

"His timing was instinctive -- he never made them too short or too long and usually sat down and typed them out the night before they were needed." (41)

And in a criticism of Barea in an internal memo, the Head of the Latin American service underlined his ability as a broadcaster:

"[Barea is]...beginning to form mannerisms and to adopt a slightly 'sing-song-y' manner, which is quite different from his old style on which his reputation in our service was based. I think it would be worth while to give him a word of warning. His material is too good to spoil by bad delivery; this is especially so when we know that he can do his stuff very well indeed." (42)

Presumably Barea corrected this fault, for he went on to win the listeners' poll as the BBC's most popular broadcaster to Latin America several years running in the late '40s and '50s. Just after his sudden death, his widow replied to the letter of tribute from the BBC's Director of External Broadcasting in these terms:

"Perhaps he [Arturo Barea] really achieved what he hoped to do: to forge a link between this country, which he loved, and people of his own language overseas." (43)

After the war the immediate propaganda purpose of the talks changed. But Barea continued to see his role as an interpreter and defender of the *English way of life*. In 1955, he wrote:

"I still like doing them [the broadcasts] because I continually discover new things about this country of which I want to speak to people of my own language as to friends. I can only hope that I have made them share some of my affectionate discoveries among 'the English'." (44)

Throughout his time with the BBC, Barea -- or usually Ilsa on his behalf -- tried, without success, to get his short stories accepted for broadcast. Two had been rejected in August 1940 before he started (45). Another called *The winner* was rejected by novelist P.H.Newby for the Third Programme in 1953 as "conventional and overlong" (46). The same controller rejected *The Scissors* as "unbearable" (47). Early in his broadcasting career, Barea called several of his broadcasts 'stories': and though the distinction between an anecdotal chat and a story may be blurred, none of the broadcasts in the BBC archives can be called 'stories' in any real sense. After Barea's death, Ilsa continued to try to get his stories broadcast, with one success, *Grandmother's lesson*, a translation of *La lección*, accepted in November 1958. The same controller, George Macbeth, then rejected two more.

But Barea did do other things for the BBC: a 12-part series on *Education for democracy* towards the end of WW2, visits to factories, literary talks, including one on Chilean Nobel prize-winner Gabriela Mistral which he feared was "tal vez...un poquito sentimental" (48). Sentimentality was a trait in much of his broadcasting. Part of his popularity was based on his ability to tap this sentimental vein in a popular, journalistic style, well-tailored to Barea's somewhat hoarse yet direct, honest-sounding delivery (See 'Señora Smith' in Appendix 4). It is a vein which comes to the fore in the 1950 newspaper article *Los inefables viejecitos* and in his portrait of Mary in *La raíz rota*.

In April 1943, the Monitoring Service moved from Evesham to Caversham on the outskirts of Reading. Ilsa moved with it, from Fladbury to Rose Farm House, near Mapledurham, even today a small startingly isolated village by the Thames, although only two or three miles from Caversham. Arturo followed in October and finished the trilogy at Mapledurham in early 1944 (49). Here Gerald Brenan and Gamel Woolsey came to visit them from Wiltshire, visits reciprocated by Ilsa and Arturo on two occasions. Barea and Brenan got on well: the latter had just published the work which made him famous *The Spanish Labyrinth*, reviewed rigorously and sympathetically by Barea in *Horizon*, September 1943. Thirty years later Gerald Brenan wrote this vivid portrait of Barea:

> "[Barea] was a dark, slight man with a lean, rather worn face -- not in the least the type of Spanish intellectual, but suggesting rather a mechanic. The sort of man one would run into in any Madrid café or bar...He talked well in a serious, straightforward way, but needed frequent glasses of beer to keep him going. He had developed a strong liking for the English country because of its peace and tranquillity: he enjoyed talking in pubs with the local people and growing vegetables in his garden, but his experience in the war and the spate of executions that had followed it had saddened him. Also he missed Spain and the society of his fellow countrymen. Otherwise he was very like his books, truthful and serious and without recriminations or hatred." (50)

After 4/10/43, when Barea moved from Evesham to Mapledurham, he recorded his talks in London; though for several months after June 1944 he reverted to recording in Evesham because of the recurrence of his shell-shock -- vomiting and nausea -- on hearing air-raid sirens on his visits to London. From the end of the war, the Friday recording at Bush House was re-established, a routine he maintained for the rest of his life. He formed the habit of Friday lunch at the *Majorca*, a restaurant in Brewer

Street run by Spanish anarchists (51). And, after about 1950, he would stay over in London most Thursday nights with his niece Maruja (52).

After Ilsa's resignation from the BBC in 1945, the Bareas lived for a brief period in Boar's Hill, Oxford. Here he met Salvador de Madariaga, writer, professor at Oxford and ex-Minister of the Spanish Republic. The publisher Joan Gili, who became a friend of Barea's, commented:

> "I cannot think of two more different characters, in their background and politically." (53)

Madariaga was patrician and monarchist: Barea, plebeian and Republican. But most of all Madariaga had preferred exile to staying in Spain during the war and had sought to reconcile the two sides, a position anathema to Barea (54).

POLITICAL EVOLUTION.

Over these years of literary success, Barea's political views evolved. The anti-fascist propaganda of his war broadcasts extolled the courage and tolerance of the British people. In a process not too dissimilar from Orwell's, Barea moved to the right, blurring the key distinction between British Government and British people. His liking for the workers, country laborers and gypsies who at first populate his fictional pub coincides more and more with praise for Britain as a whole. In *La llama* Barea defended democracy from the point of view of independent working-class action, but by the middle 1940s he had come to identify it with what he perceived as the democratic

institutions of the British state (55). This political shift was based on the British Government's stern resistance to Hitler after 1940 and, later, the promise of the 1945 Labour Government. Thus, for Barea as for Orwell and so many, the Spanish War, as it receded into history, became a sort of bubble of radical hopes and attitudes, with less and less practical impact on his own day-to-day opinions and practice.

Barea's over-sweet view of the virtues of the English reflected genuine gratitude for the welcome he had received in England, which led to his acquisition of British nationality in 1948. Becoming a British citizen may have been due also to his speculation about a possible return to Spain: Antolín, his *alter ego* of *La raíz rota*, acquired a British passport to cover his visit to Madrid. During the writing of this novel from 1948 to 1950, the question of a return must have been on Barea's mind.

He was careful during the 1940s not to become involved in politics, both because he worked for a staid institution, the BBC, of whose right-wing views he had had direct experience, and because he was an alien in wartime. But in 1945, two pamphlets give evidence of the evolution of his formal political views. On 31/3/45 Barea made a curious speech at the Caxton Hall, London, which was published in a pamphlet *Freedom for Spain*.

The speech/article starts by evoking the "spontaneous mass solidarity...one of the most stirring things I have ever seen" (56) of the immediate response to the July 1936 military rebellion. Barea argues that that mass moved with a single mind:

"That night there existed no political shades of opinion, no ideological differences, no party discipline which might have split us." (57)

He praises the International Brigades' sacrifice in similar terms. But he then veers sharply from this exposition of revolutionary unity to comment:

"In the ranks of the International Brigades were men of all social classes and of all creeds...A faith, or...a religion... moved the volunteers in the anti-fascist fight of Spain." (58)

It is plainly untrue that the International Brigaders came from all social classes or creeds. But Barea uses this as the basis for arguing that "the liberty of the individual human being" is what underlay their idealism. His own socialism he defines in the most general of democratic terms:

"...a universal faith and universal militia, into whose ranks belong all those who believe in the equality of rights and the liberty of men." (59)

These woolly, vague generalities, in what was probably his last (and perhaps only) political speech in public, are a long way from the sharpness of his analysis four years previously of the ideological roots of Francoism in *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*. There are really two speeches in one: a call for international working-class solidarity, which he then seeks to pull into a nebulous "all men of goodwill" framework.

But there is a purpose to Barea's argument. He is seeking the broadest possible popular front for the overthrow of Franco:

"It would be grim indeed -- and it is impossible to tolerate that it should be so -- if, after the defeat of Nazism in the military field, Fascism in any form were to survive in Spain." (60)

His speech -- surely made under a feeling of obligation, given that Barea did not enjoy public speaking, and even less so in

English -- aimed to contribute to the pressure on the Allies to overthrow Franco in the wake of the defeat of Mussolini and Hitler.

The second 1945 piece of political writing is the much more weighty and serious pamphlet *SPAIN in the post-war world*, co-written with Ilsa, who doubtless contributed the political weight, and published by the Fabian Society in August, very possibly through Barea's friendship with Lord Faringdon. Like the Caxton Hall speech, this was written in the heady days when the Spanish diaspora could not believe that the victorious Allies would not move against Franco. Barea catches this atmosphere in *La raíz rota*:

> "With all the others, Antolín had firmly believed that twenty-four hours after the German collapse the Franco régime would cease to exist...More people than before came to the meeting-place at the corner of Dean Street [Soho, London], other people than the waiters and musicians...he wanted to explain the atmosphere of those days, their overflowing excitement, their fantastic plans." (61)

The Bareas' pamphlet argues for the restoration of the Spanish Republic. It is a stodgy, poorly written text, the house style of Fabian Research pamphlets, composed in the sombre tradition of the Webbs; but in the Bareas' case the style also reflects strains in their arguments.

For the Bareas argue that German capital, by canny use of the patent laws (here Arturo draws on his own experience), Spanish front-men and conscious Nazi-inspired infiltration, gained a predominant position in the Spanish economy during the 1920s and '30s. Their case is exaggerated: German capital had grown in

influence, but British and French capital retained important investments in Spain. Unnecessarily the authors use this argument of German infiltration to underline their case that the Republic should be restored. They sense that the basic moral argument that Spain is a blood-drenched dictatorship which had overthrown an elected Government will not be sufficient. Their argument seeks to link the Spanish régime with defeated Germany.

In 1945 all sectors of the Spanish opposition were manoeuvring for position against Franco's fall. Carrillo and Claudín were returning euphorically from Moscow to Paris to organise the 'interior'; Prieto was seeking audiences with Ernie Bevin; the pretender Don Juan was throwing his bi-coloured hat into the ring, seeking to appear liberal to the Allies and trustworthy to the dictator. The Bareas, the Fabian Society and Lord Faringdon were some of many trying to get the new Labour Government in Britain to move on the question. But all to no avail: Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill had already decided that Franco should stay. And the new Labour Government was quick to fall in line behind U.S. foreign policy in return for the Marshall millions. The moment of possibility, April/May 1945, had passed: by the time of the Bareas' pamphlet in August, the armed French maquis, with its tens of thousands of Spanish Republican volunteers, was already disarmed on Stalin's orders.

SPAIN in the post-war world is mechanical, making the subjectivist error of starting from its political desires rather than from objective reality. Nearly everyone shared the Bareas' conviction that Franco had to fall. But their somewhat cranky

(highlighting patents laws) and conspiratorial (German infiltration) arguments do not make the pamphlet either a very creditable piece of research or an inspiring read.

For Arturo Barea, the consolidation of Franco in power after 1945 was a "shattering disappointment" (62). From then on his political attitudes veered towards pessimism. At Labour Party annual fairs in Buscot Park, he played the clownish role of a Spanish fortune-teller (63), but he did not join the Labour Party, unlike Ilsa, who became a leading local Bevanite (64).

On his visits to Denmark, Pennsylvania and South America he remained proud to call for the downfall of Franco and identify himself as a Spanish Republican, but no longer as a Socialist. He retained no belief in the efficacy of political action. Olive Renier noted in a diary after a lunch with Arturo Barea in 1950:

"Arturo is deeply discouraged. He says that there is no hope anywhere. In his youth one could still look forward, but now we have killed all faith. The state is all-powerful, the individual has no chance. He sees no point in political activity because there is nothing you can say to people on any of the important matters which is true. You can only redress little errors, and for the rest tell lies."(65)

He sounds more like Philip Marlowe, the lone moral man, rather than Largo Caballero. The eloquent Olive Renier commented on this pessimistic passivity:

"I suspect that for Arturo the defeat of democratic Spain was the end of politics, and the above was more or less his attitude ever since he had to cross the frontier into France ...All else was useless, save only that one must be true to oneself. He did not tell lies." (66)

FARINGDON.

By June 1st 1947 the Bareas were installed, with Ilsa's parents and (a few months later) Arturo's nieces, first Leonor then Maruja, in Middle Lodge, Faringdon, in South Oxfordshire. This was the exile's final home. Middle Lodge was (and is) an elegant house, at that time without electricity, by one of the entrances to Lord Faringdon's Buscot estate. It is shielded from the road by a high wall and set in a wild garden merging into the estate woodland.

At Faringdon, Barea continued to write, but with less intensity and volume. In these years he wrote *Unamuno* with Ilsa, some stories and essays, and his novel *La raíz rota*, as well as recomposing and adding to *La forja de un rebelde* for its 1951 Buenos Aires publication, the first in Spanish. Both Arturo and Ilsa were cavalier with their papers, which meant that Spanish versions of his books had to be at least partially re-translated from the English versions because Barea's original manuscripts had been lost (see Appendix One).

At Faringdon, Barea got to know a new generation, Ilsa's young Labour Party colleagues, and to them appeared mellower and more relaxed than the melancholy figure described a decade earlier by Delmer or Fyvel. He dined too with the great and good, meeting the Cabinet Minister Susan Lawrence at Buscot House and John Betjeman *inter al* at Faringdon House (67).

He liked to shoot pheasant, accompanied by a black dog he had acquired, in Lord Faringdon's woods and enjoyed telling their many guests that he, child of the Madrid slums, had entertained a genuine 'milord' on pheasant shot in his own woods and, to boot, the Lord had then done the washing-up (68). He frequented the local pubs, always looking for material (or that, perhaps, was the excuse) for his broadcasts and enjoying effects such as asking for *bear* instead of *beer* in the Wellington, Faringdon, on his return every Friday night from Bush House (69).

Barea's English was good enough for him to read extensively in the language. He had been a press censor; in *Señora Smith* he comments that he devoured the English classics; and he reviewed books such as Brenan's *Spanish Labyrinth* for *Horizon* and others for the *TLS*. But his pronunciation was always appalling, based often on Spanish rules and the fact that his first spoken English had been in country pubs (70). Brenan says he spoke with a Worcestershire accent, confirmed by Margaret Weeden, who remarks on his pronunciation of *pub* as *poob*, thus happily conjoining Spanish pronunciation with local dialect (71). Several witnesses suggest he tended to play up his bad pronunciation in order to confound his BBC-accented visitors (72).

Weidenfeld describes Barea turning up at BBC functions in the early '40s dressed in slippers and trousers and jacket that neither matched nor fitted (73). Relatively poor as he was at that time, it is hard not to think Barea was making a deliberate point about the sort of person he was. In Faringdon, he nearly

always wore a beret, old pullovers and a raincoat, again suggesting adoption of roles as a foreign eccentric and a loner (74).

TRIPS ABROAD.

By the time Ilsa and he settled in Faringdon, Arturo Barea was a well-known writer. The trilogy was widely respected and successful on its post-war U.S. publication. He was able to enjoy some of the fruits of literary fame. In 1946 he was invited to lecture in Denmark, where he had a considerable following (the trilogy had been translated to Danish by Ilsa's sister). While there he called for sanctions and a blockade against Spain (75). A group of Danish intellectuals later mounted a newspaper campaign for him to be awarded the Nobel Prize (76). Given that he was neither Danish nor an outstanding writer, this seemed and seems curious; but is not so surprising, given a certain Scandinavian influence on the Nobel Prizes and that the Literature Prizes are often used as political gestures. Barea was internationally the best-known Spanish writer of the time and he was an opponent of the régime. But his moment passed; and the writer himself dismissed the campaign as not credible (77).

In 1952 he went for a six-month visiting professorship to Pennsylvania State College in Pittsburgh, not bad for someone who had left school at 13. Indeed he filled in on his Penn. State records card that he had been awarded a B.A. in 1913 -- at the age of 15! He travelled without Ilsa via New York, arriving

in February 1952. He taught four courses in 19th and 20th century Spanish literature and wanted to stay on for another year. But he was harrassed, along with other teachers, by the American Legion and Amvets as a 'red.' He was either not offered a renewal of contract or declined one (78).

While in the U.S.A. he continued to record his BBC talks, travelling to New York once a month to record four at a time under the title "Commentary from America" (79). Among his impressions from the United States is one interestingly evocative of Lorca: how in the New York traffic you feel like you are "falling into a moving machine which is trying to devour you." (80)

Towards the end of his life -- indeed the last time he left England -- the BBC sent him on a 48-day trip to South America (81). The 1951 Buenos Aires publication of the trilogy in three volumes sold 10,000 copies in the first few months. It was followed by *Lorca* and *La raíz rota*, bringing him into touch with a Spanish-speaking audience for the first time. Barea's tour was his apotheosis: he was fêted on an emotional wave of sympathy and gratitude for his books and broadcasts.

He arrived in Buenos Aires by plane on 15th April, 1956, later spending four days in Córdoba and four in Mendoza, before going to Santiago de Chile and Montevideo both for a week, reaching London again *via* Rio on June 1st. His time passed in a constant round of interviews, lunches and lectures. In Buenos Aires he was housed in the *Casa del escritor*, headquarters of the

Sociedad argentina de escritores. The report of the British Embassy in Buenos Aires explained:

> "[Barea's] main difficulty in Argentina was to avoid being feted, celebrated and worked to death by hordes of admirers and enthusiasts...Barea's visit was an unqualified success from the word go. I would not hesitate in saying that he was the most successful visitor we have had for many years." (82)

His visit also attracted the attention of the Spanish régime, its embassies and supporters, who mounted a counter-campaign, sneering at the "escritor inglés, Arturo Beria," referring to his acquired nationality and the supposed coincidence of his name and views with those of Stalin's henchman (83). In the Montevideo press a comical controversy blew up concerning comments Barea made about the famous aviator Ramón Franco, the first person to fly from Spain to Argentina and brother of the dictator. Barea had known Franco in the 1920s and remarked his habit of flying in the nude during the Moroccan war, which offended certain supporters of Ramón Franco's brother (84).

The reports of the various embassies to Madrid were, as could be expected, not complimentary. They noted that Barea mainly tackled literary themes, but did not avoid political ones when they arose. In Santiago, where he gave lectures on Unamuno and the contemporary Spanish novel, the leftists who went to see him were apparently disappointed at his not being sufficiently leftist:

> "Respondiendo a su nacionalidad británica adquirida, Barea ha hecho gala de una ecuanimidad y de una ponderación que no podía satisfacer ni a tiros ni a troianos." (85)

This hostile witness underlined that Barea was not politically very forthcoming and implied that he lacked 'spark': the other ambassadors thought this too. The Ministry concluded, with

disdain for an inadequate enemy, that Barea was not worth the trouble of a more concerted campaign. He was not to know of these assessments. He was never to return to Spain, but his reception in these Spanish-speaking countries moved and pleased him (86).

And he mattered to the people he met. Rodríguez Monegal wrote:

> "...las multitudes que lo escucharon y rodearon en su jira, los nuevos amigos que traían libros o programas de radio para firmar, los viejos amigos que volvían a encontrar al hombre después de las vicisitudes de tantos años, recibían de él, de su voz, ese mensaje de fe en la vida que no se expresaba por cierto en palabras abstractas sino en la descripción, menuda, cotidiana, de un pueblito, de un pájaro en primavera, de un árbol incordiado por el otoño." (87)

The warmth of his reception in South America melted, at least temporarily, the pessimism and fatalism he had expressed to Olive Renier and in *La raíz rota*.

LAST YEARS.

In his personal life too, during his last ten years, Barea seemed to find contentment, or at least reconciled himself to his situation. Joan Gili wrote:

> "They complemented each other beautifully. She [Ilsa] was the brilliant intellectual, and he [Arturo] was the intuitive eye of say 'I am a camera` of Christopher Isherwood." (88)

Olive Renier considered:

> "...he was not a particularly amiable man, often grumpy, and quite liable to take offence. The centre of his life was Ilse; he believed totally in her integrity and her commitment." (89)

However, Ilsa herself was neither especially well, nor happy, during these years, when an independent career for her failed to

take off (see Appendix 3). It is possible that she and Arturo grew apart. Some observers felt that she exerted too much control over her husband: she intervened in the lives of his nieces (90) and talked too much at meetings where he had been invited to speak (91). There are rumours that he became involved with another woman in Pennsylvania and that he considered staying with her in America; but that after leaving Aurelia for Ilsa, he felt unable to repeat such an experience (92). At this distance it has not been possible to sift different views, possibly motivated by misunderstandings or obscure resentments, of a relationship; and in the end, not especially relevant.

There are various and varying images of Arturo Barea in his last years; and all of them should be able to coexist as contradictory elements in a polyvalent character. The morose grumpy man, quick to take offence; the intelligent political and literary conversationalist, holding forth in the Majorca, at Buscot House or in cafés in Pennsylvania; the writer, listening intently, looking (as a little boy had looked into the *Café español* with his nose blurring the glass), questioning his nieces; the gregarious, friendly, sentimental man among men (the *persona* of his BBC talks), who liked a drink in working-class pubs and got in the front seat of taxis to chat with the driver; the cook who loved the house full of guests; he and Ilsa in harmony writing together at the big table in the front room under the oil lamps at Middle Lodge; the lonely exile wandering with his dog in the woods.

Barea had survived his near-fatal time in Madrid and achieved in his writing what he had doubted was possible. He died suddenly from a heart attack in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, 1957, in the presence of Ilsa and his sister Concha, whom he was seeing for the first time in 20 years. He was cremated and his ashes scattered at Middle Lodge. Later, Olive Renier arranged for a plaque to him and Ilsa in Faringdon churchyard (93).

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NOTES.

1. FR, p.800

2. WAC (Written Archive Centre, BBC).

3. Barea, Arturo, 'Final,' broadcast on Latin American service, BBC, 14/5/45 (WAC).

4. Barea, Arturo, 'Vacaciones,' broadcast (WAC, 30/3/47).

5. Barea, Arturo, 'Señora Smith,' (WAC, 18/3/46).

6. Barea, Arturo, 'Final,' (WAC, 14/5/45). See also 'Señora Smith' in Appendix 4 for the Bareas' months in Hertfordshire.

7. Barea, Ilsa. Letter to the BBC, 25/7/39. (WAC)

8. Barea, Arturo. Letter, 14/7/40. (WAC)

9. Weeden, Margaret, 'The Arturo Barea Story,' *En Australia y Nueva Zelanda*, October 1991, published by the Spanish Embassy, Canberra, Australia.
Margaret Weeden's view of Ilsa and Arturo's relationship during this period is supported by the insight of Gerald Brenan, who met them a little later: "Ilsa, calm and mature, the perfect wife and mother figure, had kept him going". (Brenan, Gerald, 'An Honest Man,' *The New York Review of Books*, 6/3/75.

10. Margaret Rink (later Weeden) was a colleague of Ilsa Barea's at the BBC Monitoring Service.

11. The atmosphere of the BBC Monitoring Service, including comments on Arturo Barea, can be found in Rubinstein and Renier, *Assigned to listen*, (BBC 1986).

12. Weeden, Margaret, 'The Arturo Barea Story,' *art.cit.*

13. Ibid.

14. Interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

15. For more on Ilsa's parents, see Appendix 3.
For further information on Fladbury, see Renier, Olive, *Before the Bonfire* (London 1984), pp.100-101, e.g.:
"With another colleague, Margaret Rink, they [Arturo & Ilse] found a ramshackle house in Fladbury, a village near Woodnorton. Ilse's elderly parents (released from internment) were there, too, and other people came and went -- Spanish, Austrian, English. "Come to supper," they said to us...and we could expect to get a Spanish omelette of giant proportions, or fried egges, done in the Spanish way, or paella, or one of Arturo's special roasts (so different from English roast meats), followed on special occasions by profiterolles made by Ilse's mother, and washed down with beer or wine according to the state of finances and supplies. Accompanied, too, by a torrent of conversation in four languages. Arturo spoke French and English equally badly and lapsed into Spanish when pressed. "Leche", he would yell..."

16. Lynam, Joan. Letter 29/6/40 (WAC).

17. Stuckey, Peter. Letter 12/7/40 (WAC).

18. Weeden, Margaret. Letter to me, 1/11/92.

19. Barea, Arturo. Letter 23/5/41 (WAC).

20. Barea, Arturo. Letter 20/12/40 (WAC).

21. Interview with Leonor Rodríguez Barea, Madrid 23/6/90.

22. Barea, Arturo, *The Broken Root*. Page 31 suggests something of Barea's mixed feelings of anguish and guilt about those he left behind in Spain.

23. *The Broken Root*, p.56.

24. Sir Peter Chalmers-Mitchell (born 1866) was British consul at Málaga at the outbreak of the Civil War. He attempted unsuccessfully to save Arthur Koestler from arrest, a story told in *My house at Málaga*. He was a strong supporter of the Spanish Republic. In his youth, he had not been so liberal and had quarrelled with H.G.Wells, a friend from medical school, over the latter's support for Oscar Wilde.

25. Fyvel, Tosco in: Barea A., *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*, p.5.

26. FR, pp.742, 743, 747 *inter al*

27. Bates, Ralph, 'Arturo Barea,' *The Nation*, July 15, 1947.

28. Barea, Arturo. Letter, 21/1/55 (WAC).

29. Lynam, Joan. Letter, 29/6/49 (WAC).

30. Barea, Ilsa. Letter, 25/7/39 (WAC). See Note 7 above.

31. Swaffer, Hannen, 'Foreign Office Mystery,' *Daily Herald*, 3/6/41, p.2.

32. Mansell, Gerald, *Let truth be told*, (London 1982), pp.166-167.

33. Ibid. p.167.

34. Lord Templewood (formerly Sir Samuel Hoare) was part of the large tendency within the Conservative Party who had been 1930s appeasers of Nazism, consequently in favour of 'non-intervention' in the Spanish Civil War and of a 'separate peace' with Germany against the Soviet Union. It is very possible that Templewood was working in Madrid to this latter end. Although appeasement of Hitler had ended, the same attitudes and policy persisted towards Franco. Hoare, Sir Samuel, *Ambassador on special mission*, (London 1959).

35. Mansell, Gerald, *op.cit.*, p.168. Mansell says that the BBC official who actually said the immortal words "We do not employ reds" was H.Duckworth Barker.

36. 'Los séis elefantes blancos,' broadcast 28.10.40 (WAC).

37. Weeden, Margaret, 'The Arturo Barea Story,' *art.cit.*.

38. Rubinstein and Renier, *op.cit.*.

39. Of Barea's c. 800 radio scripts, about 80 (all from the period 1941 to 1947) have survived in the WAC at Caversham. See Appendix 4 for an example of one of them.

40. Lyon Young, H., internal BBC memo, 26/4/46 (WAC).

41. Letter to me from Margaret Weeden, 29/10/92.

42. Letter from J.Camacho to W.Stirling, 10/10/44 (WAC).

43. Letter from Ilsa Barea to J.B.Clark, 1/1/58 (WAC).

44. Letter from Arturo Barea to J.B. Clark, Director of External Broadcasting, BBC, 21/5/55, in reply to a letter of congratulation on having done 750 talks (WAC).

45. Letter from C.V. Salmon, 2/8/40 (WAC).

46. Letter from P.H. Newby, 26/6/53 (WAC).

47. 'The Scissors' was published in *Horizon* in 1941 and appeared as 'Las tijeras' in *El centro de la pista*.

48. Barea, Arturo, 'Gabriela Mistral,' broadcast 21/8/44 (WAC).

49. Barea, Arturo. Letter, 4/10/43 (WAC).

50. Brenan, Gerald, 'An Honest Man,' *art.cit.*, p.4.

51. The opening chapters of *La raíz rota* provide background to the Majorca.

52. Letter to me from Maruja Wallich, February 1995. The view of Barea's youngest niece is that Barea never adjusted to life in England and that Ilsa made his life a misery in later years and strangled his literary talent.

53. Letter to me from Joan Gili, 6/3/90.

54. Note Barea's essay 'Ortega and Madariaga' and my comments in Chapter 8.

55. This social patriotism comes out in several broadcasts, for example 10/11/40, 13/5/45, 3/6/45 *inter al*. See Appendix 4, too.

56. Barea, Arturo, 'The indivisibility of Freedom,' in *Freedom for Spain* (Socialist Vanguard, London 1945), p.12.

57. Ibid. p.12.

58. Ibid. p.13.

59. Ibid. p.14.

60. Barea, Arturo, *SPAIN in the post-war world*, (Fabian Publications, London 1945), p.15.

61. Barea, Arturo, *The Broken Root*, p.29.

62. Ibid. p.30.

63. Interview with Gladys Langham, Margaret and Bill Carter, 14/11/89.

64. Ibid.

65. Letter to me from Olive Renier, 6/8/92.

66. Ibid.

67. Interview with Gladys Langham, Margaret and Bill Carter, (14/11/89).

68. Ibid.

69. Letter to me from Roland Gant, 14/6/90.

70. "Fortunately, he had not lost his old love for books, and the inexhaustible English literature became his refuge and his best teacher of the language. Even if he could never get rid of his accent or pronounce some of the more abstruse sounds, he had no difficulty in talking with people after the first couple of years." *The Broken Root*, p.28.

71. Brenan and Weeden, *arts.cits.*.

72. Letter from Roland Gant, 14/6/90; interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

73. Interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

74. Interview with Gladys Langham, Margaret and Bill Carter, 14/11/89; and with Olive Renier, 6/7/92.

75. Letter from the Duque de Primo de Rivera, Spanish Ambassador in London, 6/6/56. (4850-3, Archive of the *Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores*, Madrid).

76. Press statement by Penn. State University, February 1952 (University Archives).

77. Ibid.

78. Letter to me from Professor Gerald Moser, 12/10/90; and Penn. State Archives.

79. Opoczenski, Ginger, 'Americans' Activity Astonishes Spaniard,' *The Daily Collegian*, Penn. State, 28/2/52.

80. Ibid.

81. I have used two sources for this tour: the various letters and press cuttings in the WAC of the BBC; and a file containing correspondence from and to the Spanish Embassies in the countries he visited, as well as some press cuttings, in the *Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores* archive in Madrid.

82. Letter from unnamed official of the British Embassy, Buenos Aires, 15/5/56 (WAC).

83. Sarcastic hostile leaflets were printed publicising lectures by 'Mister Arthur Barea ("Beria")'. An article was written on the same theme ("El ex no combatiente, ex madrileño y ex español..." etc.etc.) in the *Nuevo Correo*, Buenos Aires, 28/4/56. (R5048-11, Archive of the *Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores*, Madrid).

84. Article in *El País*, Montevideo, 28/5/56, by General Larre Borges.

85. Letter from Spanish Ambassador in Chile, 22/5/56.

86. Córdoba tape.

87. Rodríguez Monegal, Emir, 'Arturo Barea, una voz,' transcript of a radio broadcast, 29.12.57, in possession of Margaret Weeden.

88. Letter to me from Joan Gili, 6/3/90.

89. Letter to me from Olive Renier, 6/8/92.

90. This is the opinion of Maruja Wallich (Letter, February 1995) and Bill Carter (Interview, 14/11/89).

91. Letter to me from Professor Ian Michael, 10/1/90.

92. Letter to me from Maruja Wallich, February 1995.

93. Letter to me from Olive Renier, 6/8/92.

CHAPTER 8

CRITICISM AND STORIES.

This chapter discusses Barea's literary criticism and the short stories he wrote during his time in England. Although most of this work is completely unknown, it is not for that reason second-rate. Some is: there are both stories and essays of little value or interest, except for the vicarious light cast on Barea and his other work. In this category falls the book *Unamuno*, for instance. But many of the essays and some of the stories are among his best work: indeed *Lorca* and such stories as *Las tijeras* and *El centro de la pista* were written within his great creative period of 1937 - 1944. But he wrote well later too, when his imaginative powers were in decline, especially the introduction to *The Hive* (1952); stories like *Madrid entre ayer y hoy* or *Física aplicada*, both of which date from 1948; or two discussed in more detail below, *Agua bajo el puente* (1947) and *La lección* (1957). Unlike *La raíz rota*, these later stories were mostly throwbacks to his infancy and so recover much of the mood and intensity of Barea's best book, *La forja*.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

Barea was a good critic, mainly because he was interested in who reads books. Unlike most critics who pass through University Philology or Literature Faculties, Barea did not take it for granted that people read books. As such, a continuous, vital thread through his criticism is the consideration of how people

come to read books, why and what for, a thread given added tautness, no doubt, because his own books were unread by his chosen public.

Barea's criticism was not hack or contract work he did for a living (though some was indeed commissioned), but arose directly from his own needs and interests. As such, his articles tend to be well-worked and thought out, somewhat more durable than novelists' normal literary journalism. Chapter 3 discussed how his coming to terms with what realism was in other writers, such as Baroja and Hemingway, helped his own artistic attitudes and practice mature. The crucial struggle through which he passed in Paris during 1938 was absolutely vital for his development as a writer. All his subsequent critical writing was therefore solidly based on his own view of what writing should be, stemming from that 1938 crisis. To put it another way: his critical writing looked at other writings through the lens of what he had discovered about his own literary needs and style. His great gift of detachment came into play here too: i.e. he did not fall into the subjectivist trap of just appreciating those who wrote like him. But his touchstone was his own particular sort of social realism, whether coming from the American tradition through Dos Passos and Hemingway or the Spanish through Baroja and Sender.

Thus, Barea's first article, on Hemingway (see Chapter 3), enabled him to define the sort of realism he wished to write and had already written (*La forja*) at that time (1): one which broke with surface description and went "below the surface of things" (2).

His second critical article was a long sympathetic and perceptive review of Brenan's *The Spanish Labyrinth* (3). Within the review, he accurately pinpointed a defect in Brenan's great achievement: a certain overplaying of the role of the anarchists and lack of understanding of the importance of the UGT in the development of working-class and peasant organisation in Spain outside Catalonia and Andalucia, especially in Madrid. His argument here illustrates another general strand in Barea's literary criticism: he brought to bear his own political experience. This was true not only of the essays more partial to political comment such as the one on Brenan, but was also a constant theme in his literary articles and books.

It is, of course, ironic that someone so hostile to intellectuals as Barea should have become a literary critic at all. This is merely to confirm that he was anti-élitist and anti-ivory tower rather than anti-intellectual. As mentioned before, he reacted strongly and against privilege, in literature as in society: whether it was the Generation of '27's interest in 'high art' or the pro-Stalin social realists who promoted the 1937 Valencia Writers' Congress. (Indeed some of the protagonists of these two movements were the same, such as Alberti or Bergamín).

Barea's evolution from poacher to game-keeper shows how he himself changed: for one could hardly call Cyril Connolly and *Horizon* any less élitist or "ivory-tower" than the Spanish contemporaries he had earlier spurned. But Connolly was both broad enough in his editorial policy to welcome socialist rough diamonds like Barea and perceptive enough to invite Barea, by

1941 winning a name for himself, to contribute.

Barea never set himself up as a critic, writing about all and sundry. His articles, essays and books are spin-offs from his other work, always reflecting his interests. As is to be expected with him, his critical writing is almost wholly about Spain or Spanish writers, except for a few South Americans (4). In fact, Barea's greatest literary achievement apart from the trilogy was in this field of criticism: the book *Lorca the poet and his people*.

SPANISH NOVELS.

In a number of articles, Barea commented on the Spanish novel as it was evolving within Spain under Franco. He noted the early development of the régime's desire to clean its fascist face:

> "The days when Falangists applauded Millán Astray's shout: 'Down with the intelligentsia' are long past".(5)

In *New writing in Franco Spain*, Barea explained the censorship rules (6). A book which had been approved by the censors before publication could still be censored AFTER publication, so forcing its withdrawal from market. This second censorship was especially damaging, as it kept publishers in continual doubt and of course lost them money. The consequent conservatism and caution of publishers during the 1940s meant that even if interesting novels were being written, they were unlikely to be published.

Barea was not only a commentator. He attempted to intervene in policy. In a 1947 letter, he attacked a broadcast on the Third

Programme by Walter Starkie:

"I claim that the otherwise interesting talk broadcast by Prof. Starkie suffers from limiting its scope because of underlying political considerations." (7)

Barea based his argument on Starkie's omission of the influence of Antonio Machado and Valle-Inclán on post-war Spain, because "they do not happen to be personae gratae" (8) and his silence on Sender. Starkie "failed to give any picture of the type of writing inside Spain" (9). Barea's letter shows his main interest: what writers tell us about their society.

Barea was himself particularly enthusiastic about two books which did get published and have remained famous to this day: *La familia de Pascual Duarte* (1943) by Camilo José Cela (like Barea, an ex-censor) and Carmen Laforet's *Nada* (1945). This latter is, for Barea, a "depressing and revolting" autobiographical novel about post-war Barcelona, full of descriptions of mad and hysterical people (10).

"The staggering thing about the book, apart from its popularity, is the cool acceptance of this sort of life as normal." (11)

Barea believed that a totally non-political novel like *Nada* expressed the misery of post-war Spain.

"She [Laforet] arrived in the city of the victors, and wrote down what she saw: the blurred picture of violence turned inwards." (12)

Barea finds a kinship between this *blurred picture* and the "heaped-up horrors" of Cela's first novel (13). The terrible tale of the impoverished and brutish Pascual Duarte is in the tradition of the Spanish satirists who described corruption at all levels of society whilst affirming, to cover themselves, that the book was meant as a deterrent. This "slashing social satire"

describes, for Barea, "a deadly, impossible world in which the oppression became tangible and material." (14)

It is the same nightmare atmosphere that will be found in the Madrid of *La raíz rota*. And there is little doubt that Barea is right, not only in his literary judgment in raising these two books above their contemporaries, but also in that, despite the censorship, they represented a truthful picture of a defeated country or one which had suffered "a deceptive victory, without faith and the fresh air of discussion" (15). Barea showed considerable maturity and judgment in his moderate evaluation of what was being written in Spain, avoiding the pitfalls of dismissing everything written inside the country or of evaluating what he read solely by political criteria. He saw that literature even under mass poverty and repression could tell the truth about the state of society; and as such placed himself solidly in the line of social literary criticism, theorised so brilliantly by Lukács (16). For Barea a book's literary quality was not separated or abstracted from what it told you about a particular society. But nevertheless he showed disappointment with post-war literature from within Spain. He did not have time to live to see the magnificent rebirth of the novel in the 1960s and '70s. But he was posthumously proved right in his hope that the "...herida espiritual [de la guerra] se hará arte creador." (17)

Cela is praised in all of Barea's literary essays as "the only important novelist so far produced by the post-Civil War generation" (18). He was able to write the introduction to Cela's most famous novel *La colmena*, published in English translation

in 1953 as *The Hive*, where Barea once again insists on Cela's place in the Spanish novelistic tradition, because of his grim realism, the picaresque pastiche and "the note of hunger" and fear which runs down the centuries through Spanish literature to Cela (19).

Barea quotes Cela as saying that novels in Spain today could only be written in the "slice-of-life" style of *La colmena*. Barea notes that this is a crude sort of realism, which clashes with his own view of a more psychological realism. But, he suggests, no other way of writing is feasible in present Spain:

> "...[A]ny modern Spanish psychological novel would be lopsided unless it included the harsh domination of hunger, misery and unsafety in their humdrum forms." (20)

Cela's early books, for Barea, were masterpieces of bitterness and a protest against the conditions of life. Barea's way of evaluating them was to measure his response to their power: to let himself feel the truth of their descriptions. The degradation of Pascual Duarte is perhaps no greater than that of Viance in Sender's *Imán* (1930), only 12 years before. But Cela's books of "loss of human dignity" showed that nothing had changed for the better and gave Barea hope that great truthful literature (and thus hope) could be produced even in the darkest years of the dictatorship (21).

Barea also wrote a long essay on the evolution of Spanish literature from the 1920s through to 1953 (22). Barea's approach is exceptional among literary critics. He focuses on illiteracy and hunger. He discusses how, in the late '20s, cheap mass editions started to be available and sensationalist sex and

violence novels began to be devoured by a newly literate working-class. But also popular was "rebellion in any shape or form" (23): German and Russian novels of revolt poured out in bad translations. These translations undoubtedly were a large part of Barea's own reading matter as well as the mass experience of a generation hungry for books. He connects this new mass literature to the marginalisation of the literary figures famous among the élite: Baroja, Azorín and Benavente, who by the late '20s had no literary or cultural impact at all on the masses. "They were merely famous and successful," Barea comments with an ironic dryness uncommon in him (24).

This article praises Sender whose "bizarre, harsh" language of "violent action" succeeded in describing the new workers' movements of the 30s (25). In a separate essay on Sender he acknowledges his debt to the Aragonese writer, especially in relation to *Imán* (see Chapter 5), though tantalisingly he hardly refers to the monumental *Crónica del alba*, so evocative of Barea's own work in its autobiographical account of a gifted, rebellious child.

His essay on Sender ends with this conclusion:

> "His unique place in Spanish literature -- and, so I believe, in the contemporary novel -- [is due to] a fusion of the elements of naturalism, symbolism, and idealistic faith." (26)

Throughout Sender's work there is a bizarre often vivid coexistence of realistic accounts with symbolic visions, the excess of which makes his worst novels like *Epitalamio para la señora Trinidad* hard to swallow. This was the very novel whose English translation Barea's essay on Sender prefaces. Barea

praised the development in Sender from 1930s chronicler of popular movements to what he sees romantically as "a modest hope born from a ruthless recognition of the ugliness and violence in our world" (27). Barea highlights Sender's post-war movement away from realism towards "idealistic faith".

Here is not the place to enter into the applicability of Barea's comments to Sender's work. In citing them, the purpose is to support the argument of Chapter 7 that by the late 1940s Barea's thinking had developed away from a socialist belief in the possibility of collective struggle to change the status quo -- a belief that infuses the early Sender and the Barea of the trilogy. Barea's comment on "hope born from...recognition of...violence" is reminiscent of the end of Barea's own *La raíz rota* (see Chapter 9), where among death and despair some frail hope in human goodness arises. But, both here in talking of Sender and on the last page of *La raíz rota*, Barea's views ring false. He presents no concrete basis for this hope except sentimentality and wishful thinking. As he moved away from the socialist movement, his belief in a human future became more abstract. These comments on Sender and his own hollow attempt to express the same in *La raíz rota* demonstrate the creative and intellectual impasse that Barea had reached by the late 1940s. In this sense it is true to say, along with Marra-López:

> "[Barea] Vacío ya de su ser, al morir era un escritor sin futuro, que intentaba, como un principiante, balbucir palabras excesivamente ingenuas y manidas." (28)

But the reason for his increasing emptiness and recurrence to vague "universal values" lay in his progressive distancing from the impulse of revolt and rebellion which burned in the 1937 -

1944 period, in the trilogy and *Lorca*. His artistic sterility, shown in the decline from the trilogy to *La raíz rota*, was matched by an intellectual stagnation. He did indeed die as a writer without a future.

LORCA, THE POET AND HIS PEOPLE .

Before reaching this low-point in the late 1940s, Barea wrote the best and longest of his critical essays, *Lorca the poet and his people*, in which he returned to the immediate Spanish past. He wrote this study for *Horizon* and reworked it for publication in book form in 1944 (29). He was consciously seeking to explain Lorca to an English-speaking audience: as such the book is an early example of cross-cultural studies, comparing different modes of viewing death and sex in Spain and Britain and seeking to integrate them with politics. The particular moment of politicised culture and Barea's position as an exile seeking to explain his own country combined to produce an excellent and intense book.

Ramón J. Sender commented of it:

> "Barea made a brilliant analysis, disengaging himself from ...wordy virtuosity." (30)

Sender's point is true of all Barea's criticism: direct and unpretentious. In the fifty years since the publication of *Lorca*, a massive amount has been written about the poet, but Barea's book stands the test of time: both because it is source material, giving a first-hand reaction to Lorca, and it avoids 'wordy virtuosity'.

Lorca is source material in the sense that it charts the reactions of Lorca's contemporaries to his plays and poetry:

> "I myself never knew Federico García Lorca, though he was of my generation. I did not belong to his set. But I belonged to his public, the people, and it is the people's Lorca whom I know." (31)

In *La llama*, in a passage probably written after *Lorca*, Barea referred to the impact of Lorca's poetry on semi-literate *milicianos* (32). *Lorca* opens by describing the special place of the poet in the minds of these peasants and workers, who, in taking up arms to defend themselves in 1936, opened their minds to political and cultural life. Thus, *Lorca* was a part of the task Barea set himself in *La forja de un rebelde* of charting the life of his generation.

The brief 67-page *Lorca* has three chapters: *The poet and the people*, *The poet and sex* and *The poet and death*. In the first, Barea analyses the *Romance de la Guardia Civil Española* in the form of an explanation to a *miliciano* of its meaning:

> "He [the militia-man] would produce a tattered copy of Lorca's *Romancero Gitano*, filthy with the grease of the trenches, and say: 'Explain this to me. I can feel what it means and I know it by heart, but I can't explain it.`" (33)

Barea's argument, in brief, is that Lorca had little interest in politics. Indeed his writings often have an apparently conservative message, yet Lorca's impact was not conservative:

> "...a great part of his work is 'popular` in the sense that it touched his people as though with the full charge of their own half-conscious feelings...The emotional forces he released became part of the shapeless revolutionary movements of Spain whether he intended or not...his work became a banner to the Spanish masses." (34)

Barea explains this conundrum through the concrete exegesis of the *Romance de la Guardia Civil Española*, showing how the *miliciano* felt the romantic tale of the *Guardia Civil* and the

gypsies as the clash between the State and the peasants:

"...they [the peasants] came to hate the Civil Guard with that bitter personal hatred which it is difficult to feel for an impersonal system." (35)

To illustrate how Lorca, without political comment or deliberate political intent, touched the emotions of workers and peasants, Barea looks at several other poems through the prism of their impact on semi-literate people he met during the Civil War.

Barea's second chapter *The poet and sex* comments on the plays, *Bodas de Sangre* and *Yerma*.

"Lorca...felt the emotions at the root of the Spanish sexual code so deeply that in his art he magnified them until traditional values came alive with disquieting significance." (36)

Barea considers that the plays' productions overseas had failed because foreign spectators could only understand them intellectually and 'not through the swift, piercing associations and sensations...produced in a Spanish public` (37). This chapter of analysis of the traditional Spanish sexual code, based on 'masculine honour and [female] virginity,' suggests that Lorca's plays are a *reductio ad absurdum* of Spanish sexual repression (38).

"I do not mean to convey that Spaniards are like this or that their sexual relations in everyday life conform to this pattern. But this is how the common Spaniard sees himself, and how he feels he is or ought to be. And here lies Lorca's immense power: he makes those obscure sediments of popular Spanish tradition visible with such an emotional impact that he clarifies them. It may be -- perhaps -- a step towards clearing them away." (39)

After reading *La forja de un rebelde*, one cannot read such a passage as the above without thinking of Barea's own personal trajectory (40).

The third chapter examines Lorca's treatment of death. Barea

argues that in Spanish culture there is a different attitude to death than in England:

"[In England]...everyday life is protected by a taboo on the mention of death...Perpetual consciousness of death gives Spaniards a deep interest in the manner of their death. They feel, like Lorca's gypsies, that they want to die in dignity." (41)

Barea maintains that Lorca had to struggle against his fear of annihilation, exacerbated by his inability to accept the easy message of an after-life.

"Lorca did not even try to mitigate the fear and terror of individual death by the consolation of religion. In him the spiritual intimacy with death bred an utter clarity of vision -- 'the ice to his song`, said Machado -- which heightened his reaction to the living world but forbade him to blind himself to the finality of individual death." (42)

Barea compares Lorca to Unamuno, the subject of Barea's final book. Both had a religious sensibility, i.e. a desire for immortality, without the ability to believe in an after-life:

"[Unamuno's]...'tragic sense of life` made him equally incapable of resigning himself to his final death as an individual and of deceiving himself into believing in a survival or resurrection of his individual life." (43)

DISTORTION

Barea's line of criticism places him among those who were accused of using the dead poet for political or partisan ends. Martínez Nadal had written from exile as early as 1939:

"No less to be censured is the tendentiousness of certain English circles, who seek to make of Lorca a *popular* poet in the class sense, instead of, as he is, the poet of the Spanish people, in the racial sense. No protest can be too strong against this use of Lorca's name for purposes of propaganda." (44)

Later, an internal critic Ynduráin argued that:

"[Barea en *Lorca*] quiere hacer pasar al llorado poeta granadino por un poeta del proletariado en su lucha contra la opresión y la crueldad." (45)

In fact Barea's critique is a curious mixture of the racial and class approach. When he is talking of a special Spanish understanding of sex and death, he is veering towards the folkloric "racial" Lorca. But in his description of the impact of Lorca on the poor, Barea offers a "class" interpretation. It is a subtly made one, too, avoiding the pitfall of propagandistic distortion precisely because it bases itself on the impact of the poet on the twice-hungry people, for the first time thinking in the Revolution of 1936. Barea's concreteness again makes his case and avoids propagandism.

UNAMUNO.

At first hand, it seems unusual that Barea, a Republican exile, a UGT member close to the Communist Party during the first part of the Civil War, should take a positive interest in Unamuno. For at the outbreak of the war, Unamuno declared himself in favour of the military uprising and was stripped by the Republic of his public positions. He was at once confirmed as Rector of Salamanca University by the Nationalists. He became a target of hatred in revolutionary Madrid, all the more intense because he was seen as a traitor to the Republic he had fought for throughout his famous exile during the Primo de Rivera dictatorship.

Nevertheless, his famous speech of October 12, 1936, an act of legendary courage, again altered both the position and the popular perception of Unamuno. Face to face with Millán Astray

(a man who, in general, and very specifically for Barea -- see Chapter 5 --, incarnated reaction), Unamuno rose to attack the General personally and the military rebellion in general (46). He was stripped of his Rectorate by the Nationalists. It was allegoric of Unamuno's independence of mind and refusal to go with the flow that in three months he should be sacked by both sides. And he died in melancholy despair just 80 days later.

Despite Unamuno's contradictoriness (ambivalence is not the word, for Unamuno never doubted, but flung himself whole-heartedly at any position he adopted), he became influential after the war among Spanish exiles. There were several reasons: his own exile, the precursor of their own; his very independence, which many of the exiles (Barea included) felt on reflection they themselves had not maintained among the Communists; his identification with the quest to investigate the nature of Spain, given even greater impulse after the Civil War than 40 years previously after the defeat in Cuba and the Philippines.

Nevertheless, Barea's book (little more than an extended essay, 51 pages in the English version and 69 in the Spanish) is uninspired. The TLS reviewer commented that it gave an exact idea of Unamuno's writings but "rather a frigid picture" of the man:

> "He [Barea] obviously sympathises with him [Unamuno] much less than with García Lorca...We are not told of the powerful swing of the master's prose nor of the marvellous string of perhaps legendary anecdotes." (47)

Unamuno reads like the commission it was: its dryness and lack of passion make it unattractive and so a failure in its purpose of stimulating university students' interest in Unamuno. It

reflects the drying up of Barea's imagination and the stultification of his political views, rather than any antipathy to his subject. For we have the word of Ilsa that Unamuno was an impassioned theme of Barea's conversation (48).

Unamuno, like *Lorca*, is divided into three chapters. The first deals with Unamuno's background and upbringing and focuses on the 1890s, when Unamuno transcended the conflict in his mind between Spanish tradition and opening to Europe, by adopting the idea of fighting for a new Spain yet to be born. The second chapter tackles Unamuno's "tragic sense of life," which Barea defines as essentially the desire for immortality in conflict with the rational belief it does not exist. The third chapter "The Poet in Unamuno" explains Unamuno's desire to be a great writer and his realisation that his talent as a poet was slight. Barea maintains (and it is hard to disagree, though the TLS reviewer did) that the characters in Unamuno's novels are on the whole shadowy, little but mouthpieces for his ideas.

Barea shared Unamuno's bloody-mindedness and independence. If Unamuno was talking to a monarchist, he would attack the King; to a catholic, attack the Church; to an atheist, praise God. And so on. This independence of mind, combining with great intellectual range and ability, is attractive -- at a distance. Barea concludes that Unamuno's greatness resides in this honest independence and his ability to reveal his conflicts "with moral courage and integrity". He was "a thinker who teaches how to turn conflict, contradiction and despair into a source of strength." (49)

This final sentence of the book returns again to the terrain noted earlier, in connection with Sender and *La raíz rota*, of hope arising amidst the worst of circumstances. But Barea again signally fails to demonstrate this in the text. His views on Unamuno are commonplace and unobjectionable, but the book is not "source material" in the sense that *Lorca* is, and fails to show why Unamuno's stature was so great.

As well as *Unamuno*, Barea wrote a brief essay on two other contemporary thinkers, *Ortega and Madariaga*. It was part of a series in the Chicago *University Observer* to explain the renaissance of Christian Democracy as a political force in post-war Europe. Barea has no time for Ortega's conservative theories of how Spain could be saved by intellectual élites. He saw Unamuno's struggle for a new Spain as a much more honest and democratic enterprise. The apparently rational and liberal Ortega based himself on a traditional view of order in society, which bore no relation to modern realities such as big industry or mass movements.

He saw Madariaga as an epigone of Ortega, trying to apply Ortega's general views more practically in the political arena. Both denied equality of opportunity for the poor on the basis that there was a natural order of things, a hierarchic principle, more important than class and economics in the structure of society. Barea concludes with his usual reference to the touchstone of his own experience:

> "My own life -- the memory of my uncle who had been a laborer and felt an almost religious reverence for the articulate knowledge inaccessible to him, and the memory of unlettered peasants and olive field workers who learned how to read and

write in our trenches -- makes me believe that Madariaga's passive *people* is a fiction, a fragment of his hierarchical beliefs." (50)

STORIES.

During his time in England, Barea wrote a number of short stories, from *Mister One*, which dates from April 1939 and is discussed in Chapter 2, to *La lección*, written in Autumn 1957. 14 of the best of these were collected by Ilsa Barea in *El centro de la pista*, published in Madrid three years after Barea's death (51).

These stories have been barely mentioned by critics: not surprisingly, as they were published at a time (1960) when the impact of Barea's trilogy had waned, and within Spain -- where he was unknown except to a few hundred readers of works published abroad. They were not re-issued at the time of the first Spanish publication of the trilogy (1977) and were only republished in a limited edition in a series of Extremaduran writers (1988). It has been treated as a second-rank book by a second-rate writer.

The book should not be so easily dismissed. It is different from his previous volume of stories *Valor y miedo*, in that its style is much more lyrical and subject-matter more varied. Its main problem, which it shares with *Valor y miedo*, is that very few of the stories are short stories in the proper sense of the word. Although they are usually longer and fuller than Barea's first book's sketches, they often lack the twist, plot, personality or ending that creates a satisfying short story.

La rifa, for example, describes how a young poor girl uses her mother's money to win a *duro* in the market lottery. It contains a subtle account of the relationships within a family; and, exception which proves the rule, is not autobiographical. Barea tells the story with considerable skill from the points of view of the 7-year old girl, her older sister and her mother. The story as story, however, does not work because Barea does not know how to end it. The ending is sudden and confused. Thus it misses being a story and becomes more a slice-of-life chunk of description, just like the fascinating account of characters from his childhood *Madrid entre ayer y hoy*.

In general, Barea did not have the particular gift of compression necessary in a short-story writer. He knew how to order material, indeed to express a lot in a very short space (see analyses of parts of *La ruta* and *La llama* in Chapters 5 and 6), but in the trilogy his effects are mostly created by contrasting events and contexts developed over many pages.

The stories are of great interest to anyone who has read *La forja de un rebelde* and wants to delve deeper into Barea's mental world; and some of them are indeed accomplished. Nine of the 14 could have fitted into *La forja de un rebelde*, mostly *La forja*, -- a fact which once again shows the unity of all Barea's work -- just as most of the incidents of *Valor y miedo* would have fitted into *La llama*. Like *Lorca*, the stories are footnotes to Barea's novelised autobiography, feeding from the same source of his life in Spain and, in most cases, of his childhood (52).

El cono and *Agua bajo el puente* attack social injustice in the countryside. The events date (as there is no evidence he ever invented anything substantial) from Barea's time working on an estate in the late 1920s or his months at Novés in 1935/6. *El testamento* describes the folly of waiting to inherit wealth; *El huerto* attacks snobbery in Córdoba, where Barea had family; *Madrid entre ayer y hoy*, the social changes accompanying the introduction of running water in the first years of the century; *Física aplicada*, like the sinister *Las tijeras*, is about children playing.

LA LECCIóN

For anyone with some knowledge of Barea's trajectory, the 7-page *La lección* is a story imbued with his longing for the past, a longing expressed in its language. In the following extract, for example, phrases like "la Abuela Grande," "como la llamábamos" and "sus buenos" contribute to an atmosphere of tender memory:

> "...la Abuela Grande, como la llamábamos...medía sus buenos dos metros y tal vez algún centímetro de regalo." (53)

The longing is also expressed in the almost obsessive description of detail, such as "...mi hermana, con sus trenzas tiesas atadas con cintitas rojas..." and the subsequent description of the railway station (54). The cinematic intensity of Barea's externally seen, naturalist descriptions not only creates (as is to be expected) a vivid *costumbrista* picture of old Madrid, but also a subjective world of emotive memory. As in *La forja*, the realist Barea at times seems closer to Proust than Baroja. The reason lies in this excess of vision, this extreme detail, which

gives a subjective, emotional tinge to the descriptions.

The protagonist of *La lección* is Barea's own grandmother (55). Barea succeeds in combining a comic and affectionate tone with the intensity of description. The story ends satisfyingly with a twist; and then is beautifully and economically rounded off with the author's own later experience, putting his "grandmother's lesson" (the story's English title) into practice. It is a classic lesson of individualism and pride:

> "'Al que se hace de miel, se lo coman las moscas. Para andar por la vida hay que no dejarse pisar por nadie. Es la única forma de que le respetan a uno...'" (56)

AGUA BAJO EL PUENTE.

An altogether rougher and harder story is *Agua bajo el puente*. Also autobiographical, it is an excellent political story, beautifully and subtly written, which in 11 pages succeeds in explaining why the poor peasantry supported the Republic and would fight to defend their gains in the Civil War. Its style is more sober and spare than *La lección's*, though it does not abandon the conversational, confiding voice common to several of the stories of *El centro de la pista*.

The story is set on an early summer's day in 1931 and recalls the circumstances around the killing of a hated *cacique*, Don Antonio. There are three versions of events: that of the self-satisfied right-wing magistrate with a "boca de hombre débil," of the Civil Guard who does not like the new régime but is prepared to cut his

coat to fit, and of the narrator's friend the shoemaker who is revealed to have played a decisive part in the killing. The magistrate is an appalling amateur writer of exaggerated journalism, a baroque style associated with petty provincial dignitaries and alien to Barea's spare style and directness.

The true reason for Don Antonio's murder is clear (though a sharper sexual motive is also implied):

> "[Don Antonio]...manipulaba a maravilla las elecciones, los concejos municipales, los guardias civiles y la gente de alta categoría...En el pueblo no había ní un solo hombre que no odiara a Don Antonio con toda su alma." (57)

The skill of the story is that by gradually setting the scene through the different points of view, Barea succeeds in justifying the murder. This tyrant's death is justified by the release of the water, whose loss was the main factor which had cast the villagers into debt and dependence on Don Antonio. Symbol and concrete image mesh, both functioning perfectly at their own levels: the hopes of the new Republic flow with the water "hasta las dimunitas huertas sedientas" (58). Barea understood the value of water on the dry *meseta*, as he had shown in *La ruta* when he described the stubborn fig-tree fed by the spring. And he understood too the role of the all-powerful *cacique*, as he showed at the start of *La llama* with another Don Antonio, Heliodoro the usurer of Novés. Politically and artistically the story is a triumph: surely Barea's best.

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NOTES.

1. Barea, Arturo, 'Not Spain, but Hemingway,' *Horizon*, 1941.

2. Barea, Arturo, 'A Quarter Century of Spanish Writing,' *Books abroad* (1953).

3. Barea, Arturo, 'The Spanish Labyrinth,' *Horizon*, September 1943, pp.203-209.

4. His only divergences from criticisms of Spanish literature were reviews of books about Spain, such as *The Spanish Labyrinth*, and a few scripts for broadcasts on South American writers.

5. Barea, Arturo, 'New writing in Franco Spain,' *London Forum*, Winter 1946, p.61.

6. Ibid. pp. 62-63. Barea based himself on Gustavo Gili's *Bosquejo de una política del libro*, a book published within Spain (1944), to explain the Spanish censorship.

7. Letter from Arturo Barea to Programme Organiser, BBC Third Programme, 2/2/47 (WAC).

8. Ibid.

9. Ibid.

10. Barea, Arturo, 'New writing in Franco Spain,' *art.cit.*, p.68.

11. Ibid.

12. Ibid. p.69.

13. Ibid. p.70.

14. Ibid. p.71.

15. Ibid. p.71.

16. Lukács, Georg, *Studies in European Realism*, (London 1972). Lukács makes a useful distinction between *naturalism*, which shows the external workings of people, and *social realism*, which shows the internal and the external, that is both psychology and society, and their interaction.

17. Barea, Arturo, 'Realism in the Modern Spanish Novel,' *Focus Two*, (1946), as quoted in Ynduráin, Francisco, 'Resentimiento español,' *Arbor*, 85, (Madrid, enero de 1953), p.76.

18. Barea, Arturo, 'A Quarter Century of Spanish Writing,' *Books abroad*, Spring 1953, p.128.

19. Barea, Arturo, in: Cela, Camilo, *The hive*, (London 1953), pp.8 & 13.

20. Ibid, p.8.

21. Ibid. p.16.

22. Barea, Arturo, 'A Quarter Century of Spanish Writing,' *art.cit.*.

23. Ibid. p.119.

24. Ibid. p.120.

25. Ibid. p.126; and Barea, Arturo in: Sender, Ramón J., *The Dark Wedding* (London, 1948) p.15.

26. Barea, A.: In *The Dark Wedding*, *op.cit.*, pp.14-15.

27. Ibid. p.15.

28. Marra-López, José, *op.cit.*, p.339.

29. On the 17.11.44 Barea gave a lecture on Lorca in the Instituto Español, London (WAC).

30. Sender, Ramón, 'The Spanish Biography of Arturo Barea,' *art.cit.*

31. *Lorca*, p.12.

32. FR, p.754

33. *Lorca*, p.13.

34. Ibid. p.11

35. Ibid. p.30

36. Ibid. p.30

37. Ibid. p.35

38. Ibid. p.50

39. Ibid. p.52

40. For more on Barea's personal sexual history, see Chapter 6. Indirect evidence of Barea's views is also contained in the discussion on women between Antolín and Eusebio in the second chapter of *La raíz rota*.

41. Ibid. p.56

42. Ibid. p.60

43. Ibid. p.60

44. Martínez Nadal, Rafael, in: F.Garcia Lorca, *Poems*, (Dolphin, London 1939), p.xxvii. On page 55 of *Lorca*, Barea cites this introductory essay by Martínez Nadal.

45. Ynduráin, *art.cit.*, p.76.

46. The story of this day has been often retold. The most vivid recent account is contained in Trapiello, Andrés, *Las armas y las letras*, (Barcelona 1994), pp. 42-44.

47. Anon, 'In permanent opposition,' *TLS*, 5/12/52.

48. Barea, Ilsa, *Unamuno*, (Buenos Aires 1959), Envío.

49. *Unamuno*, p.58

50. Barea, Arturo, 'Ortega and Madariaga,' *University Observer*, Chicago 1948, p.36.

51. In her introduction to *El centro de la pista*, Ilsa Barea implies there are other stories she has not collected, but I have not been able to find any. I suspect too that many of the stories contained in this volume had not found a publisher, for three reasons. First, Ilsa Barea states the date of composition for each story, but not the date of publication. Second, the only two stories whose publication she mentions (*Las tijeras* and *La lección*) are precisely the only two I have found. Third, I have looked extensively in British journals for his stories and have not been able to find any, except the English versions of the two mentioned above and *Brandy*, translated from *Valor y miedo*.

I suspect Ilsa was not telling the truth when she said the stories had been published previously, in order to facilitate their publication in *El centro de la pista*. Lucky she did! Otherwise they would be lost.

52. These nine are: *El cono* (1942), *El testamento*(1942), *El centro de la pista* (1945), *El huerto* (1945), *Agua bajo el puente* (1947), *Madrid entre ayer y hoy* (1948), *Física aplicada* (1948), *La rifa* (1954) and *La lección* (1957).

53. CP, p.77

54. Ibid. p.78

55. She was the same pagan grandmother, Inés, whose intervention had saved Barea as a child from the Jesuits, celebrated at the end of his writing life, as she had been at the start in *La forja* (see Chapter 4).

56. CP, p.83

57. Ibid. pp. 113 and 117

58. Ibid. p.121

CHAPTER NINE.

EXILE WITHOUT RESENTMENT.

SPANISH EXILES.

Arturo Barea lived the last 18 years of his life in exile. Exile, of course, is a painful state of statelessness. But in Barea's case, paradoxically, his personal uprroting coincided with his greatest success. All his best work was written in exile: he became a successful writer in exile [in Ynduráin's words: "nuestro único escritor nacido a las letras en el destierro" (1)], even though the process of his conversion from middle-class businessman, morally adrift, to a committed novelist had begun while he was still in Spain. The first part of this chapter deals with exile, *destierro (dis-earthing)* in the vivid Castilian term, and how it affected Barea; the second examines his novel on exile, *La raíz rota*.

José Marra-López cites Barea as the outstanding example of the thesis of his book on the Spanish novelists of the 1939 diaspora, a theory worth examining for the light it throws on Barea's work (2). Marra-López states:

> "Como escritor, Barea, para bien y para mal, ha permanecido fiel al arraigamiento español, hasta el punto de que casi es el único escritor emigrado que no se ha apartado en ningún momento en su trayectoria narrativa del suelo patria." (3)

In other words Barea wrote only about Spain. The sole exceptions in his published works are two brief stories: otherwise all he wrote was set on Spanish soil or dealt with Spanish themes (4).

Marra-López maintains that Spanish political exiles, who emigrated in successive waves throughout the 19th and 20th centuries, suffered to a special extent from enforced absence from Spain, finding great difficulty in integrating into local society. In the 1939 exodus, the precarious economic circumstances of many emigrés increased this isolation. Moreover, the historic magnitude of the Civil War and the subsequent length of exile and dampening of hope as Franco's régime consolidated itself after 1945 deepened the exiles' misery.

That the major prose writers of this latest diaspora wrote almost exclusively of Spain was exacerbated by their isolation and misery in foreign countries. The most cursory look at Ayala, Sender, Aub or Barea, or, in other fields, Sánchez Albornoz or Américo Castro, confirms that these writers were obsessed with explaining Spain and its problems. In this they followed the call of their predecessors of the 'Generation of '98,` who had urged Spaniards to examine the reasons for the catastrophic state of the country (5). The Civil War carnage, just 40 years after the farcical war of 1898, acted as an imperious command to any self-respecting Spanish thinker to carry out this examination.

If then the 1939 exile was unable to write of anything but Spain, a vital follow-up question arose: who was their audience? Who were they writing for? Marra-López cites Francisco Ayala, who wrote forlornly in 1948:

> "¿Para quién escribimos nosotros? Para todos y para nadie, sería la respuesta. Nuestras palabras van al viento: confiemos en que algunas de ellas no se pierdan." (6)

The exile, continues Marra-López's thesis, has an 'eterno añorar desesperado' for Spain, expressed in constant awareness of his/her having been violently uprooted and an obsessive preoccupation with *la patria*. However, as time passes, the exile becomes steadily more distant from the reality of his/her own country. This process leads to the creation of 'la España inventada' by authors whose writing about the Spanish past is exhausted, but who no longer know what the Spanish present is like (7). Increasingly the exiled writer runs the risk of writing for no real audience at all.

In the most extreme cases, the exile returns to a beloved and longed-for Spain, but that Spain imagined in exile no longer exists. Fictionally this occurs in Ayala's *El regreso* and Barea's *La raíz rota* and the returnee has little option but to leave again, feeling an exile in his own country (8). As Barea's protagonist Antolín concludes at the end of *La raíz rota*:

> "En Londres...siempre estaba pensando si no me sentiría menos solo entre gente que hablara mi lengua. Esto se acabó. Claro que voy a ser toda mi vida un extranjero en Inglaterra; pero aquí también soy un extranjero y esta clase de soledad es peor y me hiere mucho más, porque me hiere en la propia carne." (9)

The case of Arturo Barea seems, indeed, to fit Marra-López's argument. Barea's exile was in England, a particularly lonely place within this diaspora. His literary production, almost wholly produced in exile, is entirely about Spain. His greatest achievements, *La forja de un rebelde* and *Lorca*, concern the Spain he knew intimately and then recalls in every yearning detail. His weakest book, *La raíz rota*, is precisely when Barea imagines the return to Spain he cannot actually make.

The titles of his books graphically make a very similar point about his uprooting. Barea tells us that he first thought of calling *La forja, Las raíces* (10); and of course *La raíz rota* is that severed root when Franco's victory chopped Antolín and the defeated Republicans out of their native land's contemporary history. The root was an image in Barea's mind at least from when he wrote *La ruta*, where the fig-tree roots, so hard to break, represent underground resistance to reactionary Spain's imperial quest.

As further evidence in support of Marra-López's argument, we can point to Barea's virtual silence after this last novel (11). The suggestive possibility that he started or planned another novel, but never got anywhere with it, confirms the withering of his inspiration, so fertile just ten years previously (12). Moreover Barea never learned to speak or write well in English (13). He was no Conrad, Nabokov or Koestler, who changed languages through exile and actually wrote their most famous books in English. And certainly he could never be accused of writing a novel nor even a short story about his adopted country!

BAREA: NOT SO TYPICAL AN EXILE.

Closer examination, however, suggests that Marra-López's interpretation does not correspond to Barea's story. At a personal level, Barea integrated himself to a high degree into English life, in various ways which affect understanding of his work. Margaret Weeden, who shared the Bareas' houses during the War years, wrote:

"Arturo Barea was one of those people who are at home in any sort of company. He wasn't a bit interested in famous people, only in people as human beings. He was tremendously popular in all the country pubs that were the 'local` in whatever part of England he happened to be living. He would drink beer and play darts with the farm labourers, tease the landlord, and somehow, even when supplies were at their lowest, always manage to wangle from that gentleman a generous supply of beer, wine and cigarettes." (14)

Barea rapidly found his feet in England. The Puckeridge pub had been the basis for his first British article in 1939 (15). Pubs were the places he found most congenial throughout his years in England: perhaps in them he found some echo of Serafín's bar, which he had frequented in his youth and had become his refuge at crucial times of stress during the Civil War. Pubs, too, supplied the basic material of anecdotes and personalities for his BBC broadcasts (see Chapter 7).

A second pointer to Barea's involvement in English life is his lack relationships with other Spanish exiles. In the liberal exile of the 1830s, large numbers of Spanish intellectuals had grouped together in London. But after 1939, most Republican exiles went to Central and South America, France and the Soviet Union and only a scattering to other places. Few reached Britain, partly because Britain was much harder to get into than it had been, especially for left-wing exiles. The Bareas were lucky to have found a sponsor (16). Exact figures do not exist, but it would seem that out of seven to eight hundred thousand exiles, who had left Spain by April 1939, only a small proportion (almost certainly less than ten thousand) found refuge in Britain (17).

Among these there were relatively few artistic or political figures: the 1939 exile was a mass exodus (18). Barea describes

briefly this world as the background to Antolín's experiences in *La raíz rota* (19). In the Majorca restaurant, Barea met other Spaniards and discussed news from home (see Chapter 7), which he did with his customary gregariousness but without becoming politically involved (20). In Madrid he had liked to chew over political ideas in bars, but detested the intrigue of committee and party politics. Impotent intrigue is of course the very essence of exile politics, where negative features are exacerbated by the exiles' impotence (21).

His adopting British nationality, his going to live in the country and his enjoyment of country life are other pointers to his contentment in England. Most of all, his explicit praise of England throughout his radio broadcasts go a lot further than any merely formal courtesies (see Chapter 8).

CULTURAL AND LITERARY CIRCLES.

Nor did Barea involve himself in exiles' cultural life. Although he visited and spoke at Oxford University and lived briefly in Oxford, he shunned the academic world (22). Barea may have met Luis Cernuda, who worked at Cambridge during the 1940s, but there is no record of any friendship or discussions between them (23). There was little Spanish cultural life in which he could become involved; and what there was, he avoided.

Barea's political apartness was in fact no different from his pre-Civil War attitudes: it had only been during that war that he had briefly moved to the centre of the political stage.

Similarly, his aloofness from cultural circles was consistent with the previous pattern of his life. In this respect England represented not a rupture in Barea's attitudes, but continuity.

But whereas exile might be expected to bring an ossifying of previous attitudes, especially in a man over 40 when he left his country, the reverse was true for Barea. After the initial shock of his first year, Barea relaxed in Britain and developed a more, rather than less, positive view to cultural reviews and figures. Chapter 7 noted his contact with Ilsa's colleagues at the Monitoring Service, his connections with Brenan and Connolly, his meeting John Betjeman (24). He knew too some of the people involved in the 'Searchlight` series. All this was new to Barea: unlike other exiled writers, he had not experienced life in cultural circles before leaving Spain and so had nothing to miss, no sense of loss in this respect.

In beginning to write essays of literary criticism, Barea showed that his earlier childish antipathies to other writers and critics had softened. Previously, he had rejected cultural and literary circles, partly on account of their rejection of him when in 1913 he had attempted to enter Madrid's literary world (25). Barea may well have then imagined snubs which were unintended.

But even more indicative of his previous approach had been his attitude to the *Residencia de Estudiantes*, which in the post-World War One period became the base for one of the most brilliant literary and artistic generations of Spain's or any

country's history. This was precisely Barea's generation: he was a year older than García Lorca, three years older than Buñuel, five years older than Alberti and Dalí. And yet he never met Lorca or any of them (26). It is worth quoting at length what Barea has to say about the *Residencia*:

> "Existía entonces [c. 1913] un centro cultural en Madrid, la Institución Libre de Enseñanza...De allí y de su Residencia de Estudiantes estaba saliendo una nueva generación de escritores y de artistas; yo creía que mí manera de pensar estaba de acuerdo con los fines de ambas instituciones. Pero cuando intenté establecer un contacto, me encontré con...una especie de aristocracia de la izquierda. Era tan caro ingresar...como en una de las aristocráticas escuelas de los jesuitas. Sí, había cursos y conferencias gratuitos, pero para seguirlos tenía que abandonar mí trabajo, es decir, mí único medio de vida. Me convencí que la obra magnífica de Giner de los Rios adolecía del mismo defecto de toda la educación española: que sus puertas estaban cerradas para las clases trabajadoras...
> No había camino abierto para mí. Renuncié a escribir." (27)

Unlike so many working-class children in this situation, Barea's desire to write was not totally extinguished. But it took the enormous upheaval of the Civil War, twenty-five years after the period he is writing about in the above extract, to stimulate him to start again.

During the Civil War, Barea recorded his continuing contempt for the majority of writers and intellectuals who passed through Madrid, including the famous participants in the Writers' Congress:

> "...el Congreso Internacional de Escritores Anti-fascistas, con sus intelectuales exhibiéndose presuntuosos en el escenario de Madrid en lucha." (28)

But of course no-one, not even a relatively unpolished writer like Barea, can mature as a writer with infantile rejection of all other writers. He felt he had nothing to learn from Benavente or from the *gongoristas* of his own generation. And Barea

preferred Serafín's tavern to Alberti, Malraux or lesser pro-Stalin propagandists of the Writers' Congress; with justice in terms of his own writing and personality, even if not without some inverted snobbery (29).

But there were at least two writers he met and respected during the war: John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway. Both were recorders of grim contemporary reality in prose, working outside the direct influence of Stalinist social realism. The 'cinematic` effect that is evident in a number of sketches of *Valor y miedo* and in *La forja* owes something to Dos Passos' techniques. Perhaps too the confidence to try and chronicle his age, mixing private and public events, owed a debt to Dos Passos, even though the latter's collage way of doing this was very different (30).

Hemingway was more of a benchmark for Barea. As discussed in Chapter 3, Barea went through a process of change and struggle in 1938 to move from the surface realism of *Valor y miedo* to the more sophisticated psychological realism of *La forja*. Barea's 1941 essay on Hemingway implicitly summarises that process within a critique of Hemingway's romanticisation of Spain (31). But there is no doubt that *Valor y miedo* owes something to Hemingway in its baldness and directness of style. More than anything, however, friendship and discussion with such good writers gave Barea the confidence to start.

So Barea was not averse to learning from writers. But he went his own way and was unawed by reputations. It should be no surprise that in Britain he was no more interested in the literary world

than previously, although, being now himself a writer, he met other writers. There was continuity in his attitudes. And where he changed, his attitudes were softened, rather than hardened as might normally be expected, by exile.

PANIC OR CLARITY?

Arturo Barea ends *Lorca* by discussing what he saw as Lorca's panic, reflected in *El poeta en Nueva York*, pages which inspire reflection on Barea's own position as an exile.

> "In 1930, this poet from Granada, -- the landscape of his mind alive with the silvery green of olive fields and white-washed little houses...-- finds himself in a street canyon of New York, on a volcanic floor of asphalt." (32)

Barea describes the poet's 'angry frustration` at being cut off from his roots and the hatred that exploded within him. Barea asks why Lorca responded thus and suggests:

> "Lorca, like so many others, refused to become part of a world other than his own, and thus that other world seemed to him only a living death...[he] was now suddenly thrown back on his own weakness and loneliness...and his vision was no longer clear." (33)

This response is reminiscent of Barea's own first feelings on his exile during 1938 and 1939. He stated later:

> "Yo llegué a Inglaterra...uno más entre los millares de huídos de las delicias de un Nuevo Orden que se anunciaba en Europa con explosiones de bombas, con alambradas de campos de concentración... dolorido de mí propia tragedia...desposeído de todo con la vida truncada y sin una perspectiva futura, ni de patria, ni de hogar, ni de trabajo." (34)

But unlike Lorca's panic in New York on losing touch with his familiar world, Barea's artistic vision was clarified and fed by exile. Barea's most productive years coincided with the first years of his exile. *Lorca, La forja de un rebelde, Struggle for*

the Spanish Soul, indeed all his writing, show that Barea's heart and mind were fixed on Spain. But this did not stop him finding literary nourishment and maturity in England. His dispassionate objectivity and ruthless clarity, which were the necessary tools for his investigation of his own past and the causes of the war, were aided by his exile. He was able to look from a distance, without panic. His own past, Spain itself, he could perceive better from England.

He had not been one of the privileged intelligentsia in Spain. And when, in Madrid and London, he had ready access to that world, he chose to remain apart. But that should not be taken to mean that Barea stayed aloof from British life: at the cultural level he participated more than he had in Spain and at the popular level integrated himself into aspects of local life.

LA RAíZ ROTA.

Failure.

Barea's last novel, *La raíz rota*, denies any idea that Barea had found full peace of mind in his last years. It is a painful, emotional book, which does indeed fit Marra-López's thesis of the exile out of touch with contemporary Spanish reality, writing compulsively about an invented Spain.

La raíz rota is Barea's only imagined novel, in the sense that he is writing a story which is not literally true and inventing fictional characters (35). And it is not a good book. It has suffered almost universal mauling from critics of both left and

right, British, Spanish and South American (36).

"El fallo es doble, técnico e ideológico, y en conjunto forma un triste documento" (37)

"Una obra panfletaria, rayana en el folletín, inútil por lo increíble." (38)

"...novelista fracasado por dar en escritor panfletario" (39)

"La descripción de una realidad no vivida y, por tanto, montada sobre cuatro tópicos carentes de auténtico valor representativo" (40)

The negative reactions were fair, but perhaps exaggerated because of disappointed expectation that Barea did not write "la novela del exiliado" (41). The key failure of *La raíz rota* lies in that there are not two struggling arguments: it is not dialectical but, rather, monolinear. Barea tilts everything to support his proposal: that it is impossible for his exiled protagonist to return to Spain. It is "casi de tesis" in one critic's words (42). As such, the tension that arises from the struggle within Barea throughout *La forja de un rebelde*, the dualism of the child caught between poverty and wealth, and of the man torn between honour and corruption or between union struggle and a comfortable job, no longer exists. There is indeed an anguished conflict within his protagonist Antolín Moreno: to stay or return. But all the dice are loaded in favour of the return. The situation is prejudged.

This is the central artistic failure of the novel. It represents a political failure too, for profound politics cannot emerge from manichean board-games. But *La raíz rota* is not all dross. It is a painfully raw and honest book, written with Barea's characteristic sincerity. It is of a oneness with all his work, whether essay, political pamphlet, story, novelised biography or

biographised novel, in that the subject is Spain and the state of Spain. Whereas *La forja de un rebelde* examined the causes of the Civil War and *Struggle for the Spanish Soul* investigated the ideology of the victors, *La raíz rota* seeks to examine the consequences of defeat and the reality of life under the dictatorship. Its mood is gloomy and static, similar to the chill and misery in *Nada*, which Barea admired (see Chapter 8). It is not so distant from the stifling, nihilistic mood of *La colmena*, published at much the same time. The image of the beehive in Cela's novel and in Victor Erice's film (*El espíritu de la colmena*, 1973) two decades later, to represent a closed and isolated society, would be appropriate too to Barea's novel (43). Barea's achievement in creating this remote, closed, oppressed society into which irrupts a man from another world is real and should not be ignored because of other defects.

In three specific ways *La raíz rota* can be read as a sequel, or rather a melancholy coda, to *La forja de un rebelde*. Firstly, it seeks to continue the story of Madrid up to 1937 contained in the trilogy with a portrait of the hunger, repression and black market of Madrid 1949. Second, Barea maintains the balance between the social and psychological, which, as he had theorised throughout the 1940s, made him the kind of realist who was not content just to seek social explanations, but investigated the psychology of his characters. And thirdly, Barea repeats in *La raíz rota* his use of a large cast of secondary characters, with which he seeks to illuminate the various classes and tendencies in society.

La raíz rota has three principal differences from the trilogy. First, the novel is written not through the eye of the first person narrator, but from a position of authorial omniscience, entering not only into the thoughts and feelings of Antolín, but also into the minds of other characters, especially Antolín's children Pedro, Juan and Amelia. Second, Barea is not writing about a Madrid he knows. The Madrid of *La raíz rota* is the Madrid Barea knew plus 10 years of imagined change. For a writer as fresh and descriptive as Barea, this lack of direct knowledge of the 1949 city is damaging. During the writing of the book he talked closely with his nieces Maruja and Leonor, who came to live with him in 1947 (44), but the directly seen vividness of detail so important to Barea's writing in *La forja de un rebelde* is missing. The third important difference is that the novel is too schematic: many of the characters are only there to represent abstract ideas. This point I will return to later.

Plot.

In two respects, the plot is strong. It is similar to *La ruta* in that it is naturally framed by the protagonist's arrival in and departure from a foreign country. And it opens clearly, defining the different characters in their backgrounds during the first 5 chapters. Antolín returns to Madrid from exile in London 10 years after the end of the Civil War. He wants to see his wife and three children, whom he had left behind, and to sort out whether to stay with them or return to live with Mary in England. He is moved both by a sense of responsibility and also, more selfishly, by his loneliness in England. His arrival is the

catalyst for explosions in his family. His wife Luisa has retreated into bitterness, snobbery and spiritualism; one son, Pedro, is a pimp and black marketeer well in with the Falange; the other, Juan, is a Communist factory worker; and his daughter, Amelia, is under the control of another of Barea's long line of nasty priests, the unctuous Father Santiago (see Chapter 4).

After the first five chapters of exposition, the plot runs into problems, as Barea's admirer Marra-López denounces:

> "...en una serie de "coincidencias" verdaderamente ingenuas desde el punto de vista novelesco -- puro "tempo" decimonónico a lo Palacio Valdés... -- comienzan a aparecer más personajes concretos de la fábula, unidos unos con otros como una ristra de chorizos..." (45)

In one sense the plot works like clockwork: each coincidence is fully justified. Conchita knows Eusebio because she is his masseuse; Caro knows Pedro because they both visit the same brothel; Conchita knows Luisa because she is Américo's medium etc.. But, whereas one coincidence is realistic enough and two acceptable, such a lengthy succession of them (*una ristra de chorizos*) undermines any semblance of overall reality.

Antolín sees his family in action, as Pedro and Amalia denounce Don Américo the spiritualist and Juan, who are both killed, to the police and church, respectively. Disgusted, he feels relieved of any responsibility and, after managing to fix up Amelia in a convent and Luisa with Conchita's mother (another improbable coincidence), he decides to return to England. But to escape the police and get Lucia, his dead son's girl-friend, out of the country, he has to dirty his hands and use the services of the est*raperlista* Colonel Caro.

Exile and Nostalgia.

The theme of exile, discussed in the first part of this chapter, pervades the novel. From the first page, when Antolín is dozing in the train drawing in to Madrid and "memories of innumerable trips to the sierra rushed to his mind," (46) Barea is in the terrain of nostalgia for the past. Antolín then misunderstands the reason for the four young men jumping from the moving train. He thinks they are young bull-fighters without a ticket, whereas in fact they are black marketeers. From general dreamy nostalgia for a lost past, Barea has shifted the reader rapidly into a rough present: Antolín no longer understands what is going on in his own country. He is an exile in his own land. As Antolín leaves the train, he bumps into someone on the platform and says "Sorry" in English. Embarrassed, sticking out with his clothes and manners as a foreigner, he moves away down the platform, "wishing to disappear among the people" (47). But he will not be able to. He is decisively different, as his first meeting -- with his old friend Eusebio -- rapidly confirms.

These strong opening pages of *La raíz rota* set the scene with Barea's customary care. The basic thematic question of the novel is clearly expounded: whether Antolín will stay or go, whether he will "disappear among the people" or remain an exile. This failed novel confirms once more that Barea is a much more careful writer in his composition, plotting and juxtaposition of themes than he has usually been given credit for.

Just as Barea had in *La ruta*, here too he uses imagery of roots (mentioned at least 15 times in the novel) to underpin his theme. Antolín -- and Barea -- are searching for "las raíces que le había arrancado la guerra" (48). Pedro, his "honest bastard" of a son, has his roots covered in slime (49). As the novel moves towards its climax, Antolín tries to work out his position in the following scene with his confidante and landlady Doña Felisa:

> "Most people I've met in Madrid...are just as much uprooted as I am, though they didn't go into exile. In fact they're rootless. What is it that has gone so wrong?...Of course, I know everybody in this country's poisoned by the corruption and the violence of the last ten years." (50)

Barea's argument here contradicts his previous image of roots being severed by exile and the war, for the quote implies that there is something more than Francoism which has uprooted everybody and echoes the words of his frontispiece to the novel:

> "In telling a story about Spaniards living in Madrid in 1949, I have tried to give shape to human problems which are universal and by no means confined to a particular country." (51)

In so extending the idea to include all humanity, he falls into a kind of superficial existentialism, i.e. that everyone in the modern world is rootless, which makes the image of roots and rootlessness too general to have any specific weight. It blunts the sharpness of his critique of Franco's Spain.

Conchita, the *deus ex machina* who extracts both Barea the novelist and Antolín the protagonist from their problems, contradicts both the author's frontispiece and protagonist by returning the image of uprooting to its more specific use of "here" and the victims of the dictatorship. When Antolín is

worrying about taking Lucia, his replacement daughter, out of the country, Conchita tells him:

> "'Don't talk nonsense, Antolín, we're all uprooted. And what sort of home have we got? Most young people would give anything to get away to America because there isn't any hope for them here.'" (52)

Barea's last mention of roots comes on the last page of the novel, where he wants to indicate at the bitter moment of Juan's funeral a message of hope for the future. This hope is personified in decent people like Rufo the UGT man, Conchita the independent spirit and Lucia. But the message is unconvincing, given the uniformly pessimistic tone of the novel, from which one can only extract the conclusion that all the Spanish can do under Franco is emigrate. The message of hope and renewal is merely tacked on. A grave-digger explains to Antolín and Lucia that what looked like "a heap of grey, fretted and splintered bones" are in fact broken roots, which refuse to die.

> "...small bundles of whitish fibres sprouted from odd patches of wrinkled root, lay like floss on the dark earth and seemed to cling to it with weak tenacity.
> 'If we dug them in where the ground isn't sour, and it rained for three days, the young shoots would start growing,' said the man with the spade.'" (53)

Just as, on the last page of *La ruta*, Barea used the mad blind Arab to mock the pretensions of the imperial road-builders; at the end of *La raíz rota* he uses the gravedigger to affirm faith in the future against the same dark forces. The problems are that in the latter case the argument is not shown and developed artistically; the 'roots' image does not arise from the action; and, besides, the 'roots' image is confused, used differently at different points.

symbolism of this sort was not Barea's forte. Barea's strengths, as *La forja de un rebelde* shows so well, were vivid description, especially of working-class life, the quick movement of feelings provoked by a concrete situation, his honesty of observation and response. These strengths are marred, but not totally obliterated, in *La raíz rota*. Chapters 12 and 13 are full of action and succeed in involving the reader in the destiny of Juan and then his father. The opening chapters, where Antolín remembers and describes England to Eusebio, are rich in description and set up well London and Mary as counter-weights to Madrid and Antolín's family. The scene-setting of Antolín's family which follows is strong, too. Descriptions of the family's tenement or Doña Felisa's *pensión* live with the vividness of things Barea had known or seen. Many of the secondary characters are well-sketched: *La Tronío* the brothel-keeper, Doña Felisa, Don Américo the spiritualist, Juan and his girl-friend.

But the book is very uneven. Other characters, such as the police chief or Colonel Caro, are plucked straight from a rogues' gallery. Ynduráin justly criticised Barea for his black or white characters, both secondary and principal:

> "Si nos hacen tan irremediablemente odiosos los personajes de un lado y tan estilizados en belleza moral los otros, no hay manera de sacar consecuencias generales." (54)

Of the main characters, the weakest of all is Conchita, who colours the book with sentimental yearning. She is the prostitute with a heart of gold, the tough woman who has retained sensibility in a bitter world, in short Barea's fantasy of the ideal Spanish woman he would have liked to know.

Amalia and Luisa are terrible and unconvincing caricatures. Yet Juan and Pedro are much more rounded and credible. Possibly this had as much to do with Barea's difficulty in drawing female characters as with his manicheism. Manicheism is the main criticism arising from the woodenness of these characters made both by Yndurain and the anonymous TLS reviewer, for whom "the characters tend to represent an abstract idea" in the style of Koestler (55). And so Antolín, a more rounded figure, is judged by different standards to those who represent for Barea the various evils of the Francoist state: Father Santiago and Antolín's *beata* daughter (Church), the black marketeers and Pedro (Corruption), the policemen (Repression). This is a fatal weakness in the novel.

However, the book is not just an autobiographical projection of how things would have been, had Barea returned to Madrid to see his family. There is, of course, a lot of this: for example, Luisa's spiritualism is not so distant from the involvement of Barea's first wife, Aurelia, in a sect (56). But the character of Antolín is not similar to what we know of Barea's. Both Antolín's indecisiveness and his recognition of the phlegmatic 'Englishness' of his own character as against the passionate 'Spanishness' of Eusebio and others have little to do with Barea's traits. Antolín does share many things with the author: big things such as his age, his exile, his attachment to England combined with the pain of exile, the contrast in his attitude to women and marriage with his own previous attitude; and lesser details like his eye for pretty women. But, in creating the character of Antolín, Barea sought to get away from himself (57).

He tried to imagine a man with different traits to himself in Madrid: for this, he gave Antolín a different background (he is a hotel-worker, he has an English lover with whom he shares no passion and no commitment) and a more analytical, phlegmatic character. And thus Barea seeks to subject Madrid to a rational, dispassionate inquiry. However, he imagines Antolín insufficiently. Life and spark is lacking.

Ortega described the novel with words such as "falseamiento" and phrases like "la falta de autenticidad entre lo vivido y lo escrito" (58). These terms are too strong, in that they imply intention to deceive: the novel is honest in its intention. But the contrasts and conflicts are stereotyped in terms of nationality (English/Spanish) and character (the bad falangist), features too of his radio broadcasts of the time (see Chapter 7). Barea showed conclusively he was not able to imagine a world and a protagonist different from his own and himself. The criticisms that Barea's information about Spain was deficient seem of scant importance. If the characters and their problems had come to life, no-one would worry that a price here or a detail there was not right.

Politics.

La raíz rota is inevitably about politics. But Antolín himself is not a political animal; and, as in *La llama*, there is a startling absence of political comment, despite the book being manifestly a denunciation of the Franco dictatorship. The dull Antolín is profoundly disappointed by the failure of political

action (59) and, like Barea himself, sees no perspective other than trying to behave decently on a personal level. The PCE, as incarnated in Juan and his link Ramón, is caricatured as dogmatic, moralistic and ineffective. Barea's own union the UGT, in the shape of Eusebio and Rufo, is seen as warmer and nicer, but does nothing.

This leads Barea to put most weight on the activities of Conchita, vaguely linked to the UGT through her husband who had been shot. She uses her contacts and wiles to manoeuvre in favour of decency and hopes to make life difficult for the likes of the police chief. But this is no political perspective. And Barea is pessimistically reduced to the rather pompous hope involved in his roots' renewal imagery and the pious aspirations to universal truth expressed in the frontispiece.

LONELINESS of the EXILE?

The novel's stereotyping, weaknesses of characterisation and plot, and failure of imagination were all used by Spanish critics in the 1950s as a stick to beat Barea with: a small stick, for one can hardly imagine more than a few dozen people in Spain reading *La raíz rota* in its British or Argentinian editions. Professor Ynduráin, writing in 1953, considered:

> "[*La raíz rota*] es el más descaradamente sectario, mucho menos humano y auténtico que su trilogía." (60)

In an obituary notice, Angel Ruiz Ayúcar sneered:

> "Un escritor inglés...Su obra...se caracteriza por el virulento sectarismo con que trata los problemas españoles...Pero, en definitiva, serán sus compatriotas los que hayan de decidir si la desaparación de Barea supone o no un grave quebranto para la literatura inglesa." (61)

As in the Embassy-sponsored attacks in South America on the 1956 trip, Ruiz Ayúcar uses Barea's English citizenship and praise of England in *La raíz rota* to discredit his work. For these critics the war was still being fought and they revelled in the weakness of Barea's novel. Josep Maria Castellet wrote in the same month as Ruiz Ayúcar the first article published in Spain to praise Barea. His calling Barea *un escritor español* with "hondas... raíces ibéricas" was, in the codified language common under dictatorship, an implicit rejection of Ruiz Ayúcar's *ad hominem* sneer at the *escritor inglés* (62). Castellet found Barea's work "desigual, pero toda ella sincera y apasionada" (63). But he too can find little to praise in *La raíz rota* but honesty:

> "El error de Barea fue escribir una novela, *La raíz rota*, que situó en un Madrid que no conocía y que no supo -- porque no podía -- reflejar con exactitud, a pesar de sus buenos deseos." (64)

La raíz rota is an anguished and serious attempt to discuss responsibilities and commitments within the terrible dilemmas of exile. Castellet saw Barea as, above all, a lonely writer -- or a writer about loneliness. He suffered "soledad generacional," because he had no literary relationships with his generation; "la tremenda soledad del destierro"; and "ese carácter solitario de su vida" in England (65). And most of all, his constant rebellion against injustice made him lonely.

As has been argued, the facts of Barea's life do not fully bear out this romantic image of him. Nevertheless, *La raíz rota*, in charting Antolín's conflicting feelings, reveals a great deal of depression and pain about the situation of exile. Antolín is a man weighed down by the impossibility of acting to change anything in his Madrid family or Spanish society. He was defeated

in 1939 and in 1949 remains defeated. Against this terrible defeat, remains only the partial solace of material peace and lack of disturbing passion in England.

It is legitimate to conclude that Barea's loneliness as an exile was real. It is apparent in his writing, as it was in his spoken words (see Appendix 5). Troubled though he was at times, loneliness did not hinder his finding literary maturity and nourishment in his English exile, where he found some peace of mind. He said about the generic village of his broadcasts:

> "El cariño con que me habían tratado, la ayuda que cada uno me había prestado, la delicadeza que cada uno puso para que la ayuda no pareciera limosna y no avergonzara, habían restañado las heridas dolorosas de mi tragedia, habían trocado mí sentimiento hostil y lo que era aún mas me habían incorporado a la sociedad humana." (66)

Barea's participation in English life gave him the environment within which, without the resentment into which, as an uprooted exile, he could so easily have fallen, he could write about his anguish concerning his family and Spain.

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NOTES.

1. Yndurain, Francisco, 'Resentimiento español,' *art.cit.*, p.73

2. Marra-López develops his arguments in: *op.cit.*, pp.51-130 and pp.289-340 (the chapter on Barea).

3. Marra-López, J., *op.cit.*, p.90

4. The two exceptions are *Mr. One* and *Bajo la piel,* both in *El centro de la pista.*

5. See general bibliography for titles.

6. Marra-López, op. cit., p.65. The essay quoted is by: Ayala, Francisco, in *La estructura narrativa,* (Editorial Crítica, Barcelona 1984), pp.181-204.

7. Marra-López, *op. cit.*, p.123 ff.

8. Ibid. p.128.

9. *La raíz rota,* p.261, quoted in Spanish in Marra-López, *op.cit.*, p.338. This is p.231 in the English version.

10. FR, p.787

11. Only *Unamuno,* three stories in *El centro de la pista* and two critical essays were written in the 7½ years of Barea's life after completion of *La raíz rota.*

12. Gili, Joan, in *The Times* obituary of Barea (27/12/57) and Benedetti, Mario, *art.cit.*, p.374, refer to another novel.

13. When Barea went to South America in 1956, the BBC made sure he was briefed in Spanish, as they feared his English was inadequate to understand the terms of the trip (WAC, 10/3/56).

14. Weeden, Margaret, 'The Spaniard who came to England,' (Australian Broadcasting Commission, 1958).

15. 'A Spaniard in Hertfordshire,' *The Spectator,* May 1939.

16. It is not known who the Bareas' sponsor was. It may have been the economist Sir Norman Angell, for whom Ilsa Barea wrote articles when she was in Paris; possibly a contact from Ilsa's Vienna days, such as Hugh Gaitskell; or one of the journalists, like Sefton Delmer, whom Barea knew in Madrid.

17. Abellán, José Luis, 'El éxodo republicano,' *Historia 16,* (noviembre 1977), p.26.

18. José Luis Abellán, *art.cit.*, quotes Vicente llorens: "Nunca en la historia de España se había producido un éxodo de tales proporciones ni de tal naturaleza."

19. *The Broken Root,* pp.12-14 and 27-29.

20. Interviews with Gladys Langham, Margaret Carter and Bill Carter (14/11/89) and with Olive Renier (6/7/92).

21. As well as the sources in the previous note, Leonor Rodríguez Barea, Roland Gant and Margaret Weeden supplied me with information on Barea's visits to the Majorca.

22. His lecture in Oxford was to the undergraduate Spanish Club in the 1950s. (Letter to me from Professor Ian Michael, 10/1/90).

23. Barea recommended Cernuda warmly for BBC work (WAC 2/2/47).

24. Renier, Olive, *Before the Bonfire*, (London 1984), p.100; and letter from Bill Carter, February 1990.

25. FR, pp.375-380

26. *Lorca*, p.12

27. FR, pp.379-380

28. Ibid. p.730

29. Ibid. p.730

30. Dos Passos, John, *U.S.A.*, (Penguin, London 1976).

31. Ernest Hemingway's articles from Spain were notoriously inadequate and vainglorious. He told Perkins, his editor, that he was saving his best for a novel. The novel, however, *For whom the bell tolls* was a romantic melodrama which, fine book though it is, was not realistically accurate. See: Barea, Arturo, 'Not Spain, but Hemingway,' *Horizon* (1941); Knightley, Philip, *op.cit.*, pp.212-214; and Hemingway, Ernest, *By-line*, (London 1969) for some of his <u>better</u> articles.

32. *Lorca*, p.64

33. Ibid. p.68

34. Barea, Arturo, 'Final,' broadcast 13/5/45 (WAC).

35. Quotes from *La raíz rota* are in English, because I have no copy of the Spanish edition.

36. In the United States, *La raíz rota* was better received. The *New Yorker*, the *Herald Tribune* and Ramón Sender in the *New York Times* all praised the book in reviews.

37. Marra-López, *op.cit.*, p.332

38. Alborg, J-L., *op.cit.*, tomo 11, p.242.

39. Ynduráin, F., *art.cit.*, p.77. Ironically, Ynduráin criticised Barea for being ignorant about conditions in Spain, not because he exaggerated how bad the black market was, but because he understated the situation and held up as a scandal what everyone knew about! Ynduráin is surely right, however, in criticising as

completely unrealistic Barea's writing that a corpse would be left unburied in a flat for four days in mid-summer because of the vengeance of the Church.

40. FG & HR, p.151.

41. Alborg, J.L., *op.cit.*,p.238.

42. Ferreras, Juan Ignacio, *Tendencias de la novela española actual 1939-1969* (Paris 1970), p.103, quoted in FG & HR, p.151.

43. The linking of Erice's film and Cela's novel is an insight by Casimiro Torreiro (*Historia del cine español*, Madrid 1995, pp. 356-357).

44. Barea's niece Leonor, who arrived at Faringdon in August 1947, told me that Barea was always questioning her about conditions in Madrid. In her view, criticism of Barea's accuracy is unfounded (Interview with Leonor Rodríguez Barea, 17/9/94). It may well be that Leonor's arrival gave Barea the idea for this novel.

It should also be noted that the first chapter of *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*, written several years previously, contains many details on conditions within Spain, which Barea had gleaned from the radio. There is, therefore, no reason why *La raíz rota* should be wrong in its factual details.

45. Marra-López, J., *op.cit.*, p.336.

46. *The Broken Root*, p.7

47. Ibid. p.9

48. *La raíz rota*, p.183, quoted in Ortega, José, *art.cit.*, p.388. The English version is on page 162 of *The Broken Root*.

49. *The Broken Root*, p.194

50. Ibid. p.210

51. Ibid. p.6

52. Ibid. p.291

53. Ibid. p.320

54. Ynduráin, F., *art.cit.*, p.78.

55. Anon, *Times Literary Supplement*, 11/5/51.

56. Interview with LRB, 23/6/90.

59. According to LRB the original for Antolín was Manolo, a waiter at the Majorca in Brewer Street (LRB, 17/9/94).

58. Ortega, José, *art.cit.*, p.388.

59. *The Broken Root*, p.29.

60. Ynduráin, F., *art.cit.*, p.77.

61. Ruiz Ayúcar, Angel, *Arriba*, 21/1/58.

62. Castellet, J.M., 'En la muerte de Arturo Barea, novelista español,' *Papeles de Son Armadans*, enero de 1958, p.104.

63. Ibid. p.105

64. Ibid. p.105

65. Ibid. p.103

66. Barea, Arturo, 'Final,' (WAC).

CONCLUSION.

Arturo Barea was a writer within the social realist school, following in a Spanish tradition reaching its peak with Pérez Galdós and the more low-life books of Pío Baroja. He was an innovator in his use of autobiography, an intimate form of writing linking him, surprisingly, to modernist investigations (e.g. Joyce, Proust) of the writer's own past. This study has tried to place him in the context of the first forty years of the century, which formed him, and whose interpretation is, in turn, assisted by his work.

There is an extraordinary unity to Barea's work. It is all focused towards the aims he set himself. What he wrote at the end of *La llama* and in the introduction to *The Track* during the early 1940s, and what he said on the Córdoba tape the year before he died, are the same: that he sought to use his own life and experiences as a touchstone, to explain the tremendous upheavals he had lived through.

This thematic unity contributes to the high intensity in Barea's work. Many people have written books twice as long on *Lorca* and said half as much as Barea. He packs in what he has to say. The same is true of the trilogy: it is not really long for the number of incidents and characters covered. This intensity is seen in the freshness and sharp colour readers find in Barea and is a suggestive reason why his creative flame burnt out rapidly.

Arturo Barea's political views were of no great depth. His personal behaviour and tastes were ordinary. There was nothing exceptional about his circumstances. He could easily have faded away into a discontented, grumbling middle-age, spending too little time at home and too much in brothels and bars.

The Civil War made him a writer. It released his potential. Of no other writer can this be said in the same way. All Barea's generation and the subsequent ones have had to come to terms with the Civil War. But only of Barea could it be said that his experience of the war completely altered his trajectory and made him an artist.

The limitations in his writing have been discussed in this study: his sentimentality, his difficulties with fictional creation, his lack of political analysis. What it has not been possible to transmit is the vividness -- the word sounds poor, repeated yet again on the page -- of his finest writing. Brutality, honesty, sincerity, crudity...all these words cited by critics and throughout this thesis are related to his vivid intensity. He is the writer of scenes, of pictures, of a character glimpsed -- pity he never reached Hollywood!

The most powerful central image of Sender's first novel *Imán*, the wonderful story of Viance, the magnet who attracted all misfortune, is when Viance shelters from the battlefield carnage inside a dead horse. It is a resonant symbolic image, which Sender exploits for all its worth: the poor, ignorant, lost soldier returning to life after his night protected by death.

But Barea could not have written it. He wrote of war and death; he wrote of shells eviscerating civilians, of a dead mule putrefying in a trench wall, but not of Sender's horse (1). Viance's feat is too implausible. Barea was a realist: his psychological truths came from penetrating the core of a situation, not from symbolic representation.

Barea's gift was neither symbolic nor intellectual. His gift was to see. Differences in talent accepted, his eye was like Goya's, direct, unflinching and honest. And he worked at his technique and material so that he was able to set down what he saw.

A writer must not be assessed at first from the point of view of theories or comparisons, but rather in his own terms: did he/she achieve what they set out to do? Barea gave us a picture of what Spain was like in the first half of this century, on and under the surface. He explained the forces in modern Spain which underlay the Civil War. He fulfilled his aims.

Barea's reputation continues to loll in the doldrums. Jean-Pierre Ressot in the most recent authoritative history of Spanish Literature wrote:

> "Los críticos coinciden en pensar que la obra de Barea está por debajo de la reputación que ha logrado.
> *La ruta* y *La llama* derivan hacia el sentimentalismo grandilocuente de la mala literatura comprometida...Barea forma parte de los escritores que se sirven de la literatura para ajustar cuentas con la historia." (2)

It depends! It depends on what your view of literature is. If the role of a writer is precisely to engage with his/her historical period and attempt to explain that period, rather

than the "universal values" often cited as an alternative; then Barea's work is of prime interest. For, scrupulously, he wrote political literature without being propagandist, successfully avoiding crude naturalism, socialist realism (except in *Valor y miedo*) or flat dry realism, on the one hand, yet never in his skilful descriptions of psychology losing sight of the impact of society on his characters. His reputation lolls in the doldrums because he is consistently judged by other standards.

Barea was not an ordinary writer. He has to be understood as a working-class writer, using the term both to describe his origins and his subject-matter. His generational isolation, the fact that he used slang and incorrect forms, the undervaluing of his work because it was first published abroad, the public and critical failure to understand his aims and the care put into his writing, are all related to his being a working-class writer writing about the working-class.

This should not be taken as special pleading, for Barea's defects are evident and not passed over in this study, but as an essential starting-point. His focus was on the millions who live history without a voice. He left us an examination of the impact of the key event in modern Spanish history, the Civil War, its antecedents and effects, on those millions.

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NOTES.

1. The dead mule is in *Carabanchel*, Chapter VI of *Valor y miedo*.

2.Ressot, Jean-Pierre, *Historia de la Literatura española, Siglo XX*, (Ariel, Barcelona 1995), Tomo VI.

APPENDIX ONE.

PUBLISHING HISTORY.

Arturo Barea's exile in 1938 and the consequent initial publication of nearly all his work in a foreign language, i.e. English, are the causes of inconsistencies in his Spanish texts. These unusual circumstances have given rise both to ignorance by readers and critics of some of his work and controversies about his writing ability and methods of composition. This appendix aims to set the factual record straight and to challenge some of the more prejudicial comments arising from this situation.

EARLY WORK.

Arturo Barea tells us that, when at school, he had a number of poems published in *Madrileñitos*, a magazine of the *Escuelas Pias*, and some unpaid articles in newspapers during 1913 and 1914 (1). Later, while in Morocco, he contributed to an Army magazine, *El Defensor de Ceuta*, and earned a few *duros* writing couplets and pasadobles for the 'artists' of Ceuta's *Café Cantante* (2). Happily, none of these juvenilia survive.

The record of Barea's adult work begins with an unpublished piece written for the journal of the XIIth International Brigade early in the Civil War (3). Then, in June 1937, he wrote an article on the fall of Bilbao (4). It was the publication of this article in *Hoja de Lunes*, signalling a victory for Barea in his fight to get the military and political commands to allow more items to be passed through the censorship, which led to his starting to broadcast on the radio.

VALOR Y MIEDO.

Barea's first paid story was with the help of journalist Sefton Delmer, who arranged for *La Mosca* (later part of *Valor y miedo*) to be published in the London *Daily Express* in October 1937 (5).

Barea's first book *Valor y miedo* was published in Spring 1938 in Barcelona by *Publicaciones anti-fascistas de Cataluña* at twelve pesetas. It had a photo on the front, another on the back and at least one other photo along with several pen and ink drawings inside. The small print run is not known and a large proportion was sent to Barea in Paris. Several of the stories in *Valor y miedo* were translated by Ilsa in Paris, and sold to French magazines (including *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise*), and Swiss and Swedish socialist magazines. (6)

ENGLAND.

Barea's second book, and his first in England, was published by Secker & Warburg in July 1941: *Struggle for the Spanish Soul*. This is No.10 of a series of pamphlets in the 'Searchlight' series, by a number of well-known writers from the non-Stalinist left. Joyce Cary, 'Cassandra' and George Orwell were other 'Searchlight' authors. *Struggle for the Spanish Soul* was to have been published in May 1941. But the typescript and first proof were 'destroyed by enemy action' (a fitting trial for an anti-fascist broadside) and it did not actually come out until July, after *The Forge* (7).

In 1941, Barea's break-through year, Cyril Connolly's *Horizon* published both *Not Spain, but Hemingway,* his original article on *For whom the Bell Tolls,* and the horrific short story *The Scissors*. There would have been therefore some expectation for the release of *The Forge* by Faber & Faber on June 12th 1941. The volume was widely reviewed and praised, but in its first year sold only a modest 1,027 copies at 10s.6d. (8). It was Faber's most distinguished editor, T.S.Eliot, who dealt with this and Barea's subsequent publications (9). This first edition was translated by Sir Peter Chalmers-Mitchell, British ex-consul in Málaga, who probably assisted in Faber's acceptance of the book (10).

The Track was published two years later, on July 9th 1943, also priced 10s.6d. This did a lot better and sold 3,911 copies in the first year. On March 3rd 1944, Faber brought out *Lorca the poet*

and his people at 7s.6d., which sold a respectable 1,495 copies in the first year.

The Clash was published on February 22nd 1946 and was the most immediately successful of Barea's books, selling 6,021 in the first year at the price of 12s.6d.. The books continued to sell after the first year, but no figures of sales are available.

A new version of *The Forge*, translated this time by Ilsa, had been brought out in 1943 and was reissued on May 1st after *The Clash*. This reissue sold 1,109 copies in 12 months at 10s.6d. This same year, *The Forging of a Rebel* was published in an omnibus edition in the United States by Reynal and Hitchcock. The first paper-backs were to be in 1958 at 2s.6d, an edition which Roland Gant and Ilsa pressed on 4-Square.

La forja de un rebelde was translated to at least ten languages (11). It is curious to note that Barea's total book sales for the five-year period between 1948 and 1952 placed him fifth in the list of the most translated Spanish authors, behind Cervantes, Ortega y Gasset, Lorca and Blasco Ibañez. Barea was ahead of Santa Teresa, San Juan de la Cruz, Unamuno and Cela! (12).

Articles of literary criticism by Barea were published in a number of different magazines, and in two cases as introductions to books, between 1941 and 1953. He also wrote, by Ilsa's count, about forty short stories, though it is unclear whether this figure includes the twenty pieces of *Valor y miedo* or not (15).

In 1945, Barea co-authored with Ilsa a political pamphlet, *SPAIN in the post-war world*, sold by the Fabian Society at one shilling. This sober Labour Party briefing was possibly commissioned by Lord Faringdon, a Fabian luminary and Arturo's landlord-to-be (16).

In 1951 the trilogy was published in Spanish for the first time: in three volumes by Losada in Buenos Aires. This opened up Barea to a potential Spanish audience, slight as it was, confined to literary critics, dissidents (the trilogy did circulate

underground in Spain) and exiles (17); and a broader Latin American public, who already knew him well as Juan de Castilla, under which name Barea not only broadcast, but wrote several articles.

WAS THE TRILOGY WRITTEN IN ENGLISH OR SPANISH?

The 1951 Latin American publication led to a controversy over the genesis of the trilogy, which stemmed from the unusual publishing sequence of Barea's books and was compounded by the poor quality of the Buenos Aires text.

In the Buenos Aires edition, there are frequent linguistic errors, similar to those in *Valor y miedo*: '*la-ismos*,` the use of 'esto` for 'eso,` etc.. In addition, there are anglicisms: for example, the omission of the relative article and use of English-influenced vocabulary. '*Realizar*' is used in its English sense of 'realise' (*darse cuenta*) and not in its Castilian meaning of 'bring about' (*llevar a cabo*); 'José *produjo* una botella' instead of *trajo* or *presentó*; *refrán* instead of *estribillo*; 'le fascinaba el *sujeto*' instead of *tema* etc..

Another fault found was with Barea's originality in punctuation and use of popular language, neither of which were acceptable to critics taking their lead from the *Real Academia de la Lengua Española* (19). It is interesting that Fernández Gutiérrez and Herrera Rodrigo, when defending Barea on his use of slang as recently as 1988, felt the need to go to great lengths to justify Barea's *la-ismos* and *le-ismos* (20). Many of his 'errors` are in fact, as argued in Chapter 2, deliberate colloquialisms.

However, Spanish critics who were politically hostile to Barea could use these three aspects of carelessness in the text, anglicisms and originality of expression, to highlight Barea's lack of quality. Ynduráin argued these points to conclude that Barea's reputation had been artificially inflated by anti-Franco interests (21); other critics of the 1950s dismissed him as a minor 'English' writer (22). This type of attack was a reflection

of cultural life under the dictatorship and need not now be taken too seriously.

However, the assertion that Barea was a careless and sloppy writer should not be so easily ignored. Marra-López cites this typical syntactical error from *La Forja*:

"Esta es una de las cosas porque yo quiero mucho a mi madre" (23).

On this error, Marra-López then comments:

"[Esta es]...una de las muchas incorrecciones gramaticales que el espléndido y intuitivo Barea comete. Llevar la cuenta sería prolijo." (24)

Marra-López is wrongly assuming here that Barea's sloppy grammar is an integral part of his freshness and intuitiveness. Later in the same article, Marra-López adds:

"[*La raíz rota* es]...infamemente escrita o retraducida...igual que sus libros anteriores." (25)

What actually happened was that Barea wrote in Castilian; the books were translated into English, then published. When the time came for the Spanish-language version of *La forja de un rebelde*, Barea's original version either no longer existed or only existed in part.

Barea's sloppiness in writing is, therefore, not because of his fresh spontaneity, but because he was sloppy in writing the 're-translation,' the second Spanish version reconstructed by him and Ilsa from the English version. That this is what occurred is supported by the fact that there is no translator credited for the Losada 1951 or subsequent editions. The fact that there are three additional chapters in the Spanish language version, which do not occur in any of the English versions, also confirms that Barea worked on the Losada version at later dates than those of the original composition (26).

Owing to the non-existence of the original Spanish-language manuscripts, questions have also been raised as to whether Ilsa co-wrote the trilogy. This can be directly rebutted by the

evidence of Olive Renier and Margaret Rink, Ilsa's translation assistants (27). Moreover, in her preface to the Argentinian edition of *Unamuno*, Ilsa explains that there never was a full Spanish-language manuscript of this work: this was, she goes on, because she and Arturo co-authored *Unamuno*, but this collaboration was completely different from Barea's practice with his earlier books (28).

A final insinuation is that it was not Arturo Barea at all who wrote the trilogy. This is implied, though not at all maliciously, in Giménez-Frontín's repetition of earlier rumours in a 1986 newspaper article:

> "[La trilogía fue]...originalmente escrita en lengua inglesa." (29)

The statement is again categorically rebutted by Rink and Renier's direct evidence, apart from considerable internal consistency between *Valor y miedo* and *La forja de un rebelde* (30). And Barea himself, of course, was not capable of writing them in English.

LAST BOOKS.

Barea's last published novel -- for some critics, his first! -- *The Broken Root* was issued by Faber at 15/- in 1951 and sold 1,982 copies in its first year. It was published soon after in the U.S.A. and in Denmark. Losada issued a Buenos Aires edition, *La raíz rota*, in 1955. On March 9th, 1951 Faber issued a cheap (5/-) edition of *The Forge*, but it sold only 199 copies. Barea's popularity had declined.

In his obituary of Barea, Joan Gili referred to another novel Barea was working on (31). And as early as 1951, Mario Benedetti reported a title, *Los guardianes de sus hermanos* (32). There is no evidence that Barea ever wrote anything of this projected novel. It is of interest that he wished to write another book. That he did not, supports the impression given by *La raíz rota*: Barea was burned out as a writer. He had covered the subject matter that stimulated him and had lost the necessary imaginative

intensity. Only three known stories of his were written after *La raíz rota* (33).

Barea's last book published in his lifetime was *Unamuno*. This short sixty-one page study of the thinker was issued by Bowes & Bowes in 1952 as part of a series 'Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought`. It was commissioned, via Ilsa, by the series' editor Erich Heller, a Cambridge professor of Austrian origin, who offered Barea the choice of Unamuno or Ortega y Gasset (34).

POSTHUMOUSLY.

According to Ilsa, Barea often intended to collect the stories he liked, but never did (35). After his death, she selected the contents of the collection *El Centro de la Pista*, which was published in Madrid by Cid editions in 1960.

El centro de la pista is a minor landmark in Spanish publishing history. It was the first post-war work of fiction published within Spain by a Republican supporter who had gone into exile at the end of or during the Civil War. A twenty-one year silence was broken. The Franco censorship had never been consistent; and as it was forced by political circumstances to begin to liberalise in the 1960s, it was even less so. The censorship had operated on two levels: publishers had to submit books to the censor before and after publication. At times therefore a book could be withdrawn from circulation after publication, leaving the publisher out of pocket and with no redress: a policy designed to encourage self- censorship, much more insidious and effective than direct prohibition. In Barea's own words:

> "If he [a publisher] wants to forestall this vague but ever-present danger, he will prefer not to print a book when in doubt." (36)

By 1960 Cid publishers were prepared to run this risk. They seem to have been able to do so without problems. The publication of Marra-López's book in 1962 was another indicator of a change in cultural climate. Marra-López and literary critics such as Alborg, Castellet and Nora, as well as publishers, were

interested in getting Sender, Aub, Alberti, Ayala, Barea and other exiles read within Spain.

The fact too that *El centro de la pista* was a minor book by a dead writer must have made publication easier. It is highly unlikely that *La forja de un rebelde* could have been published within Spain in 1960; and even less so, had Barea been still alive to broadcast and write on the fact. It was not until 1977, twenty years after Barea's death, and also after the dictator's, that the readership he had written for could finally have full access to the trilogy.

However, despite subsequent reprintings in Spain and England, and in spite of a six-part nine-hour television series of *La forja de un rebelde*, broadcast in 1990, Barea has not been widely read (37). *Lorca, Unamuno* and *La raíz rota* have never been published in Spain.

The reasons for this relative neglect are various. Giménez-Frontín suggested that:

> "...incomprensiblemente, Barea no fue 'recuperado` en el momento histórico que en justicia le correspondía...Tal vez, bien pensado, Barea fuera un plato demasiado crudo, demasiado luminoso como para tener a los editores de aquellos años [desde mediados de los 60 hasta mediados de los 70] de autocontrolada y comedida apertura." (38)

Moreover, Barea died relatively young, so could not be one of the exiles publishing or writing articles in the Spanish press from the late 60s on. And unlike many of his contemporaries, he was unable to stimulate interest in his work by actually returning from exile and being interviewed in the media.

Further factors in the neglect of Barea are that his work is hard to classify: fiction? autobiography? Its standard is uneven. He did not belong to any school. He did not have the status of a 'modern classic.` Nor did Barea fit easily into any political slot: despite his PCE sympathies in the Civil War, *La Llama* is implicitly critical of the PCE. And his later path was too independent for the PCE to want to promote his re-publication.

And the UGT, to which Barea gave his most consistent political loyalty, did not involve itself in promoting its past.

Despite the reissuing of his major works and the television series, Arturo Barea still remains, in Giménez-Frontín's words, *una asignatura pendiente* (39). The problems he tackled are no longer of such burning immediacy to Spanish readers keen to forget their past. And both politically and academically he remains a *plato crudo*, difficult to define. There is still no room for the self-taught son of a laundry-woman in Spanish letters.

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NOTES.

1. FR, pp.375-376

2. Ibid. p.391

3. Ibid. p.660

4. Ibid. pp.722-723

5. Ibid. p.749

6. Ibid. p.782

7. The detail about enemy action destroying the proofs is recorded on the title page of *Struggle for the Spanish soul*. Bernard Crick's introduction to George Orwell's *The lion and the unicorn*, pp.15-17, supplies further information about the 'Searchlight' publishing project.

8. These figures of sales for the first year, as all subsequent sales figures, are taken from a letter to me from Constance Cruikshank, archivist at Faber and Faber, 6/6/90.

9. Faber and Faber's files concerning T.S.Eliot, which very probably contain correspondence with Barea, will not be released until Valerie Eliot's biography of T.S.Eliot is completed. Valerie Eliot has not been prepared either to inform me what correspondence between Faber and Barea exists or to let me look at any of it.

10. Letter to me from Margaret Weeden, 1/11/92.

11. *The Daily Collegian*, State College, Pennsylvania, 28/2/52. (Penn. State Archive, 31/3/52). 'Obituary of Arturo Barea,' *The Times*, 28/12/57.
As well as in English and Spanish, *La forja de un rebelde* was published in Italian (by Garzanti, Milan), Dutch, Swedish, Finnish, French (by Gallimard), Danish (translated by Ilsa Barea's sister Lotte), Czech and Norwegian. Source: covers of Buenos Aires first editions. Later it was published in German.

12. Undated and unsourced 1952 Spanish press cutting, referring to the *Index Traslationum de la Unesco*, in possession of Barea's niece, Leonor Rodríguez Barea.

13. Barea, Arturo, *Letters* of 21/8/47 and 30/10/47 (WAC).

14. Press statement by Pennsylvania State College, February, 1952.

15. Barea, Ilsa, in Barea, A., *El centro de la pista*, p.43. Note 52, Chapter 8, explains that Ilsa Barea probably does not tell the whole truth here.

16. Lord Faringdon was a Labour peer, who in 1938 provided accommodation in the grounds of Buscot Park for one of the colonies of Basque refugee children. The Bareas went to live in one of the lodges in June 1947. However, given Lord Faringdon's involvement in Spanish solidarity activities during the Civil War and after, it seems very likely that the Bareas knew him previously. Interview with Gladys Langham, ex-secretary Faringdon Labour Party, 14/11/89; Bell, Adrian, *Only for Three Months*, (Norwich 1996).

17. Interview with Nicolás Riter, 23/6/90, who told me that when he was working on the railways in Madrid in the 1950s, *La forja de un rebelde* was one of the illegal books that passed from hand to hand.

18. de Nora, Eugenio, *La novela española contemporanea*, (Gredos, Madrid 1982), Tomo 11, pp.15-16.: "El estilo de Barea está afeado por algunas impropiedades que le hacían mejor la traducción."

19. Aranguren, J-Luis, *art.cit.*; Ynduráin, *art. cit.*; Alborg, *op. cit.*, inter al..

20. FG y HR, *op.cit.*, pp.55-67.

21. Ynduráin, *art. cit.*.

22. E.g. Ruiz Ayúcar, Angel, in *Arriba (?)*, 21/1/58:
"Recientemente ha fallecido el escritor inglés Arturo Barea...en definitiva, serán sus compatriotas los que hayan que decidir si la desaparición de Barea supone o no un grave quebranto para la literatura inglesa. Los españoles bastante tenemos con ocuparnos de nuestras cosas."

23. FR, p.14, quoted in Marra-López, *op. cit.*, p.292.

24. Marra-López, *op. cit.*, p.292.

25. Marra-López, *op. cit.*, p.332.

26. The three extra chapters in the Spanish language version are all from *La ruta*: Part One, Chapter IX and Part Two, Chapters III and VII.

27. Letters to me from Olive Renier, 6/4/92; and Margaret Weeden, 1/11/92.

28. Barea, Ilsa, *Unamuno* (Buenos Aires 1959), prefacio, pp.7-9.

29. Giménez-Frontín, José-Luis, *La Vanguardia*, 8/5/86.

30. Letters quoted in Note 27.

31. *The Times*, 28/12/57. "When he died he was at work on another novel".

32. Benedetti, Mario, *art.cit.*, p.374.

33. The dating is taken from *El centro de la pista*. The stories are: *Bajo la piel*, *La rifa* and *La lección*.

34. Barea, Ilsa, *Unamuno*, preface. Ilsa also comments that *Unamuno* was a book aimed at English students, who would be "casi totalmente ignorante en cuanto a Unamuno se refería."
Ironically, the essay in this series on Lorca was written by Barea's political opponent and BBC colleague, the South African pro-Franco poet Roy Campbell. Ynduráin (*art. cit.*) saw Campbell's book as a successful rebuttal of Barea's own book on Lorca.

35. Barea, Ilsa, in Barea, A., *El Centro de la pista*, introduction, p.45.

36. Barea, Arturo, 'New writing in Franco Spain,' *London Forum* (1946), Vol 1.i, p.63.

37. "TVE estrena *La forja de un rebelde*, la producción más ambiciosa de su historia. La obra dura nueve horas y ha supuesto una inversión superior a los 2.000 millones de pesetas." (*El País*, 30/3/90).
Barea's niece, Leonor, considered that the TVE production showed Arturo as too much the passive observer. It neither caught the happy side she remembered, nor showed him as a participant in events. (Interview with Leonor Rodríguez Barea, 23/6/90).

38. Giménez-Frontín, *art. cit.*.

39. Ibid.

APPENDIX 2.

1. Chronological table of the editions in English and Spanish of Barea's books.

2. Chronological table of stories and articles published by Arturo Barea.

1. Chronological table of the editions in English and Spanish of Barea's books.

Date	Title	Publisher	Published in	Other info
Summer 1938	*Valor y miedo*	Publicaciones Anti-fascistas de Cataluña	Barcelona	With 12 prints. Not found.
June 12 1941	*The Forge*	Faber & Faber	London	Trans. by Chalmers-Mitchell
July 1941	*Struggle for the Spanish Soul*	Secker & Warburg	London	Searchlight pamphlet 10
1943	*The Forge*	Faber & Faber	London	Trans. by Ilsa Barea: reprinted 1946 & 1951
July 9 1943	*The Track*	Faber & Faber	London	Foreword by Barea
March 3, 1944	*Lorca, the poet and his people*	Faber & Faber	London	
August 1945	*Spain in the post-war world*	Fabian Publications	London	Written with Ilsa Barea
Feb 22 1946	*The Clash*	Faber & Faber	London	
1946	*The Forging of a rebel*	Reynal & Hitchcock	New York	Trilogy in one volume

1949	*Lorca, the poet and his people*	Harcourt & Brace	New York	
1951	*La forja, La ruta, La llama*	Losada	Buenos Aires	Reprinted in 1954, 1958 & 1966
April 20 1951	*The broken root*	Faber & Faber	London	
1952	*Unamuno*	Bowes & Bowes	Cambridge	With Ilsa Barea
1953	*Unamuno*	Yale Univ. Press	New Haven, U.S.A.	
Aug 19 1955	*La raíz rota*	Santiago Rueda	Buenos Aires	
1956	*Lorca*	Losada	Buenos Aires	
1958	*The Forge, The Track, The Clash*	Four Square	London	First in paperback at 3s9d.
1959	*Unamuno*	Editorial Sur	Buenos Aires	Trans. by Rodríguez Monegal
1959	*La forja de un rebelde*	Ediciones Montjuich	Mexico, D.F.	Reprinted in 1965
1960	*El centro de la pista*	Ediciones Cid	Madrid	No.26, Col. Altor
1972	*The Forging of a rebel*	Davis-Poynter	London	Omnibus edition
1973	*Lorca*	Cooper Square	New York	
1974	*The Forge, The Track, The Clash*	Quartet	London	
1975	*The Forging of a Rebel*	Viking	New York	Omnibus edition
1977	*La forja, La ruta, La llama*	Turner	Madrid	First Spanish publication - reprinted 1984
1980	*Valor y miedo*	José Esteban	Madrid	
1984	*Valor y miedo*	Terceto	Barcelona	Reprinted by Plaza & Janés 1986

1984	*The Forge, The Track, The Clash*	Fontana	London	Flamingo paperback
1985/6	*La forja de un rebelde, La ruta, La llama*	Plaza y Janés	Barcelona	Despite title, 1st vol. only contains *La forja*. Reprinted in 1990.
1988	*El centro de la pista*	Diputación de Badajoz	Badajoz	Intro by María Herrera
April 1993	*La forja, La ruta, La llama*	Plaza y Janés	Barcelona	Number 154, Biblioteca de Autor

2. Chronological table of stories and articles published by Barea.

Date	Title	Where	Type	Comment
June 1937	La caída de Bilbao	*Hoja de Lunes*, Madrid	Article	
October 1937	The Fly	*London Daily Express*	Story	
May 1939	A Spaniard in Hertfordshire	*The Spectator*	Article	
c.1940	Various...	*La Nouvelle Revue française*	Stories	Trans. of stories from *VM*
1940	Brandy	*Penguin Parade*, 7	Story	Translation of *Coñac* from *VM*
1941	The Scissors	*Horizon*	Story	Reprinted in Horizon Stories 1943
May 1941	Not Spain -- but Hemingway	*Horizon*	Lit crit	
March /April 1942	Lorca	*Horizon*	Lit crit	In two parts

April 1943	The Track	Faber & Faber		With Barea's foreword, never pub. in any Span. edition
September 1943	The Spanish Labyrinth	*Horizon*	Book Review	
April 1945	The In-divisibility of Freedom	In: *Freedom for Spain*	Speech, London, 31/3/45.	*Socialist Vanguard* pamphlet
Winter 1946	New writing in Franco Spain	*London Forum 1.i*	Lit crit	
1946	Realism in Modern Spanish Novel	*Focus 2*	Lit crit	Not found
Winter 1947	Ortega and Madariaga	*University Observer* (Chicago)	Lit crit	'A journal of politics'
Late 1947 or Jan. 1948	Re: Spanish writers	*Contact*	Lit crit	Not found
1948	Intro. to *The dark wedding* by Ramón Sender	Grey Walls Press, London	Lit crit	
July 21st 1950	Un grupo de inefables viejecitos	*El Mercurio*, Santiago de Chile	Anecdot-ical article	Similar to his BBC talks.
Spring 1953	A quarter century of Spanish writing	*Books Abroad* xxvii, New York	Lit crit	
1953	Introduction to *The Hive* by C.J.Cela **	Victor Gollancz	Lit crit	Trans. JM Cohen "in consultation with" Barea.
1957	La Lección	*La Nación*, Buenos Aires	Story	
November 1964	Big Granny	*Argosy*	Story	Translation of *La lección*

** Following Cela's Nobel Prize, this translation was issued in paperback by Sceptre (London) in 1992, without Barea's introduction, but with his help in the translation acknowledged. Given his reduced participation, his name was aptly reduced to 'Arturo Bare'.

Notes:

1. The original places of publication of many of the stories later collected in *El centro de la pista* have not been located. There are other stories not collected in that volume, whose titles and places of publication have not been found, either.

2. A number of Barea's radio broadcasts as Juan de Castilla were spoken essays about writers and writing. He spoke about at least the following: Gabriela Mistral (12/9/44); *Don Segundo Sombra* (7/11/44); Carlos María Ocantos (1944); Ciro Alegría (10/4/1945); Rómulo Gallegos (22/5/45).

3. More than one of Barea's stories were also broadcast on the BBC. The only definite date is 28/11/58, when *Grandmother's Lesson*, translation of *La lección*, was broadcast.

Barea sometimes referred to his more anecdotical war-time broadcasts as stories.

4. A tape of part of a radio interview with Barea, recorded in May 1956 in Córdoba, Argentina, exists. This is referred to in the thesis as the 'Córdoba tape`.

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APPENDIX 3.

ILSE POLLAK/ILSA BAREA.

(1902 - 1972)

BACKGROUND.

Ilsa's background was very different from Arturo's. She came from a comfortably-off and cultured family. Whereas Arturo came to politics by his own experience as a worker, Ilsa's family was liberal and she became involved with the left during her time at University. She was born in Vienna on September 20, 1902, five years to the day after Arturo Barea (1). Her father was Jewish, but non-practising; her mother from a Catholic military background. Such a meeting of opposites was not infrequent in the liberal Vienna of the late 19th century; and there is every indication that Ilsa was brought up without any religious influence (2). In her adult life she never practised Catholicism nor Judaism, though that was not to inhibit the Duque de Primo de Rivera, Spanish Ambassador in London, from referring to her in 1956 as "una refugiada judía" (3).

Though Ilsa's mother, Alice von Zieglmayer, had a "rose-coloured" memory of imperial glory, Ilsa tells us she herself was Republican from her teens (4). Her father, Dr Valentin Pollak, was born in 1871 and had some fame as co-author of a literary reader "Pollak, Jellinek and Streinz" in common use in schools in the 1920s. He became the Principal of a well-known boys' school in Vienna; and spent long years accumulating notes for a history of education in Austria; the notes for which he had to abandon when leaving Vienna in 1938 (5).

Pollak was a supporter of the right-wing of social democracy. Arturo Barea gives an ironic account of Adler's visit to Madrid during the Civil War (6); and it is easy to imagine Ilsa's view of Dr Pollak behind the sketch. But her political differences certainly did not stop her and Arturo welcoming both her parents in England when they fled Austria. After being interned, the

Pollaks lived with the Bareas from late 1939 until their deaths in Faringdon in the late 1940s.

Ilsa was to dedicate to their memory the only book she published solely in her name: *Vienna*.

COMMUNISM AND SOCIALISM.

Culturally, Ilse Pollak (born Ilse, she became widely-known as Ilsa after 1936: herself often using the name) was formed by the great Communist movement that swept across Europe after the First World War. She was also, in her own view, of a generation that was the last to feel the revolutionary breath of 1848 (7). She went to University in Vienna after the World War and eventually graduated in Economics and Sociology. More importantly she was, from 1918 on, a political activist (8). She plunged into student debates, agitations and disputes; and at University, though whether as a founder member or not is unclear, joined the new Austrian Communist Party.

Without becoming a central leader, she was in the 1920s a prominent member of what was always a small party. She wrote articles for the press and may have been for a time a full-time worker for the party. In 1925 she was sent to Budapest on a Comintern mission to channel funds to a Romanian opposition leader. Something went wrong and Ilsa spent four months in a Hungarian jail. She left the Communist Party after her release. According to her own account, she felt the Comintern should have helped her more and at least reimbursed her legal expenses (9).

Back in Vienna, she became active in education and propaganda work on the left wing of the powerful Social Democratic Party. The early thirties was the period of increasing Nazi pressure on Austria and the growth of an indigenous fascist movement, the *Heimwehr*, within the country. The Social Democrats had governed Vienna since the First World War and had instituted a massive programme of "municipal socialism". Hundreds of thousands of working-class people had been re-housed in tower-blocks, where

services were cheap and facilities numerous. This was one of the most far-reaching attempts to build a socialist "island" within a capitalist state; and the principal reason why the Austrian Communist Party remained relatively small.

Ilsa had at least two close emotional relationships during this period; one with Kolamar Wallisch, a leader of the Schutzbund workers' self-defence organisation in the Viennese suburb of Styria. He was hanged by the Dollfuss regime after the final defeat of the workers during the "February events" of 1934 (10). At some stage, probably in the early '30s, she married Leopold Kulcsar, also a working-class leader. We are indebted to Arturo Barea for a description of "Poldi" in Barcelona shortly before the latter's death in 1938 (11). Kulcsar and Ilsa became leaders of a small underground current within the Social Democratic Party, called "The Spark". The name was taken from the faction Lenin had led (*Iskra*) within the Russian Social-Democratic Party thirty years before; and suggests that Ilsa's early abandonment of the Communist Party permitted her to maintain a fighting communist line, whereas those who stayed within the Party to follow the vagaries of Stalin's foreign policies were often immobilised as revolutionary fighters.

"The Spark" started to organise in 1932/3 a military and political resistance within the Social-Democratic Party as an alternative to the Bauer and Adler leadership's passive response to the imminent threat of the right's dismantling the party and its achievements.

On February 12, 1934, the Government moved against the workers' organisations: there were tens of thousands of willing fighters in the Social-Democratic ranks, but Bauer's pacifist policies had left them with no political nor material means to defend themselves. Small bands of armed fighters, some organised by "The Spark", attempted to organise resistance. But the movement had already been defeated by the failure of its leadership.

Leopold Kulcsar was one of those arrested; and Ilsa (in a curious minor twist of history) took refuge in the one-room flat of Hugh

Gaitskell. Gaitskell, Dora Gaitskell, Kim Philby and Stephen Spender were just some of the many English socialists attracted to "Red Vienna" during this period after Hitler's coming to power, whom Ilsa met (12).

Ilsa stayed in Vienna for several months after the February events, probably until her husband left prison. She rented a large flat (with her parents' money?) in the Herrengasse and Gaitskell then stayed with her for a period. She did underground political work until, in late '34, she left the city for exile in Prague, where the great majority of Social-Democratic leaders who had escaped were attempting to reorganise (13). In Prague after the Austrian defeat, there was a massive swing from the Social-Democrats to the Communists among the exiles. Kulcsar was one of those who joined the Party, and one may trace in his excessive rigidity, as Arturo portrays him, some of the zeal of a reformed Austro-Marxist to prove himself before the Comintern (14).

It is clear that in the '20s Ilsa had left the Communist Party without renouncing Communist ideals, which, as in the case of other left-wing Austro-Marxists, laid her open to persecution by the Stalinists. Arturo Barea tells us, in *La Llama*, that an important factor in his and Ilsa's exclusion from influence in Madrid in 1937 was the 'whispering campaign' that Ilsa was a Trotskyist (15). The exact political reasons for Ilsa leaving the Communist Party in the '20s are however not clear. The underlying reason, if not the immediate, was probably the Party's failure to take root in Austria. But she did not become a Trotskyist, nor a public critic of the Communists either in Prague or Madrid, or later in England.

Indeed, her experiences in Spain, which she talked about frequently in Britain during the 1940s and '50s, do not appear to have led to any overall critique of the Soviet Union. Indeed she sometimes liked to talk of her friendships with Russian generals (16). However, she "never denied the existence of Stalinist terror" (17). Like many people moving away from political militancy, the question became less urgent for her. The

contradiction between her own experience and what she thought, was not put under pressure.

SPANISH CIVIL WAR.

Ilsa arrived in Madrid from Valencia without her husband and on borrowed money in early November 1936. She had used contacts in socialist papers in Norway and Czechoslovakia to somehow persuade the Spanish Embassy in Paris to pay for her to come to Spain to assist in the Press Department (18). She was a very insistent and determined person. And like many of her generation, especially the Germans and Austrians, she recognised in the Spanish Civil War another, and possibly the last, chance to combat fascism.

For the next 21 years her life was to be totally involved with Arturo Barea. But their meeting was not auspicious. Barea was exhausted and irritable, after weeks with little sleep. The Government had fled to Valencia during the crucial early November days of the siege of Madrid. Ilsa, just arrived, was at once evacuated to Valencia along with the rest of the Press Department. She managed to get back rapidly to Madrid from Valencia, on the grounds that her presence in Madrid would mean there was at least one left-wing journalist there. But Barea was ill-disposed to anyone who had fled to Valencia and describes their first meeting with his customary (up till then, at least) disdain for women:

"La mujer se sentó frente a mí al otro lado de la mesa: una cara redonda, con ojos grandes, una nariz romana, una frente ancha, una masa de cabellos oscuros, casi negros, alrededor de la cara, y unos hombros anchos, tal vez demasiado anchos, embutidos en un gabán de lana verde, o gris o de algún color que la luz violada hacía indefinido. Ya había pasado los treinta y no era ninguna belleza. ¿Para que demonios me mandaban a mí una mujer de Valencia? Ya era bastante complicado con los hombres. Mis sentimientos, todos, se rebelaban contra ella." (19)

Disciplined militant, Ilsa did not quarrel with his "mala gana" and "displicente" tone and began to use her knowledge of English, French, German and Italian to collaborate with the foreign journalists (20). At his boss's Rubio Hidalgo's telephoned suggestion from Valencia, Barea offered her a job in the Press Censorship. The rest, as they say, is history...Arturo's

sentimientos changed. Ilsa's sang-froid before the shelling and bombing, her dedication and competence, her *boca deliciosa* drew Arturo to her (21). There is no direct evidence as to Ilsa's feelings. By Arturo's account, they spent all their time together; working night and day, eating together and sleeping on the camp beds in the Telefónica. They spent their limited moments of free time together too and within a few weeks were lovers.

Ilsa telephoned, then went to see, her husband, the ill-fated Leopold Kulcsar, in Valencia or Barcelona. Kulcsar, with dignity, agreed to a divorce, though told her he hoped to win her back. Later Kulcsar himself confirmed the strength of Ilsa's and Arturo's relationship:

> "Nos contó [Poldi] que los [Ilsa y Arturo] había hallado felices como niños; era conmovedor el ver lo encantados que estaban el uno con el otro." (22)

Ilsa Kulcsar rapidly became a famous figure in the Telefónica (23). She had an endless capacity for work and was domineering and "bossy" (24). Peter Heller, who worked with her a few years later in the BBC, described her as "dominant, not domineering...She didn't let things rest" (25). To Olive Renier, who also worked at the BBC, she was "very dominating, but good value...very serious ...of sterling character, very brave, intelligent" (26). To journalist Sefton Delmer, who knew her in Madrid, she was "highly intelligent" (27). Intelligent and dominating are the adjectives that consistently crop up in peoples' comments about Ilsa.

Although formally Barea's assistant, Ilsa had more contact than he with the foreign journalists. These were respectful and very careful of Ilsa, who was aware of her power (28).

Arturo and Ilsa worked together in the censorship for nine months. They were in some ways a strange couple. The rather cadaverous, haunted-looking Barea and the "short, plumpish, ungainly" Ilsa (29). The Spaniard who had not found himself, socialist but with traditional ideas about women; and the Austrian life-long Communist/Socialist militant.

After New Year 1936/7, Ilsa officially became Arturo's deputy in the press censorship, work which they both found of consuming interest. They believed in its value. While Arturo won his battles to tell the truth about Republican defeats and not just present the rosy picture, Ilsa often supplied the original ideas, was tireless in pursuing useful contacts and pushed Arturo forward. Neither of them had much liking for the jaded alcoholic worlds of journalists and Soviet commissars in the Hotel Victoria. They preferred their own company (30).

During this period, both Ilsa and Arturo lived under the most intense pressure: of work, of the closeness of death, and also of the harm they were doing to their respective husband and wife.

In Autumn 1937, with Arturo's health deteriorating and a political campaign starting against them, the couple went on leave to the Levante. On their return, things had changed. They had lost their jobs as censors: and the plausible, given her past, but false campaign that Ilsa was a Trotskyist was in full swing. In fact, Ilsa decided not to, and persuaded Arturo not to, fight these attacks, on the grounds that any public row could only give solace to the Republican side's enemies.

It was a mistaken policy to keep silent (See Note 33, Chapter 6 for a fuller discussion), something easier to perceive with 60 years' hindsight. But there were enough people at the time who spoke out against Stalin and the PCE's disastrous policy in Spain: Dos Passos (whom Ilsa knew) and Orwell were two famous foreign journalists who did. The POUM and the anarchists of course also did. But Hemingway, Gellhorn and Ilsa and Arturo were among the majority who opted for silence.

Ilsa showed her strength in another way. "Sin ella, [Arturo Barea] hubiese muerto," said Professor Fernández Gutiérrez (31). It was her determination that dragged an increasingly fatalistic and depressed Barea out of Spain, before they were killed or arrested. The story of that trip is told in *La llama*. It was, first, Ilsa's ability to pull strings with the powerful Soviet

interrogator Kulcsar, and then various friends of Barea, that achieved on 22nd February 1938 her and Arturo's exit from Spain, via La Jonquera in Catalonia.

With Arturo, Ilsa spent almost a year living in Paris in poverty under the hanging sword of the impending war. She lived by occasional translations and selling her own articles and some translations of Arturo's stories. She was not well in Paris, suffering from the nervous reaction to her supreme efforts over the previous 18 months and from the sudden death of Kulcsar on 28th January, which had allowed her and Arturo to marry a week before leaving Barcelona. She had rheumatic pains and often lay in bed with a temperature. Her chain-smoking and malnourishment would not have helped. "A menudo pasábamos hambre," Barea tells us baldly (32).

B.B.C. MONITORING SERVICE.

Ilsa Barea went to work for the BBC Monitoring Service at Wood Norton in August 1939. She found a large, ramshackle house in the small village of Fladbury, 4 miles from Evesham and 2 from the BBC, where Arturo, her parents recently released from internment and Margaret Weeden joined her. The Monitoring Service was in rapid expansion, spurred by the imminence of war. Its function was to listen to and transcribe broadcasts from other countries. As the war developed the Service's reports became a key element in helping to shape British foreign policy.

Ilsa spoke five European languages, -- though in all of them, despite her fluency, she had a Viennese accent. Many of the Service's new recruits were exiles from Central Europe. Ilsa was effective at her job, as Margaret Weeden recorded:

"I found myself sitting beside a short, heavily built woman with a large mop of rather frizzy hair who at once addressed me in German, to my fury. Fortunately, Ilsa Barea's smile and charm soon overcame this bad start, and it did not take long to realise that here was someone of quite exceptional ability. When the first German news bulletin was broadcast I remember watching with amazement as she scrawled a few odd words or phrases almost at

random across page after page, while I struggled with shorthand. Then I watched with even greater amazement as she typed out an almost verbatim translation." (33)

Among other broadcasts, Ilsa Barea often monitored the radio speeches of Franco and Hitler (34): her information is reflected in Arturo's radio broadcasts, where his parodies of and comments on the Nazi leaders often show a detailed knowledge of what they actually said.

Ilsa worked hard, starting on the eight-hour night shift. But she was moved to the 4pm to midnight shift, both because many of the interesting broadcasts were during these hours and because she was not strong. In winter she found walking the 2 miles from the BBC to Fladbury too much (35).

The Monitoring Service shared premises during the first two years of the war with some units of the BBC's also fledgling foreign language broadcasts service. Ilsa's contacts with people in the Latin American Service eventually got her husband some broadcasting work, which was to turn into the Juan de Castilla talks (see Chapter 7). Since leaving Spain, she had been the couple's major bread-winner; but this situation shifted as Arturo got more and more work with the BBC.

In 1941, Ilsa became involved in a controversy, interesting in itself and also for light it throws on her personality. She spoke out in criticism of the Spanish Service, calling those in charge "crypto-fascists" for the content of the broadcasts to Spain (see Chapter 7). Ilsa must often have had to use her training in politics to help her bite her tongue, in order not to compromise longer-term aims of fighting fascism by short-term outbursts at some of the reactionary politics of the BBC hierarchy. The outburst described above, made by a foreign refugee in a time of war about a part of the Service other than what she was working in, was risky for her own position and must have been provoked by considerable tension. On the question of Spain, it was clearly impossible for her to always keep silent.

She and Arturo were both caught in a contradiction working for the BBC. It is a constant tension in Ilsa's letters (36): and was a greater pressure on her than on her husband. She was both more of a political thinker than him, and more to the left.

The letter of application she wrote to the BBC on behalf of Arturo in 1939 (see also Chapter 7) displays a trait which runs through all her letters, and which those who knew her recall from her speech: she was verbose, she didn't know when to stop talking (37). As in this letter, she frequently betrays her fears or desires by saying too much -- although at work in the Telefónica and at the BBC, and in her book *Vienna*, she showed she knew how to be self-disciplined.

Ilsa moved with the Monitoring Service to Caversham in 1943, then left the Service towards the end of the war. She had been a valued monitor and left of her own free will. As the war drew to a close, there was no longer a pressing justification to stifle her opinions. And also, she looked to a future career as writer and translator.

TRANSLATOR.

During the war, Ilsa continued her literary translations. Her first work in this area had been in Barcelona and Paris, then in England, translating Arturo's stories and articles (38). The first book she tackled was *La ruta*, the second volume of Arturo's trilogy, in 1942. She went on to translate *La llama*, then to re-translate *La forja*, originally translated by Chalmers-Mitchell. Ilsa collaborated on the trilogy with two English friends, Olive Renier, who read galleys and typescripts, and with Margaret Rink, whose role was "more basic...helping with the translation" (39). Ilsa also had of course the great benefit for a translator of being able to consult the author whenever she wished.

Her strength as a translator is not that she always understood correctly the Spanish: sometimes she didn't, especially in *La*

ruta. Nevertheless, the errors in her translations are of little consequence: in itself a rare achievement for a non-native translating between two second languages. But she was also an excellent translator of literature, by which is meant three things: she had the capacity to express tone and nuance across a change in language; she had a beautiful style in written English; and third, she did not use these abilities to write in a vaunting way but subordinated her language to that of the writer she was translating.

There are of course difficulties in assessing Arturo Barea's work, which relate to the fact that nearly all his books were first published in English, after being written in Castilian. The translation by Ilsa of the trilogy is a far more fluent and polished work than the "original" or re-translation, which Losada published in Buenos Aires in 1951 (see Appendix 1).

The easiest comparison, showing Ilsa's competence, is between Chalmers-Mitchell's and her translation of *La forja*. For example, Chalmers-Mitchell, over 70 when he translated *La forja*, used slang out-of-date even at the time; whereas Ilsa often wisely leaves a term in the original (40). Her treatment of the *voice* of a slum child, is better: for example, she writes: "It was a nuisance that no ball came floating down..."(41); rendered by Chalmers-Mitchell as: "I am cross because no ball has come down the river..." (42). *Nuisance*, surely, is less refined than *cross;* and *floating down* more vivid. Ilsa catches the tone of a street urchin, who was yet sensitive.

Nevertheless, the probable main reason for retranslating *La forja* was to restore passages omitted by Chalmers-Mitchell, such as the descriptions of Arturo's adolescent sex games with Enriqueta; and to add other passages which Barea wanted to include, such as the description of the *Cava baja* at the start of Chapter 3. The other great innovation Ilsa made was to tell the whole book in the past tense rather than in the historic present: an unexplained change inasmuch as Barea retained the present in the 1951 Spanish-language edition. However, it is a change which reads well and in no way impairs Barea's re-creation of a childhood world.

An example of the third and most difficult virtue: fidelity to the original through the process of transformation to another language, is shown through the following passages:

"Antonio, el cantinero, vino despacito, echó una ojeada y se volvió a su cantina. Regresó con el cuchillo de cortar el jamón.
--Cogedla unos cuantos y sujetadla contra el borde -- dijo.
Veinte manos se apoderaron del cuerpo ahora limpio y metálico manteniéndole contra el reborde de cemento, y Antonio comenzó a cortar lonchas blancas, con una gota de sangre roja en el centro que al caer en el agua se disolvía lenta.
Antonio me pagó treinta pesetas." (43)

Ilsa's rendering:

" Antonio, the canteen-keeper, came, looked and walked away to his canteen. He returned with a big knife for cutting ham. 'Catch hold of it, some of you, and put it here on the edge,' he said.
Twenty hands held the body, now clean and shining, against the edge of the trough. Antonio began to cut it into slices, which slipped back into the water, each with a drop of red blood in the centre, which slowly dissolved.
Antonio paid me thirty pesetas for it." (44)

Every translation involves a set of choices. Some of Ilsa's choices in the above extract illustrate the quality of her work:

a) With her sparse three verbs: "came, looked and walked away," she catches the figure of Antonio, silent but for one spare sentence and dominant in the scene.

b) She is skilled in her use of colloquial phrasal verbs, both in narrative and speech. Examples here are "catch hold of" and "hold against".

c) She changes the order of words in the phrase starting "y Antonio comenzó a cortar...", omits some words altogether ("blanca"), and introduces the term "slipped back." Thus she succeeds in the translator's aim of transmitting the image and feel of the original: in this case, of blood dripping into the water.

There are some infelicities, especially in *La ruta*, her first full-length translation. One small example:

"'...The kitchen yields me about ten pesetas a day. And there's always something to be got out of the clothing, even if I must leave the quartermaster-sergeant his portion. And my food is thrown in gratis: where sixteen eat, seventeen can be fed.'" (45)

The original reads:

"La cocina me da unas diez pesetas al día: y siempre se saca algo de la ropa, aunque haya que dejarle su parte al suboficial. Y la comida me sale gratis; donde comen dieciséis, comen diecisiete." (46)

"Yields" and "must" are both awkward in the mouth of the mess sergeant. The first is much more likely to be "gives," a more common word. "Must" should be "have to". Thirdly, "thrown in" for "me sale" is incorrect: the mess sergeant is talking about robbing the people who eat in his canteen, whereas "thrown in" implies that the food is his right as part of his earnings.

These points are quibbles. In general, Ilsa's are fine translations. They are not as brutal, as crude as the language of the originals. But Castilian is a harsher-sounding language in many ways; and Barea's prose some of the harshest written in that language. His ungrammatical use of some terms, which gives at times a colloquial, rough edge to the prose, is also something impossible to re-produce fully in translation.

Ilsa went on to translate all of Arturo's subsequent work that was translated, as well as co-authoring with him the 1945 Fabian pamphlet and *Unamuno*. She wrote in the introduction to the 1959 Buenos Aires edition of this latter book:

"Desde luego, nuestras largas discusiones sobre el tema tenían cierta influencia en el ensayo, pero solamente en su dialéctica, no en su esencia." (47)

Ilsa is being perhaps too modest about her role in this book. But their method of mutual discussion, of intensely living the composition of Arturo's books (they often wrote at the same table) would have greatly assisted her in finding *le mot juste* in her translations. She mentions in another context:

"Recuerdo vívidamente cuántas veces pedí a Arturo detalles descriptivos al traducir una frase suya que contenía alguna de esas alusiones, incomprensible para mí y por supuesto para tantos otros extranjeros." (48)

But it was not only Arturo Barea's works which Ilsa translated. The trilogy was the first of about 20 full-length books which Ilsa was to translate from both Spanish and German into English over the following 25 years. The books are varied, and range from

commissions she may not have felt much sympathy with, such as Hortelano's *Tormenta de verano*, to books whose culture and/or politics she shared. The translations from the Spanish are high-quality. Those from the German are often complex, such as Schnitzler and Holderlïn, and have a good reputation as accurate. Certainly in the English, they read well.

Her most political translation, apart from Barea's books, was of the autobiography of the Civil War general, Valentín González. His book *Life and Death in Soviet Russia* is a powerful (if not always reliable) testimony from an uneducated, but intelligent figure.

González was exiled in Moscow at the end of the Civil War. He rebels against Stalinist restrictions, is imprisoned, escapes, is caught and ends up working as a labourer building the Moscow underground in the late '40s, before finally fleeing the country. It is a book against Stalinism, written before 1956 made the first wave of anti-Stalinism from within the Communist Parties fashionable. But it is also a book written by a man who never renounces Socialism.

Ilsa herself had no time for the Spenders and Koestlers who attacked the left alongside their "revelations" of Stalin's crimes. Like González, she was made of sterner stuff. The translation, and her sympathetic introduction, confirm indirectly what those who knew her report: that 13 years after the end of the Civil War, Ilsa still believed in the importance and centrality of the working-class in politics.

BROADCASTING

As well as earning money throughout the '40s, '50s and '60s from translations, Ilsa worked as an interpreter. On various occasions there is evidence of her working at major Conferences. In 1949, for instance, she interpreted at both the "Free World Labour Conference" in London and the "International Transport Workers' Conference" in Stuttgart. Six years later, she was working for

two weeks as an interpreter for an Austrian study group in London. (49). Interpreting was an occasional but regular activity.

Interpreting helped her to start broadcasting in English. This was a career she wanted, but one which never really took off. She pushed quite hard for a number of years in the 1950s, but the BBC archives show, through her letters and the BBC's response, a number of problems.

One drawback was her accent. One of her first broadcasts was an anecdotal piece on interpreting for "Womens' Hour" in 1951 (there is a list of Ilsa's broadcasts below). The producer afterwards questioned her suitability: apparently, when she was nervous, her accent tended to thicken (50).

Probably more decisive in her failure to become an established broadcaster was her unreliability. In 1951 she had a proposal for a talk on Cela's *Viaje a la Alcárria* accepted by the BBC Third Programme. But she was then late in submitting the script due to "flu and neuritis," as she wrote in her effusively apologetic letter (51). However this was not something which happened just the once. It was repeated with other scripts; became a pattern of behaviour.

Ilsa was clearly a person of tremendous nervous energy, who tended to overwork. Throughout the '50s she suffered from a constant stream of colds and 'flu; an echo of the bronchitis she had had in prison in the 1920s and of her prostration in Paris in 1938. The same nervousness that made her voice thicken and that caused her to speak <u>at</u> people, exacerbated these minor but debilitating illnesses. Around this time she began to suffer from Diabetes, too. Ilsa was not at all well, but she is unreasonable in expecting other people to make allowances for her failures to deliver. Thus her illness and nervousness became in other peoples' eyes unreliability, as she failed to meet deadlines.

A third factor militating against a successful broadcasting career was her verbosity, both written and verbal. She found it

hard to stop talking or to end a letter. One example was a letter she wrote to P.H.Newby, then a programme co-ordinator for the Third Programme, making a number of suggestions and expressing doubts about the programme's title. The points are quite justified in themselves, but long-winded and not tactfully put. It could not have entered her mind that she was intruding on Newby's province. After this programme, she tells Newby: "My accent and certain inflections made me squirm" (52). This second letter, full of apologies, instead of contributing to better relations, compounds the earlier errors of missing the deadline and telling Newby his job, by then over-reacting with self-doubt. In the same letter, she over-reaches with Newby by offering Arturo's story *Las tijeras* for broadcast. Newby rejected the story.

Ilsa was too pushy for England, and at the same time revealed too clearly her insecurities about her abilities. Her haughtiness, her bossiness too, are familiar traits of a person affected by nervousness and attempting by will-power to overcome it. The vicious circle is completed by her smoking, produced by and causing nerves, and illnesses.

Nevertheless, during the 1950s, she did a number of broadcasts for both Womens' Hour and the Third Programme. They are varied: on interpreting and translation, on womens' changing status in Britain, on Heine and Schnitzler, on being foreign in England, on the continental use of food seasoning, and on pike fishing, about which she was surprisingly an expert and enthusiast. She would fish in Lord Faringdon's lake at Buscot Park, the only leisure activity of Ilsa recorded.

She also made from time to time until 1958 a number of proposals for radio talks, which were not taken up by the BBC and rarely followed up by her. Her last actual broadcast appears to have been about Vienna for the Latin American Service in 1955.

VIENNA.

Vienna: Legend and Reality was to be the title of the only book published solely in Ilsa's name. Following a TLS article she wrote on Arthur Schnitzler in the mid-40s, George Weidenfeld the publisher, also an Austrian exile, who had met Ilsa in August 1939 at the Monitoring Service and remained friendly, suggested she develop the article into a book on Vienna. She signed a contract with Weidenfeld, which was cancelled by mutual agreement in the mid-50s (53). Certainly in the mid-50s she was researching, but the book was still ten years away from completion and its eventual publication by Secker & Warburg in 1966 (54).

Vienna is much finer than its 20-year gestation period and the author's problems in broadcasting might lead us to suppose. It is a complex and scholarly overview of her native city's development. Her express aim is well-summarised by Ilsa herself:

> "(I am) in the very last stages of writing...book called 'Mirage of Vienna,' an attempt at historical portrayal and at the same time evocation of 'Old' Vienna, but particularly the Old-New Vienna between 1870 and 1914 which launched the meretricious romantic myth of Viennese gaiety and glamour." (55)

A more personal motive for the book is expressed in its Preface:

> "In trying to find the roots of both positive and negative Viennese traits, in assessing our common heritage, I could not but uncover some of my own roots...In this sense, there is an element of autobiography in the book." (56)

Vienna is a cultural and social history, not a directly political one, and tantalisingly stops short in 1921. In other words, unlike Arturo Barea, Ilsa does not wish to write about her own life. But she does embark on a similar literary journey of self-discovery combined with historical and social investigation, albeit in a very different form.

The style she chose was sober and serious, with occasional vivid turns of phrase, these latter often paralleling a sharp insight. She talks of Adler's "hollowed-out liberalism" (57), of another politician's arrival "just as a rattlesnake announces itself"

(58), of "the house without eyebrows" by Loos (59), to mention just three.

The book shows her political formation too, though there is nothing that would lead a reader to believe she had been a revolutionary militant for the two decades of her prime. But the politics emerge in her generally materialist approach to the subject matter. For example, she places Metternich in his social and historical position. She has no "great man" view of history (60).

Her political approach is also evident in the importance she ascribes to the working-class in history. The book is generally enriched by the skilful use of her own and her family's memories to illustrate her arguments: with regard to the working-class, she talks of childhood memory of workers' accent and speech and relates it to their exclusion from the city's architectural heritage, the property of the upper and middle classes (61). This use of memory provides a telling image of change when she mentions how a decayed palace became workers' tenements in the '20s (62).

Ilsa is very conscious too of the strength of popular history. She writes of the importance of commemoration marches in terms of "tenuous pipe-lines of tradition and the annual revival of memory ritualistically repeated" (63). She also examines the formation of the workers' movement in Vienna and why it became social-democratic rather than communist; though the argument here (a thorny historical problem) is not convincing (64). She gives the prevalence of small workshops as against large factories as the reason for workers' favouring social democracy: however, this is too mechanical a view, and essentially the same reason as many historians give to explain the predominance, for a period, of the entirely different phenomenon of Anarchism in Catalonia.

There are also echoes towards our main subject, Arturo Barea. In talking about the formation of Renaissance Vienna, Ilsa discusses the influence of the century of Spanish rule (65). (The Spanish dynasty was of course called "the Austrias"). With discipline she

never steps outside the structure and brief of her book to make direct comparisons. But it is clear that when she talks of the "damage" done by the Counter-Reformation, she is continuing a discussion about the nature of Spanish absolutism (66). Secondly, Franco is a discernible shadow in the background of the discussion of Metternich (67).

By the most rigorous scholarly standards, *Vienna* might be considered a hotch-potch. Historians should not write about their own family, perhaps; nor overemphasise their own interests at the expense of a more rounded view. But the book works; it is coherent. It spans different genres in what is an effective and creative way: based on a dialectical view of history, it is more a cultural and social account of a city's development, though one which does not avoid politics.

Vienna reveals the author as critical, intellectual, highly educated, well-informed, and driven by political and social commitment. One may assume it represented a singular personal triumph too, as with *Vienna* she overcame the disorganisation of her practical and mental life in Britain.

Like Arturo Barea's, Ilsa Pollak's life had turned over in the middle. In the second phase of his life, Arturo was able to find his place and a meaning for himself with his writing. It was harder for Ilsa, whose whole adult life up to 1938 had been dedicated to revolutionary politics. Weidenfeld mentioned she was subject to conspiracy theories; and added that the theories may have had basis (68). England was an inhospitable place for a clever, bossy foreign woman of her wide culture and left-wing views. She would never, for example, go to the pub with Arturo, who was perfectly happy drinking and chatting at whatever level: Ilsa is unimaginable fitting into the "Wellington" at Faringdon! Inevitably, and against her wish, she became known as Mrs Arturo Barea (69). As we have chronicled, she was often ill, she was often incompetent in dealing with her employers (though never less than a good organiser in her work in Spain or at the Monitoring Service). These facts could be seen as traits of a highly-strung bohemian; but can better be understood, I believe,

as reactions against an often hostile environment. In this light, *Vienna* is a triumph of achievement and organisation, even though it took her twenty years.

PERSONAL LIFE IN BRITAIN.

From 1938 until Arturo's death, Ilsa lived in the same places as her husband (her advance move to Caversham in 1943 and Arturo's sojourn at Pennsylvania in 1952 excepted). These places have been documented in Chapter 7.

It is implied above she was not happy. But this is a view that needs to be nuanced. There are no recorded arguments between her and Arturo. Most early witnesses describe them as being particularly happy together. Gellhorn (1937) saw them as two physically unprepossessing outsiders who fitted well together: he was "very silent and dreamy"; she "bossy and Germanic (!)" (70). Weidenfeld said of the 1940s: "they had a strong physical bond" (71). Younger Labour Party colleagues of Ilsa's describe them as a happy couple. Joan Gili, who knew both Ilsa and Arturo well and visited them at Middle Lodge, said:

> "They were very happy there...They complemented each other beautifully. She was the brilliant intellectual, and he was the intuitive eye of say 'I am a camera' of Christopher Isherwood." (72)

Gili's view leads into the opinion of Roland Gant that:

> "Lorca and later work were helped by and filtered through Ilsa's Central European intellectualism. Her part in putting him on the (English) literary map and social scene was very important." (73)

Ilsa and Arturo had a close emotional and working relationship; were complementary personalities in many ways. They were, according to most sources, happy together, at least until the 1950s. But none of this should obscure her frequent patent dissatisfaction and unease with people and life in England. The grumpy, often bad-tempered Arturo was liked by most people who knew him. But Ilsa was not so easy to get on with: she was prickly and easily took offence. In everything she did she was patently present, an intense and intelligent figure. She was

always respected, but not so often liked. One young friend of Ilsa's from Faringdon related a telling anecdote:

> "Ilsa was quite capable of rifling through your bag without a 'by-your-leave' to scrounge a cigarette, but you would never dream of doing the same to her." (74)

What was Ilsa's physical appearance like? According to Martha Gellhorn, she was "short and rotund" (75). Lord Weidenfeld confirms she was "small, plump," and adds that she was "ungainly and shapeless, with a shining forehead and a lot of hair" (76). Vladimir Rubinstein describes her as "a little pudding...five feet tall" (77). Ilsa was not a conventionally attractive woman. But of course, beauty is subjective. And Arturo Barea tells us of her "ojos verde-gris" and how her severe face could dissolve into happiness with her smile and "boca deliciosa" (78).

Dress was not important to her. When Weidenfeld met her at the Monitoring Service in August 1939, she was wearing tennis shoes and a floppy sweater. Her copious hair, greying through her years in England, was roughly pulled back behind her head, with chunks often sticking out loose. In Madrid she wore an old raincoat.

Ilsa was active in the lively Faringdon Labour Party of the late '40s and '50s. She was on the Bevanite wing of the Party (79). British social-democracy was tamer by far than the pre-war Austrian variant, but Ilsa participated fully in the arguments of the day. On occasion she dined at Buscot House, and it is easy to imagine her haranguing right-wing Labour luminaries such as Susan Lawrence and their Fabian host Lord Faringdon. She would talk non-stop about politics in general, and Spain in particular.

Arturo's funeral was private. His ashes were scattered at Middle Lodge. Late in 1958, Ilsa moved to Lansdowne Terrace in West London. She seems never to have returned to Faringdon, where she had lived for 11 years. She did not to keep up with many people from the past, though she maintained contact with Olive Renier and Margaret Rink. She continued to promote Arturo's work, as she had done since he first began to write. She got *La lección* accepted for the Home Service under the title *Grandmother's Lesson*, and the same story, titled *Big Granny*, published in

Argosy in 1964. More substantially, she arranged, along with Roland Gant, for the trilogy to be published in paper-back for the first time in 1958.

She also wrote the prefaces for *Unamuno*, published in a re-translation to Spanish from her English version in Buenos Aires in 1959, and *El centro de la pista*, for which she also selected the stories, published in Madrid in 1960.

In 1958 Ilsa got a job as General Editor of Four-Square Books' paperback world classics. In 1962, she moved to the New English Library, still in London, as editor of their Modern Classics series. In 1968, when she retired, she returned to Vienna, which she had left in 1934. Money was not easy. She had sub-let her London flat and had problems with the rent. For long periods she was ill with high temperatures and kidney problems, complications associated with Diabetes, yet had to keep working at translations and articles.

It was not her first return to Vienna: that had been in 1955, when she visited for two months, but it was her final move. She died there in the first days of January 1972, according to one source while working on her autobiography (80).

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ILSA BAREA'S BROADCASTS FOR THE B.B.C.

All in English unless otherwise stated.

9.9.41. 'Spaniards in Hitler's army,' Pacific edition of 'Radio Newsreel'.

24.6.51. 'A journey in Castile' (On Cela's *Viaje a la Alcarria*).

Late 1951? 'Interpreting,' Women's Hour.

8/1/52. 'Techniques of translation,' Third Programme.

Starting 12/11/53. Series of 6 discussions with three others on 'The art of translation,' Latin American Service. In Spanish.

10/12/53. 'Science of interpreting,' Austrian Service. In German.

23/12/53. 'Women's changing status in Britain,' Latin American Service. In Spanish.

3/2/54. 'Padre Isla and the *Cartas familiares*.'

29/4/54. 'Translation and misinterpretation'. On Schnitzler and Heine.

10/12/54. 'Salt on the table,' Women's Hour.

21/12/54. 'Foreigners in England.' Discussion with Edward Atiyah and Count Benkendorff.

14/3/55. 'The secret of the pike,' Women's Hour.

22/8/55. 'Vienna,' Third Programme.

August or September, 1955. Same 'Vienna,' Latin American Service. In Spanish.

Aug/Sept 1955. 'The young worker of today -- a new type,' Third Programme.

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ILSA'S PUBLICATIONS.

'Viennese Mirage,' TLS, 1945. On Schnitzler's prose.

SPAIN in the post-war world, Fabian pamphlet 97, 1945 (with Arturo Barea).

Unamuno, (Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge 1952) (with Arturo Barea).

Vienna, legend and reality. (Secker & Warburg, London 1966). Reprinted in paperback by Pimlico in 1992.

Introduction to El Campesino's *Life and Death in Soviet Russia.* (1952)

Foreword to translation of *Cervantes* by S.J.Arbó. 1955.

Article on Vienna for *Harper's Bazaar,* late 1955.

Introduction to *Unamuno,* (Buenos Aires 1959). This introduction was new for the Spanish-language edition.

Introduction to *El centro de la pista,* (Madrid 1960).

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ILSA's TRANSLATIONS.

Books.

1943 *The Track.* Barea.
1944 *The Clash.* Barea.
1944 *Lorca.* Barea.
1946 *The Forge.* Barea
1951 *The Broken Root.* Barea.

1952 *Life and death in Soviet Russia.* Valentín González.
1955 *Cervantes: Adventurer, Idealist and Destiny's fool.* Sebastián Juan Arbó. (Thames and Hudson.)
1955 *Three husbands hoaxed* (*Los tres maridos burlados*). G.Téllez (Tirso de Molina).
c.1956 Poems of Hugo von Hoffmanstahl, with Vernon Watkins.
1957 *Small town cathedral.* ??
1958 *The triumphant heretic* (*Der siegreche ketzer*). E.Halperin.
1959 *In the darkness of my fear* (*Cuando voy a morir*). Ricardo Fernández de la Requera Ugarte.
1961 *The horns of fear* (*Los clarines del miedo*). Angel M.de Lera.
1962 *Summer storm* (*Tormenta de verano*). Juan García Hortelano.
1964 *Reach for the ground* (*Cuerpo a tierra*). Ricardo Fernández de la Requera Ugarte.
1965 *Tàpies 1954-1964.* Alejandro Cirici Pellicer.
1970 *Russia and the Russians.* ??

Ilsa Barea also edited the reprint (undated) of *The Dark Wedding,* originally translated by Eleanor Clark and published by Grey Walls Press in 1948.

It is to be assumed too, from the fact that she translated Barea's books, and also internal stylistic evidence, that Ilsa translated to English all Arturo Barea's essays, articles and stories.

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NOTES.

1. Weeden, Margaret, 'Ilsa Barea. Some notes on her life.' (Unpublished, October 1992). Ilse had a brother Willy, 2 or 3 years younger than her, and a sister Lotte 5 years younger. Both married Danes.

2. Ilsa's mother's brother had a position of authority under the Nazis, which enabled Ilsa's parents to leave Vienna in 1939.

3. Letter from el Duque de Primo de Rivera, Spanish Ambassador in London, 6/6/56 (4850-3, Archive of the Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores, Madrid).

4. Barea, Ilsa, *Vienna*, (London 1966), p.86.

5. Weeden, Margaret, 'Ilsa Barea, some notes...' *art.cit.*.

6. FR, p.698

7. *Vienna*, p.6

8. FR, p.645

9. Seale, Patrick and McConville, Maureen, *Philby, the long road to Moscow* (London 1978), p.83.
Margaret Weeden recalls Ilsa saying that the imprisonment in Hungary was for 3 months in 1920 (not 1925) and that she shared a cell with a murderess who taught her tatting. ('Ilsa Barea,' *art.cit.*)

10. Seale & McConville, *Philby... op.cit.*; and interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

11. FR, p.766

12. Seale & McConville, *op.cit.*; letter from Stephen Spender, 24/1/90.

13. *Vienna*, p.89

14. FR, p.766

15. FR, pp.744-745

16. Letter from Isabel de Madariaga, 8/3/92: "She [Ilsa] was the very typical Middle European party-member, proud of her friends among senior Russian generals in the civil war." (Madariaga adds that she did not like either of the Bareas).
Also: Interview with Gladys Langham, Margaret and Bill Carter, 14/11/89.

17. Letter from Olive Renier, 6 August 1992.

18. FR. p.645

19. FR, p.644

20. See Chapters 1 and 6 for further information on Arturo and Ilsa's meeting and their later life together.

21. FR, p.646

22. Ayala, Francisco, *Recuerdos y Olvidos*, (Madrid 1988).

23. She was known as "Ilsa de la Telefónica" to distinguish her from another Ilsa. The journalists sending out their dispatches had to bring them first to her in Room 402. Sefton Delmer, Ernest Hemingway (see his biography by Carlos Baker, p.374), Martha Gellhorn and Arturo Barea all mention her dynamism, capacity for work and influence.

24. Telephone interview with Martha Gellhorn, 16/8/90.

25. Interview with Peter Heller, July 6, 1992.

26. Interview with Olive Renier, July 6, 1992.

27. Delmer, Sefton, *Trail Sinister*, (London 1961).

28. Interview with Martha Gellhorn, 16/8/90.

29. Ibid.

30. Ibid.

31. Interview with Professor Fernández Gutiérrez, Tarragona, 16/3/90.

32. FR 782/3.

33. Renier & Rubinstein, *Assigned to listen*, (BBC 1987), p.20.

34. Letter from Ilsa Barea (WAC, 16/5/51); Weeden, Margaret, 'Ilsa Barea...' *art.cit.*.

35. Weeden, Margaret, 'Ilsa Barea...' *art.cit.*.

36. Several letters of Ilsa are in the Arturo Barea files at the BBC's Written Archives Centre (WAC) as well as in the one file under her own name.

37. Letter from Ilsa Barea (WAC 25/7/39).

38. Ilsa often dictated these translations to Margaret Weeden when they got home after a 4 to midnight shift at the Monitoring Service (Weeden, Margaret, 'Ilsa Barea...' *art.cit.*).

39. Interview with Olive Renier, 6/7/92.
R.Martínez Nadal called Ilsa, Olive Renier and Margaret Weeden *La Santa Trinidad*, because of the closeness of their collaboration on Arturo Barea's work (Letter to me from Martínez Nadal, 14/6/93).

40. E.g. 'Caramba' in *The Track*, p.193.

41. *The Forge*, (London 1946), p.23

42. *The Forge*, (London 1941), p.15

43. FR, p.383

44. *The Track*, pp.152-3

45. *The Track*, p.71

46. FR, p.299

47. *Unamuno* (Buenos Aires 1959), p.8

48. *El centro de la pista*, (Badajoz 1988), Prefacio, pp.43-44.

49. These references to her interpreting work occur in letters held in the WAC.

50. Letter from Ilsa Barea (WAC 11/2/54).

51. Letter from Ilsa Barea (WAC 2/6/51).

52. Letter from Ilsa Barea to P.H.Newby (WAC 26/6/51).

53. Interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

54. Letters from Ilsa Barea to Anna Kallin (WAC 11/2/55 and 14/2/55).

55. WAC 11/2/55.

56. *Vienna*, p.14

57. Ibid. p.252

58. Ibid. p.287

59. Ibid. p.258

60. Ibid. p.189

61. Ibid. p.109

62. Ibid. p.91

63. Ibid. p.201

64. Ibid. p.334

65. Ibid. pp.44-45 ff.

66. Ibid. p.52

67. Ibid. p.189

68. Interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

69. Letter from Ilsa Barea (WAC 15/5/51).

70. Interview with Martha Gellhorn, 16/8/90.

71. Interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

72. Letter to me from Joan Gili, 6/3/90.

73. Letter to me from Roland Gant, 7/3/90.

74. Interview with Margaret Carter, 14/11/89.

75. Interview with Martha Gellhorn, 16/8/90.

76. Interview with Lord Weidenfeld, 24/9/90.

77. Interview with Vladimir Rubinstein, 6 July 1992.

78. FR, pp.652 & 646

79. Letter from Bill Carter, February 1990.

80. The title page of the Pimlico (1992) edition of *Vienna* comments that she died while working on her Autobiography.

APPENDIX 4.

LA SEÑORA SMITH. *Juan de Castilla.*

This was originally written for broadcast on 18th March, 1946. It is one of the 80 typescripts of Arturo Barea's BBC broadcasts kept in the Written Archives Centre of the BBC at Caversham.

It is a good example of Barea's radio scripts for several reasons. Its relaxed and intimate (using '*os*') style is typical of his broadcasts. It gives some interesting details of Barea's life in the small Hertfordshire village of Puckeridge in 1939. It suffers, like many of Barea's radio pieces, from defects of sentimentalism and over-praise of the English -- the war-time propaganda persisting after the end of the war. The piece is a good example of how Barea links personal contact, on the local scale, to the overall politics of the country, particularly in the climactic passage when, while London burns, the two couples sit in the peace of friendship. Despite its sentimentalism and English chauvinism, it succeeds in being convincingly sincere and moving.

In terms of composition, it is worth noting the padding Barea could give to a piece in order to reach the requisite 14 and a half minutes: small tangents in the narrative, yet which also serve to give breadth to the contents. This is very much the rambling, yet controlled, style which Ilsa commented on in the introduction to *El centro de la pista*:

> "...era un narrador nato; yo solía tomarle el pelo por sus ínfulas de narrador de zoco marroquí. Disfrutaba contando historietas de su vida, cuajadas de detalles vistos, experimentados e imaginados...muchos de los cuentos reunidos en este libro nacieron de alguna anécdota que me había contado una noche delante de las brasas de una chimenea inglesa."

Barea is sometimes careless in his phrasing: for example, "ambos eran graduados de las Universidades de Cambridge y Oxford," which leaves unclear whether both had gone to both places or one to each; "no fueron" instead of "no fue"; "se fue desenvolviendose"; "seguramente" repeated, etc.. These errors

were a consequence of the need to produce a piece every week and of his ability to type these scripts almost straight out, with little or no correction.

Oddities in his Spanish are evident, such as "en las noches" or "una pieza de teatro", where there is English influence. Incidentally, Barea used a typewriter without accents: so any error in accentuation is mine.

Imagine doing one of these a week for 800 weeks! *Señora Smith* demonstrates Barea's mastery of this minor literary skill of spoken, anecdotical journalism.

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La señora Smith.

La señora Smith se ha muerto. Esta es una noticia que yo entiendo os tiene tan sin cuidado como si el señor Pérez o Gómez de vuestra ciudad o vuestro pueblecito se hubiera muerto. Pero para mí tiene mucha importancia, tanta que aspiro a que para vosotros también la tenga.

Se llamaba así realmente. No es un nombre que invento para ocultar otra persona. Se llamaba así: Smith, a secas. es decir, Pérez a secas. Era la esposa de un Pérez o si lo preferís de un Smith, por que los Smith son los Pérez de Inglaterra. Su marido era y es aún un labrador pendiente de las nubes del cielo y de los gusanos de la tierra. Sembrar y esperar; recolectar y esperar; arar y volver a sembrar. Entre estos ciclos mirar a la tierra. Los enemigos del labrador son ante todo dos: el tiempo y las pestes del campo.

Pero no creáis que el matrimonio era un matrimonio de labradores rudos e incultos, analfabetos y supersticiosos. No. ambos habían tenido sus estudios; ambos eran graduados de las Universidades de Cambridge y Oxford. Sus estudios no les habían hecho odiar a la tierra como a muchos les hacen los libros de texto, ni renegar que sus antepasados fueran destripaterrones. Al contrario: terminaron sus estudios y volvieron a la tierra. Una finca inmensa con rebaños de ovejas y de vacas, con campos de trigo y de cebada -- a veces con cacerías de liebres; -- todo en un rinconcito de Inglaterra, a cincuenta kilometros de

Londres. Una vez dos veces por semana el señor o la señora Smith cogían su automóvil y se iban a Londres; de compras o de farra. Una farra decente, de matrimonio rico y feliz.

Cuando yo los conocí no eran ya jóvenes, sino en el borde de la madurez y la antesala de la vejez. Esa hora en que se ven las cosas serenamente y se empieza a pensar que se tiene uno que morir y que es necesario morir decentemente o si lo preferís vivir decentemente, para que el morir no sea indecente. Ahora os contaré como los conocí yo:

Un día de este mes de marzo hace exactamente siete años, mi mujer y yo llegábamos a la costa inglesa, con lo puesto y con un maletín de mano, hogar perdido, patria perdida, para entregarnos en manos de la buena voluntad de los hombres de buena voluntad. Un amigo nos había ofrecido su casa hasta que nos orientáramos en este para nosotros país extraño; un techo y las tres comidas de cada día; más no podía hacer porque no era hombre rico, sino un hombre que cada día había de coger su bicicleta, pedalear a la estación y quemarse las cejas en una oficina londinense hasta la caída de la tarde que regresaba a casa fatigado de su trabajo. Y esta clase de hombres, ya sabéis que no tienen capital ni para criados, ni para excesos. Su mujer, lavaba y fregaba y su júbilo era una botella de cerveza el domingo con el asado de carnero y dos o tres escapadas en el año a londres a ver una pieza de teatro. Vivimos con ellos tres meses hasta que ganamos nuestras primeras cinco libras.

No podíamos seguir, decentemente, siendo una carga para ellos y con estas cinco libras nos fuímos mi mujer y yo al pueblecito más inmediato y alquilamos una casita diminuta donde vivir los dos, como dios quisiera dejarnos vivir. Aún no había guerra y cinco libras era un montón de dinero que hoy no es más que un puñadito. Pero era poco. Nuestra casa estaba vacía a pesar de ser tan chiquitita. Una cama, una mesa, dos sillas y media docena de pucheros; para comer, pan y mantequilla untada.

Una mañana se presentó en nuestra casa la señora Smith:

-- Soy la señora Smith, dijo.

-- Tanto gusto, dijimos nosotros, pensando para nuestros adentros: ¿quién será esta señora Smith? Nos lo debió conocer en la cara, porque se sonrió levemente y dijo:

-- Bien, yo soy, ¿como explicarselo? algo así como la

señora del pueblo. Me he enterado que estaban Ustedes aquí y que están pasando apuros. No vengo a ofrecerles una limosna, Dios me libre, vengo a ponerme a su disposición. ni les voy a dejar una libra a escondidas sobre la mesa, ni les voy a ofrecer comida. Pero, ¿quieren Ustedes venir a casa a tomar el té conmigo mañana?

Charlamos largo rato en francés, aún no hablaba yo inglés para una conversación seria. No. Ella no tenía exactamente nuestras ideas políticas. Era enemiga de violencias, de revoluciones, de guerras. No comprendía, no acababa de comprender que los hombres se apasionaran por estas cosas. Tenía su marido, sus hijos, su casa; la vida era dulce, amable, ¿porqué pelearse?

Ah, que la señora Smith fue nuestro apoyo en aquellos primeros meses de destierro nuestro en esta Inglaterra. Un apoyo y una ayuda discretos y señoriales. Hasta creo -- ella sabía un poquito de español -- que la traducción que me encargó de unos viejos cuentos de Dickens, los Cuentos de Navidad, no fueron más que el pretexto para que ganaramos unas cuantas libras de las que tan escasos andábamos. Con el tacto, no sólo de no pagarnos más de lo debido, sino hasta de criticar el trabajo hecho.

Venía por casa y olisqueaba en la cocina. Parecía interesarse mucho por los guisos españoles. En realidad se interesaba si teníamos bastante que comer, porque su envío de un conejo o una liebre o un pato salvaje coincidía siempre con nuestras escaseces. Espulgó su biblioteca y nos mandó un montón de libros "que a ella no la interesaban". Un montón de libros invaluables. ¿De su biblioteca? Sospecho que muchos de ellos fueron comprados especialmente para nosotros en las tiendas de libros viejos de Londres. Entre ellos vino Rubén Darío y Cervantes.

Poco a poco nuestra vida personal se fue desenvolviéndose. Trabajábamos y comenzábamos a ganar dinero bastante para vivir modestamente, muy modestamente. La señora Smith cambió de tácticas: cuando nos vió con nuestra primera ropa decente, nos invitó a sus reuniones. Ya no nos enviaba un conejo o una liebre para nuestra despensa, sino un ramo de flores o una fuente de fresas. Discutíamos literatura y política en los crepúsculos y a veces jugábamos un partido de tennis, despacito, porque todos

ya éramos maduros y no podíamos sofocarnos en el juego rabioso de los muchachos.

Esta fue la historia de unos cortos meses, los meses que hay desde marzo hasta septiembre en que comenzó la guerra; y la guerra nos separó: la guerra me mandó a mí a lo que vosotros habéis conocido como mi pueblecito a través de mis charlas, a ella, la mandó a Londres a hacerse cargo de una ambulancia que en las noches iba a través de las calles de Londres recogiendo muertos y heridos por las bombas de los aviones. Pero la amistad no se destruyó. Nos escribíamos a veces largas cartas contando nuestras impresiones. De tiempo en tiempo, la señora Smith se escapaba de sus bombardeos y sus heridos y venía al pueblecito a descansar unos días en nuestra casa. En Navidad nos enviábamos un regalo. Seguíamos sin coincidir en opiniones políticas y discutíamos. Sobre nuestras discusiones presidían los jarros de miel y de mermelada que había traido para nosotros de su jardín.

Esta Navidad, nos mandó su regalo de Pascuas, con una carta triste: De su hijo mayor, perdido en uno de los puestos incógnitos de Asia no se sabía nada aún y ya había que dar las esperanzas por perdidas. Ella tenía un cáncer que la roía las entrañas y no viviría mucho. Lo decía ella, en estas palabras que os copio:

"No creo que viva mucho. En fin, los chicos están criados y sólo quisiera tener la certidumbre de si Charlie está vivo o no. Fuera de esto creo que he cumplido mi papel en este mundo. En cuanto a vosotros, tú y tu mujer, quiero que sepáis cuanto placer me habéis proporcionado. Yo, como todos, creía que los hombres son diferentes en cada país y en cada raza. Cuando vinistéis al pueblo, fuistéis la curiosidad, la novedad. Después habéis sido los amigos, amigos, como no he logrado tenerlos entre muchos de mis viejos amigos ingleses. Me he convencido que el amor no tiene fronteras. Me río aún cuando yo pensaba que todos los españoles eran toreros y tú te asustaste un día de las vacas en nuestros campos."

Su marido me ha escrito esta semana que ha terminado una carta triste: "La pobre Concha se murió sin una queja. Dios la tenga en paz."

Por las salitreras de Chile yo tengo un desconocido amigo que dos veces ya me ha escrito cartas amargas. El no cree en amistades, no cree en los hombres, casi creo que no cree en Dios. En una de sus cartas me preguntaba por que estaba yo tan entusiasmado con los ingleses. ¿Que era lo que yo había encontrado en Inglaterra que me hacía alabarla cada vez? "Porque -- decía en una de sus cartas que tengo ante la vista -- yo no creo que esas cosas pueden escribirse ni decirse como Usted las dice si no son verdad, si no se sienten."

Yo le ofrezco esta historia a mi amigo chileno; yo le juro que esta historia es cierta, tan cierta como simple y sin importancia. No tiene "punta" como decimos los madrileños; no tiene nada dentro. Es una historia real que no tiene más que una enseñanza: perdida patria y hacienda, salvado el pellejo por milagro, en tierra extraña, entre gentes extrañas, yo he visto florecer entre mis manos la flor delicada de la amistad. Convertirse en una planta espléndida y florecer cada año, durante los seis años de odio de la humanidad, entre la señora Smith y yo. Dos seres que habíamos nacido en diferentes países, en diferentes costumbres, en diferentes escalas sociales, con un idioma diferente. Mi mujer y yo, su marido y ella, hemos charlado a veces en esas horas del crepúsculo en que se vuelve uno íntimo y no se quieren encender las luces para no romper el encanto de la intimidad y la noche cae y le envuelve a uno en sombras contándose secretos en voz bajita para no despertar el misterio de la vida y de la muerte que siempre escucha. A veces sobre nuestras palabras calladas había el resplandor rojo de los incendios en el horizonte que retardaban la noche y había las explosiones que estremecían la tierra y hacían vibrar las paredes de nuestra salita.

Cuando alguien, en los días futuros que yo pueda vivir me pregunte: ¿Que es lo que yo he amado en Inglaterra? no sabré explicarlo seguramente, pero seguramente comenzaré a contar:

En Inglaterra, yo conocí a una señora Smith, que Dios tenga en su Gloria. Y les contaré esta historia.

Y si no me entienden.....Bien, si no me entienden, me callaré y les miraré con lástima.

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APPENDIX 5.

THE CORDOBA TAPE.

This is a transcript of part of a radio interview with Arturo Barea on May 6th, 7th or 8th, 1956 in Córdoba, Argentina.

Interlocutor: Don Arturo, ¿el seudónimo *Juan de Castilla* tiene algo que ver con nuestro Juan Pueblo? ¿Verdaderamente es un símbolo espiritual de nuestro Juan Pueblo?

Barea: Bien, a mí no me ha gustado nunca hablar con mi nombre propio. [Adopté] el seudónimo de *La voz de Madrid* [y ahora el] de *Juan de Castilla*, que me parecía ya símbolo de todo el pueblo y no el símbolo de una ciudad.

Interlocutor: Perfectamente, Don Arturo. ¿Qué le impulsó que escribiera *La forja*?

Barea: La razón podría decir que era personal. El choque de la Guerra Civil de España, el destino en Francia, expulsado por un lado y por el otro, me hizo echarme a la busca de cuales eran las razones porque los españoles estábamos así. Y buscando, buscando, tuve que dar...la búsqueda a lo más lejano, realmente al mismo hecho de nacer y seguir desde allí la razón de porque un español había sido baqueteado de tal manera como tantos millones.

Interlocutor: Muy bien, Don Arturo. Esta pregunta puede parecer paradójica, pero quizás es complementaria de la anterior. ¿Su vocación de escritor nació con *La forja*?

Barea: No. Mi vocación de escritor nació allá cuando tenía 7 años. Ya me daba entonces por escribir cuentecitos y versitos cuando estaba en el colegio. Teníamos allá un periódico pequeñin que se llamaba *Madrileñitos* y creo que allí están mis primeras, no digo producciones, mis primeras incursiones en el campo de la literatura.

Interlocutor: Bien, Don Arturo, muy grato ese recuerdo de la niñez. Y ahora una pregunta al márgen de esas poesias, que Vd escribía, ¿eran dedicadas a alguna jovencita, también a alguna madrileñita de 7 años?

Barea: No, no. Eran dedicadas en general a la Santísima Virgen.

Interlocutor: Bien, perfectamente, Don Arturo. ¿Puede decirnos el porqué de su recorrido por América y en particular a Argentina? que es lo que nos atañe.

Barea: Bien, la razón de esto es simplemente que yo iba hablando ya 16 años para los países latinoamericanos y me había hartado de hablar a alguien que no conocía de ninguna manera. Y la BBC de Londres al fin se decidió a gastarse unas cuantas libras en que viniera a conocer a estos pueblos ya que podría hablar mejor por la radio. No sé si lo voy a conseguir, pero por lo menos hablaré a alguien a que conozco.

Interlocutor: Ya lo ha conseguido y ampliamente, Don Arturo...¿Puede ampliarnos Vd. los datos sobre su entrada en la emisora británica?

Barea: Bien, esto fue casi una casualidad. Cuando acabó la guerra, alguien que ya me conocía de Madrid y de las actuaciones mías por radio en Madrid, me propuso que me incorporara al servicio de habla española en la BBC. Yo hice una charlita y el jefe de servicio de entonces me probó la voz y dijo, bien, está bien, por lo menos lo utilizaremos para 3 o 4 charlas porque no creo que va Vd. poder hacer más. Bien, entré en la BBC y seguía haciendo más y más. Todavía no se ha muerto el que me vaticinó el fracaso.

Interlocutor: Y Vd. ha hecho centenares de 3 o 4 comentarios.

Barea: Anda ya, por cerca de las 800.

Interlocutor: Perfectamente bien. Sigamos por el tema. Su primer choque o su primer incidente agradable en tierra inglesa.

Barea: Bueno, mi primer choque en tierra ingles, es de decir la verdad, es un choque un poco relacionado con el vino. Había un hombre muy simple, era el dueño de una taberna. No es una tabernita de esas de mi pueblo que te hablo. Un día fuí allí para beber una cerveza y el hombre me dijo: "como sé que a Vds. los españoles les gusta mucho el vino, le doy un regalo y he comprado una botella de jerez para Vd.. Y efectivamente produjo una botella que decía Jerez con letras muy grandes, bueno, Sherry, como dicen en inglés allí. Me llenó también un vaso muy grande, casi si fuera un vaso de cerveza. Y yo tomé el vaso, probé el vino y con mucho cuidado, porque entonces yo destrozaba el inglés mucho más que lo destrozo ahora, dijé "This is not Sherry". Es decir, le contesté una grosería, le dije en su propia cara, "esto no es el jerez". Inmediatamente temí que ibamos a romper la amistad para siempre, pero el hombre le cayó en gracia y dijo "No, esto es Sherry, es el jerez que hacemos aquí nosotros".

Interlocutor: Entonces los dos tenían razón.

Barea: Además era malo, eh.

Interlocutor: Don Arturo, ¿como siente la patria siendo lejos de ella?

Barea: Bien, esto ya es muy serio. La patria se siente como un dolor agudo. Verdaderamente como un dolor agudo al que no llego aún a acostumbrarme.

[varias preguntas]

Barea:...ya se he dicho venía a Córdoba con una emoción muy intensa por diferentes razones acumuladas. La razón de que Córdoba naturalmente me recuerda a la Córdoba de España, donde tengo familia, de donde es mi hermana y donde me han pasado algunas cositas también que no es el momento de contar ahora.

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